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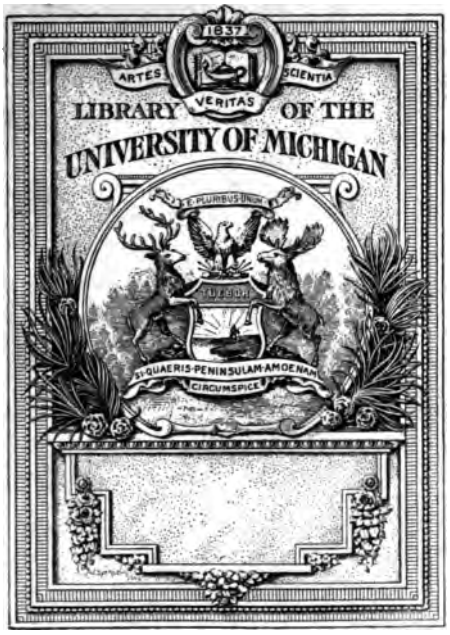
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. D. CORNISH;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

DRYDEN'S

VIRGIL.

VOLUME I.

a 2

171798

THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

To Mr. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verſe I ſee,
The pompous ſcene charms my admiring eye:
There different beauties in perfection meet;
The thoughts as proper, as the numbers ſweet:
And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment ſteps in, and moderates her flight.
Wiſely he manages his wealthy ſtore,
Still ſays enough, and yet implies ſtill more:
For though the weighty ſenſe be cloſely wrought,
The reader's left t' improve the pleaſing thought.
Hence we deſpair to ſee an Engliſh dreſs
Should e'er his nervous energy expreſs;
For who could that in fetter'd rhyme incloſe,
Which without loſs can ſcarce be told in proſe?
But you, great Sir, his manly genius raiſe;
And make your copy ſhare an equal praiſe.
Oh how I ſee thee in ſoft ſcenes of love,
Renew thoſe paſſions he alone could move!
Here Cupid's charms are with new art expreſt,
And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful reſt:

Leaves her Elyſium, as if glad to live,
To love, and wiſh, to ſigh, deſpair, and grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.
Nor does the mighty Trojan leſs appear
Than Mars himſelf amidſt the ſtorms of war.
Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
And, though unwounded, ſeem to feel their fate.
Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
With barbarous ſpite, prophan'd his ſacred page.
The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
Wreſted his ſenſe, and cramp'd his vigorous ſtyle;
No time, no pains, the drudging pedants ſpare;
But ſtill his ſhoulders muſt the burden bear.
While through the mazes of their comments led,
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet, through theſe ſhades of undiſtinguiſh'd night
Appear'd ſome glimmering intervals of light;
Till mangled by a vile tranſlating ſect,
Like babes by witches in effigy rackt;
Till Ogleby, mature in dulneſs, roſe,
And Holborn doggrel, and low chiming proſe,
His ſtrength and beauty did at once depoſe.
But now the magic ſpell is at an end,
Since ev'n the dead in you hath found a friend;
You free the Bard from rude oppreſſors' power,
And grace his verſe with charms unknown before:
He, doubly thus oblig'd, muſt doubting ſtand,
Which chiefly ſhould his gratitude command;

Whether

Whether ſhould claim the tribute of his heart,
The Patron's bounty, or the Poet's art.
Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The Roman genius in thy verſe renew'd:
We ſaw thee raiſe ſoft Ovid's amorous fire,
And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
We ſaw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
And crabbed Perſeus made politely plain:
Virgil alone was thought too great a taſk;
What you could ſcarce perform, or we durſt aſk:
A taſk! which Waller's Muſe could ne'er engage;
A taſk! too hard for Denham's ſtronger rage:
Sure of ſucceſs they ſome ſlight ſallies try'd,
But the fenc'd coaſt their bold attempts defy'd.
With fear their o'er-match'd forces back they drew,
Quitted the province Fate reſerv'd for you.
In vain thus Philip did the Perſians ſtorm;
A work his ſon was deſtin'd to perform.
"O had Roſcommon liv'd to hail the day,
"And ſing loud Pæans through the crowded way;
"When you in Roman majeſty appear,
"Which none know better, and none come ſo near:"
The happy author would with wonder ſee,
His rules were only prophecies of thee:
And were he now to give tranſlators light,
He'd bid them only read thy work, and write.
For this great taſk our loud applauſe is due;
We own old favours, but muſt preſs for new:
Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,

To right his injur'd works, and ſet them free
From the lewd rhymes of groveling Ogleby.
Then ſhall his verſe in grateful pomp appear,
Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar;
On thoſe Greek cities we ſhall look with ſcorn,
And in our Britain think the Poet born.

To Mr. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

I.

WE read, how dreams and viſions heretofore
The Prophet and the Poet could inſpire;
And make them in unuſual rapture ſoar,
With rage divine, and with poetic fire.

II.

O could I find it now;---Would Virgil's ſhade
But for a while vouchſafe to bear the light;
To grace my numbers, and that Muſe to aid,
Who ſings the Poet that has done him right.

III.

It long has been this ſacred Author's fate,
To lie at every dull Tranſlator's will;
Long, long his Muſe has groan'd beneath the weigh
Of mangling Ogleby's preſumptuous quill.

IV

IV.

Dryden, at laſt, in his defence aroſe;
The father now is righted by the ſon:
And while his Muſe endeavours to diſcloſe
That Poet's beauties, ſhe declares her own.

V.

In your ſmooth, pompous numbers dreſt, each line,
Each thought, betrays ſuch a majeſtic touch;
He could not, had he finiſh'd his deſign,
Have wiſh'd it better, or have done ſo much.

VI.

You, like his Hero, though yourſelf were free;
And diſentangled from the war of wit;
You, who ſecure might other dangers ſee,
And ſafe from all malicious cenſures ſit.

VII.

Yet becauſe ſacred Virgil's noble Muſe,
O'erlay'd by fools, was ready to expire:
To riſk your fame again, you boldly chuſe,
Or to redeem, or periſh with your ſire.

VIII.

Ev'n firſt and laſt, we owe him half to you,
For that his Æneids miſs'd their threatned fate,
Was---that his friends by ſome prediction knew,
Hereafter, who correcting ſhould tranſlate.

IX.

But hold, my Muſe, thy needleſs flight reſtrain,
Unleſs, like him, thou couldſt a verſe indite:
To think his fancy to deſcribe is vain,
Since nothing can diſcover light, but light.

X.

'Tis want of genius that does more deny:
'Tis fear my praiſe ſhould make your glory leſs.
And therefore, like the modeſt Painter, I
Muſt draw the veil, where I cannot expreſs.

HENRY GRAHME.

To Mr. DRYDEN.

NO undiſputed Monarch govern'd yet
With univerſal ſway the realms of wit;
Nature could never ſuch expence afford;
Each ſeveral province own'd a ſeveral lord.
A Poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muſe embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the ſtale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy leſſen'd, and his fire deſtroy'd.
But nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treaſures did adorn your mind.
The different powers were then united found,
And you Wit's univerſal monarch crown'd.

Your

Your mighty ſway your great deſert ſecures,
And every Muſe and every Grace is yours,
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
Sated with this, you to another fly.
So Sultan-like in your ſeraglio ſtand,
While wiſhing Muſes wait for your command.
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
Sublime your fancy, boundleſs is your mind.
Not all the blaſts of time can do you wrong;
Young, ſpite of age; in ſpite of weakneſs, ſtrong.
Time, like Alcides, ſtrikes you to the ground:
You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. ST. JOHN.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

VIRGIL.

'TIS ſaid that Phidias gave ſuch living grace
To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
That the cold marble might even ſeem to be
The life; and the true life, the imagery.

You paſs'd that artiſt, Sir, and all his powers,
Making the beſt of Roman Poets ours;
With ſuch effect, we know not which to call
The imitation, which th' original.

What

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight,
The charming beauty of the coin no leſs;
And ſuch the majeſty of your impreſs,
You ſeem the very author you tranſlate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving deſtiny conſtrain,
To dreſs his thoughts in Engliſh o'er again,
Himſelf could write no otherwiſe than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now; Romans and Greeks, ſubmit.
Something of late is in our language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd Iliads were.

JA. WRIGHT.

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S

PASTORALS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HUGH LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to tranſlate Virgil, than to find ſuch Patrons as I deſire for my tranſlation. For though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet ſuch are my unhappy circumſtances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice. To the greater part, I have not the honour to be known; and to ſome of them I cannot ſhew at preſent, by any public act, that grateful reſpect which I ſhall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reaſon to complain of fortune, ſince in the midſt of that abundance I could not poſſibly have choſen better, than the worthy ſon of ſo illuſtrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flouriſhed in the opinion of the world; though with ſmall advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal maſter. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduced

introduced me to Auguſtus: and though he ſoon diſmiſſed himſelf from ſtate-affairs, yet in the ſhort time of his adminiſtration he ſhone ſo powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Ruſſian ſummer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate; and gave me wherewithal to ſubſiſt at leaſt, in the long winter which ſucceeded. What I now offer to your lordſhip is the wretched remainder of a ſickly age, worn out with ſtudy, and oppreſſed by fortune: without other ſupport than the conſtancy and patience of a Chriſtian. You, my lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promiſed Europe. I can only hear of that bleſſing: for years, and, above all things, want of health, have ſhut me out from ſharing in the happineſs. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elyſium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digeſtion. But it is ſome kind of pleaſure to me, to pleaſe thoſe whom I reſpect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that theſe Paſtorals of Virgil may give your lordſhip ſome delight, though made Engliſh by one, who ſcarce remembers that paſſion which inſpired my author when he wrote them. Theſe were his firſt eſſay in poetry, (if the Ceiras was not his:) and it was more excuſable in him to deſcribe love when he was young, then for me to tranſlate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two, and I begin this work

in

in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better conſtitution than my author, I have wronged him leſs, conſidering my circumſtances, than thoſe who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any modern language. And though this verſion is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither groſs nor frequent, in thoſe Eclogues, wherein my maſter has raiſed himſelf above that humble ſtyle in which Paſtoral delights, and which I muſt confeſs is proper to the education and converſe of Shepherds: for he found the ſtrength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his Georgics, and his Æneis. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet ſometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admoniſhed by his ſubject to deſcend, he came down gently circling in the air, and ſinging to the ground. Like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her ſong till ſhe alights: ſtill preparing for a higher flight at her next ſally, and tuning her voice to better muſic. The fourth, the ſixth, and the eighth Paſtorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three firſt he contains himſelf within his bounds; but addreſſing to Pollio, his great Patron, and himſelf no vulgar Poet, he no longer could reſtrain the freedom of his ſpirit, but began to aſſert his native character, which is ſublimity. Putting himſelf under the conduct of the ſame Cumæn Sibyl, whom afterwards he

gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the Paulo Majora, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an express command to a youthful courage which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds farther in the sixth, and invades the province of Philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover: the latter a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed, both in the Pollio, and the Silenus; where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dressed himself in his best habit to appear before his Patron:

Patron: ſomewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its ſimplicity. In the ninth Paſtoral he collects ſome beautiful paſſages, which were ſcattered in Theocritus, which he could not inſert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they ſhould be loſt. In all the reſt he is equal to his Sicilian maſter, and obſerves like him a juſt decorum, both of the ſubject and the perſons. As particularly in the third Paſtoral, where one of his ſhepherds deſcribes a bowl, or mazer, curiouſly carved.

"In medio duo ſigna: Conon, et quis fuit alter
"Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem."

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on ſet purpoſe (whether he means Anximander or Eudoxus I diſpute not); but he was certainly forgotten, to ſhew his country ſwain was no great ſcholar.

After all, I muſt confeſs that the booriſh dialect of Theocritus has a ſecret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it down as low as poſſibly he could: as in the Cujum Pecus, and ſome other words, for which he was ſo unjuſtly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not ſee the beauties of that Merum Rus, which the poet deſcribed in thoſe expreſſions. But Theocritus may juſtly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modeſtly contents himſelf with the ſecond place, and glories only in being the firſt who tranſplanted Paſtoral into his own country; and

brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third Poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the Shepherd's Calendar of Spenſer is not to be matched in any modern language. Not even by Taſſo's Amyntas, which infinitely tranſcends Guarini's Paſtor Fido, as having more of nature in it, and being almoſt wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will ſay nothing of the Piſcatory Eclogues, becauſe no modern Latin can bear criticiſm. It is no wonder that rolling down through ſo many barbarous ages, from the ſpring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordure of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monſieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his maſter Lucian, without attempting to compare our miſerable age with that of Virgil, or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

" ———Si Pergama dextrâ
" Defendi poſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent."

But Spenſer being maſter of our northern dialect, and ſkilled in Chaucer's Engliſh, has ſo exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that paſſion which God infuſed into both ſexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate: and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part

of

of Virgil; or any other into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleaſure, and I dare ſay, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a maſter. You have added to your natural endowments, which, without flattery, are eminent, the ſuperſtructures of ſtudy, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity are inherent in you. Theſe virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient houſe of Cumberland, from whence you are deſcended, and of which our chronicles make ſo honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaſter. Your forefathers have aſſerted the party which they choſe till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have beſides the freſh remembrance of your noble father; from whom you never can degenerate.

" ———Nec imbellem feroces
" Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam."

It being almoſt morally impoſſible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praiſe nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman hiſtory, and know without my information that patronage and clientſhip always deſcended from the fathers to the ſons, and that the ſame plebeian houſes had recourſe to the ſame patrician line, which had formerly protected them; and followed their principles and fortunes to the laſt. So that I am your lordſhip's by deſcent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to ſerve you, adds to your paternal right, for I was

wholly yours from the firſt moment when I had the happineſs and honour of being known to you. Be pleaſed therefore to accept the Rudiments of Virgil's Poetry: coarſely tranſlated, I confeſs, but which yet retains ſome beauties of the author which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unſkilfulneſs, could ſo much ſully, but that they ſometimes appear in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The ſubject is not unſuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your preſent ſcene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleaſures of a man who is early wiſe; and gives fortune no more hold of him, than of neceſſity he muſt. It is good, on ſome occaſions, to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the preſent as will not endanger our futurity, and to provide ourſelves with the Virtuoſo's ſaddle, which will be ſure to amble, when the world is upon the hardeſt trot. What I humbly offer to your lordſhip, is of this nature. I wiſh it pleaſant, and am ſure it is innocent. May you ever continue your eſteem for Virgil; and not leſſen it, for the faults of his tranſlator; who is, with all manner of reſpect and ſenſe of gratitude,

My Lord,

Your lordſhip's

moſt humble and

moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The occaſion of the firſt Paſtoral was this. When Auguſtus had ſettled himſelf in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their paſt ſervice, he diſtributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having ſided with his enemies. Virgil was a ſufferer among the reſt; who afterwards recovered his eſtate by Mæcenas's interceſſion, and as an inſtance of his gratitude compoſed the following Paſtoral; where he ſets out his own good fortune in the perſon of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBOEUS.

BENEATH the ſhade which beechen boughs diffuſe,
You, Tityrus, entertain your ſylvan Muſe:

Round the wide world in baniſhment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleaſing fields and native home:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe you ſing your happy loves;
And Amarillis fills the ſhady groves.

TIT. Theſe bleſſings, friend, a Deity beſtow'd:
For never can I deem him leſs than God.
The tender firſtlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural ſtrain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging ſword and waſteful fire
Deſtroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hoſtile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forſaken cotes:
And this you ſee I ſcarcely drag along,
Who yeaning on the rocks has left her young;
(The hope and promiſe of my failing fold.)
My loſs by dire portents the gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have ſeen
Yon riven oak, the faireſt of the green,
And the hoarſe raven, on the blaſted bough,
By croaking from the left preſag'd the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preſerv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.

So

So kids and whelps their ſires and dams expreſs:
And ſo the great I meaſur'd by the leſs.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like ſhrubs when lofty cypreſſes are near.

MEL. What great occaſion call'd you hence to Rome!

TIT. Freedom, which came at length, though ſlow to come:
Nor did my ſearch of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amarillis would vouchſafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpleſs, hopeleſs, homely ſwain,
I ſought not freedom, nor aſpir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheeſe to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I ſpent,
And ſtill return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We ſtood amaz'd to ſee your miſtreſs mourn;
Unknowing that ſhe pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why ſhe kept her fruit ſo long,
For whom ſo late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceaſes, ſince I ſee
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling ſprings appear'd to mourn,
And whiſpering pines made vows for thy return.

TIT. What ſhould I do, while here I was enchain'd,
No glimpſe of god-like liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god ſo preſent to my prayer.

There firſt the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciouſly decreed
My grounds to be reſtor'd, my former flocks to feed.
MEL. O fortunate old man! whoſe farm remains
For you ſufficient, and requites your pains;
Though ruſhes overſpread the neighbouring plains.
Though here the marſhy grounds approach your fields,
And there the ſoil a ſtony harveſt yields,
Your teeming ewes ſhall no ſtrange meadows try,
Nor fear a rott from tainted company.
Behold yon bordering fence of ſallow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with bees:
The buſy bees with a ſoft murmuring ſtrain
Invite to gentle ſleep the labouring ſwain.
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural ſongs
The pruner's voice the pleaſing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.
TIT. Th' inhabitants of ſeas and ſkies ſhall change,
And fiſh on ſhore, and ſtags in air ſhall range,
The baniſh'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German ſhall the Tigris drink:
Ere I, forſaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.
MEL. But we muſt beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the ſcorching or the freezing zone,
And ſome to far Oaxis ſhall be ſold;
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.

The

The reſt among the Britons be confin'd ;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O muſt the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rolling years return ?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjuſt decree,
No more our houſes and our homes to ſee ?
Or ſhall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our own !
Did we for theſe barbarians plant and ſow,
On theſe, on theſe, our happy fields beſtow ?
Good heaven, what dire effects from civil diſcord flow !
Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewel my paſtures, my paternal ſtock ;
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock !
No more, my goats, ſhall I behold you climb
The ſteepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme !
No more extended in the grot below,
Shall ſee you browſing on the mountain's brow
The prickly ſhrubs ; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyſs, and hang in air.
No more my ſheep ſhall ſip the morning dew;
No more my ſong ſhall pleaſe the rural crew :
Adieu, my tuneful pipe ! and all the world adieu !

TIT. This night, at leaſt, with me forget your care;
Cheſnuts and curds and cream ſhall be your fare :
The carpet-ground ſhall be with leaves o'erſpread ;
And boughs ſhall weave a covering for your head.
For ſee yon ſunny hill the ſhade extends :
And curling ſmoke from cottages aſcends.

THE

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

OR,

ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the perſon of Alexis, but are all of opinion that ſome beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and ſimplicity. His way of courtſhip is wholly paſtoral: he complains of the boy's coyneſs; recommends himſelf for his beauty and ſkill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promiſes him the diverſions of the place, with a ſuitable preſent of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he reſolves to quit his troubleſome amour, and betake himſelf again to his former buſineſs.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy ſhepherd ſwain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the beechen ſhade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.

Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
And muſt I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
The ſheep enjoy the coolneſs of the ſhade;
And Theſtylis wild thyme and garlick beats
For harveſt hinds, o'erſpent with toil and heats:
While in the ſcorching ſun I trace in vain
Thy flying footſteps o'er the burning plain,
The creaking locuſts with my voice conſpire,
They fry with heat, and I with fierce deſire.
How much more eaſy was it to ſuſtain
Proud Amarillis and her haughty reign,
The ſcorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Truſt not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but ſoon the charm will paſs:
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While duſky hyacinths for uſe remain.
My paſſion is thy ſcorn: nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can beſtow:
What ſtores my dairies and my folds contain;
A thouſand lambs that wander on the plain:
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the ſummer overflows the pails:
Amphion ſung not ſweeter to his herd,
When ſummon'd ſtones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I ſo deform'd; for late I ſtood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were ſtill, and if the glaſs be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.

O leave

O leave the noiſy town, O come and ſee
Our country cotts, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browzing goats:
To pipe and ſing, and in our country ſtrain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax, unequal reeds,
Pan loves the ſhepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
Nor ſcorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kiſſes would my ſkill have bought.
Of ſeven ſmooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damætas gave:
And ſaid, This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.
His eyes Amyntas durſt not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the praiſe, but more the gift.
Beſides two kids that in the valley ſtray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And theſe ſhall be companions of thy play.
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian ſtrain,
Which Theſtylis had often begg'd in vain:
And ſhe ſhall have them, if again ſhe ſues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuſe.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the preſents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full caniſters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple ſpring.
The daughters of the flood have ſearch'd the mead.
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies head;

The

The ſhort narciſſus, and fair daffodil,
Panſies to pleaſe the ſight, and caſſia ſweet to ſmell;
And ſet ſoft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To ſhade marſh marigolds of ſhining hue.
Some bound in order, others looſely ſtrow'd,
To dreſs thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myſelf will ſearch our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the gloſſy plumb:
And thraſh the cheſnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amarillis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle ſweets agree;
And both in noſegays ſhall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy ſwain,
Alexis will thy homely gifts diſdain:
Nor, ſhould'ſt thou offer all thy little ſtore,
Will rich Iolus yield, but offer more.
What have I done to name that wealthy ſwain,
So powerful are his preſents, mine ſo mean!
The boar amidſt my cryſtal ſtreams I bring;
And ſouthern winds to blaſt my flowery ſpring.
Ah cruel creature, whom doſt thou deſpiſe?
The gods to live in woods have left the ſkies.
And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Oenone's love.
In cities which ſhe built, let Pallas reign;
Towers are for gods, but foreſts for the ſwain.
The greedy lioneſs the wolf purſues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browſe:
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
All follow ſeveral games, and each his own.

See from afar the fields no longer ſmoke,
The ſweating ſteers unharneſs'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The ſhadows lengthen as the ſun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove;
Ah, cruel heaven! that made no cure for love!
I wiſh for balmy ſleep, but wiſh in vain:
Love has no bounds in pleaſure, or in pain.
What frenzy, ſhepherd, has thy ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undreſs'd.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanſwer'd fire:
Mind what the common wants of life require:
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an eaſier love, though not ſo fair.

THE

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

OR,

PALÆMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after ſome ſmart ſtrokes of country raillery, reſolve to try who has the moſt ſkill at a ſong; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himſelf unfit for the deciſion of ſo weighty a controverſy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

HO, ſwain, what ſhepherd owns thoſe ragged ſheep?

DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave them me to keep.

MEN. Unhappy ſheep of an unhappy ſwain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damſel ſhall obtain.
Thou, varlet, doſt thy maſter's gains devour:
Thou milk'ſt his ewes, and often twice an hour;

Or

Of graſs and fodder thou defraud'ſt the dams;
And of their mother's dugs, the ſtarving lambs.
DAM. Good words, young Catamite, at leaſt to men:
We know who did your buſineſs, how, and when.
And in what chapel too you plaid your prize;
And what the goats obſerv'd with leering eyes:
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there your ſafety lies.
MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the Leis;
Cut Micon's tender vines, and ſtole the ſtays.
DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the ſhafts you broke:
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for miſchief, you had dy'd for ſpite.
MEN. What nonſenſe would the fool thy maſter prate,
When thou, his knave, canſt talk at ſuch a rate!
Did I not ſee you, raſcal, did I not?
When you lay ſnug to ſnap young Damon's goat?
His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes; ſtop, ſtop the thief!
Diſcover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You ſkulk'd behind the fence, and ſneak'd away.
DAM. An honeſt man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by ſinging fairly won.
A ſolemn match was made; he loſt the prize.
Aſk Damon, aſk if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not; if he does, he lyes.

MEN.

MEN. Thou ſing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was ſo prophan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:
Dunce at the beſt; in ſtreets but ſcarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy ſtraw, the ſtupid crowd.
DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our ſkill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the ſtake I lay;
Two thriving calves ſhe ſuckles twice a day:
And twice beſides her beaſtings never fail
To ſtore the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your ſinging with an equal ſtake.
MEN. That ſhould be ſeen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common ſtock?
A ſtepdame too I have, a curſed ſhe,
Who rules my hen-peck'd ſire, and orders me.
Both number twice a-day the milky dams;
At once ſhe takes the tale of all the lambs.
But ſince you will be mad, and ſince you may
Suſpect my courage, if I ſhould not lay,
The pawn I proffer ſhall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The ivy's ſtem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
In various ſhapes around the curious work.
Two figures on the ſides emboſs'd appear;
Conon, and, what's his name who made the ſphere,
And ſhew'd the ſeaſons of the ſliding year,

Inſtructed in his trade the labouring ſwain,
And when to reap, and when to ſow the grain?
DAM. And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The wood the ſame, from the ſame hand they come:
The kimbo handles ſeem with bears-foot carv'd;
And never yet to table have been ſerv'd:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beaſts encompaſs'd, and a dancing grove:
But theſe, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I ſet to ſtake.
MEN. No more delays, vain boaſter, but begin:
I propheſy before-hand I ſhall win.
Palæmon ſhall be judge how ill you rhime:
I'll teach you how to brag another time.
DAM. Rhymer, come on, and do the worſt you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With ſilence, neighbour, and attention wait:
For 'tis a buſineſs of a high debate.
PAL. Sing then; the ſhade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloath'd with leaves, the fields with graſs;
The bloſſoms blow; the birds on buſhes ſing;
And nature has accompliſh'd all the ſpring.
The challenge to Damætas ſhall belong,
Mænalcas ſhall ſuſtain his under-ſong:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muſes love to ſing.
DAM. From the great Father of the gods above
My Muſe begins; for all is full of Jove;

To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
My flocks he bleſſes, and he loves my ſongs.

MEN. Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muſe inſpires;
And in her ſongs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him the god of ſhepherds and their ſheep,
My bluſhing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies:
And wiſhes to be ſeen, before ſhe flies.

MEN. But fair Amyntas comes unaſk'd to me,
And offers love; and ſits upon my knee:
Not Delia to my dogs is known ſo well as he.

DAM. To the dear miſtreſs of my love-ſick mind,
Her ſwain a pretty preſent has deſign'd:
I ſaw two ſtock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the neſt, and hers ſhall be the young.

MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And ſtood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I ſent Amyntas all my preſent ſtore;
And will, to-morrow, ſend as many more.

DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all ſhe ſaid and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heaven her accents bear!
Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.

MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when abſent from my ſight!
I hold the nets, while you purſue the prey;
And muſt not ſhare the dangers of the day.

DAM. I keep my birth-day: ſend my Phyllis home,
At ſhearing-time, Iolas, you may come.
MEN. With Phyllis I am more in grace than you:
Her ſorrow did my parting ſteps purſue:
Adieu, my dear, ſhe ſaid, a long adieu!
DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and ſtorms, and winter-wind.
MEN. The kids with pleaſure browſe the buſhy plain,
The ſhowers are grateful to the ſwelling grain:
To teeming ewes the ſallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.
DAM. Pollio my rural verſe vouchſafes to read:
A heifer, Muſes, for your patron breed.
MEN. My Pollio writes himſelf; a bull be bred
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.
DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muſe admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full deſires.
Let myrrh inſtead of thorn his fences fill;
And ſhowers of honey from his oaks diſtil.
MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The ſame ill taſte of ſenſe would ſerve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and ſhear the ſwine.
DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and ſpoil the ſpring,
Beware the ſecret ſnake that ſhoots a ſting.
MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly ſheep,
The ground is falſe, the running ſtreams are deep:

See,

See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.

DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and fling your hook;
Anon I'll waſh them in the ſhallow brook.

MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous paſture come!
But love, that drains the herd, deſtroys the groom.

MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look ſo thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their ſkin.
What magic has bewitch'd the wooly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAM. Say, where the round of heaven which all contains,
To three ſhort ells on earth our ſight reſtrains:
Tell that, and riſe a Phœbus for thy pains.

MEN. Nay, tell me firſt, in what new region ſprings
A flower that bears inſcrib'd the names of kings:
And thou ſhalt gain a preſent as divine
As Phœbus' ſelf; for Phyllis ſhall be thine.

PAL. So nice a difference in your ſinging lies,
That both have won, or both deſerv'd, the prize.

Reſt equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter ſweets and pleaſing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods reſtrain:
Their moiſture has already drench'd the plain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

OR,

POLLIO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the ſon of Pollio, born in the conſulſhip of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verſes are tranſlated from one of the Sibyls, who propheſied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muſe, begin a loftier ſtrain!
Though lowly ſhrubs and trees that ſhade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muſe, prepare
To make the vocal woods deſerve a conſul's care.
The laſt great age, foretold by ſacred rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd courſe; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt orb, in radiant circles run.
The baſe degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven deſcends:

O chaſte Lucina, ſpeed the mother's pains;
And haſte the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns
The lovely boy, with his auſpicious face!
Shall Pollio's conſulſhip and triumph grace;
Majeſtic months ſet out with him to their appointed
race.
The father baniſh'd virtue ſhall reſtore,
And crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The ſon ſhall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes ſeen, and gods and heroes ſee.
The jarring nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth ſhall wreathing ivy bring
And fragrant herbs (the promiſes of ſpring),
As her firſt offerings to her infant king.
The goats, with ſtrutting dugs, ſhall homeward
ſpeed,
And lowing herds ſecure from lions feed.
His cradle ſhall with riſing flowers be crown'd;
The ſerpent's brood ſhall die: the ſacred ground
Shall weeds and poiſonous plants refuſe to bear,
Each common buſh ſhall Syrian roſes wear.
But when heroic verſe his youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to hereditary praiſe,
Unlabour'd harveſts ſhall the fields adorn,
And cluſter'd grapes ſhall bluſh on every thorn.
The knotted oaks ſhall ſhowers of honey weep,
And through the matted graſs the liquid gold ſhall
creep.

Yet, of old fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities ſhall with walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd ſhares ſhall vex the fruitful ground,
Another Typhis ſhall new ſeas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian ſhore.
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he ſhall grow,
The greedy ſailor ſhall the ſeas forego;
No keel ſhall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For every ſoil ſhall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen ſhall disjoin,
No plough ſhall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine,
Nor wool ſhall in diſſembled colours ſhine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece ſhall proudly ſweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb ſhall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celeſtial ſeed! O foſter ſon of Jove!
See, labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main;
See, to their baſe reſtor'd, earth, ſeas, and air,
And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear,

To

To ſing thy praiſe, would heaven my breath prolong,
Infuſing ſpirits worthy ſuch a ſong;
Not Thracian Orpheus ſhould tranſcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;
Though each his heavenly parent ſhould inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verſe, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious boy, to caſt about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a ſmile, thy mother ſingle out;
Thy mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſcous qualms of ten long months and travel to requite.
Then ſmile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
No god ſhall crown the board, nor goddeſs bleſs the bed.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis; who is ſuppoſed, by the beſt critics, to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopſus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue conſiſting of an elegy and an apotheoſis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And ſince my voice can match your tuneful reed;
Why ſit we not beneath the grateful ſhade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPS. Whether you pleaſe that ſylvan ſcene to take,
Where whiſtling winds uncertain ſhadows make:

Or

Or will you to the cooler cave ſucceed,
Whoſe mouth the curling vines have overſpread?
MEN. Your merit and your years command the choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.
MOPS. What will not that preſuming ſhepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?
MEN. Begin you firſt; if either Alcon's praiſe,
Or dying Phyllis, have inſpir'd your lays:
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Begin, and Tityrus your flock ſhall tend.
MOPS. Or ſhall I rather the ſad verſe repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ:
I writ, and ſung betwixt; now bring the ſwain
Whoſe voice you boaſt, and let him try the ſtrain.
MEN. Such as the ſhrub to the tall olive ſhows,
Or the pale ſallow to the bluſhing roſe;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in ſweetneſs and in height.
MOPS. No more, but fit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathleſs body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witneſs to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haſte,
Came running, and his lifeleſs limbs embrac'd.

She

She ſigh'd, ſhe ſobb'd, and, furious with deſpair,
She rent her garments, and ſhe tore her hair:
Accuſing all the gods, and every ſtar.
The ſwains forgot their ſheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirſty cattle, of themſelves, abſtain'd
From water, and their graſſy fare diſdain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,
They caſt the ſound to Libya's deſert ſhore;
The Libyan lyons hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
And firſt with curling ivy dreſs'd the ſpear;
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus firſt ordain;
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:
So bright a ſplendor, ſo divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis caſt on his illuſtrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian Gods the fields and plains forſook:
Pales no longer ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain;
No fruitful crop the ſickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choke the riſing corn.
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burrs and thorns diſgrace the ground.
Come, ſhepherds, come, and ſtrow with leaves the plain;
Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypreſs boughs the cryſtal fountains hide,
And ſoftly let the running waters glide,

A laſting

A laſting monument to Daphnis raiſe,
With this inſcription to record his praiſe:
Daphnis, the field's delight, the ſhepherd's love,
Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above,
Whoſe flock excell'd the faireſt on the plains,
But leſs than he himſelf ſurpaſs'd the ſwains.

MEN. O heavenly poet! ſuch thy verſe appears,
So ſweet, ſo charming to my raviſh'd ears,
As to the weary ſwain, with cares oppreſt,
Beneath the ſylvan ſhade, refreſhing reſt:
As to the feveriſh traveller, when firſt
He finds a cryſtal ſtream to quench his thirſt.
In ſinging, as in piping, you excel;
And ſcarce your maſter could perform ſo well.
O fortunate young man! at leaſt your lays
Are next to his, and claim the ſecond praiſe.
Such as they are, my rural ſongs I join,
To raiſe our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was ſo good, to love whate'er was mine.

MOPS. How is my ſoul with ſuch a promiſe rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear like him, ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a ſong.

MEN. Daphnis, the gueſt of heaven, with wondering eyes
Views in the milky way the ſtarry ſkies.
And far beneath him, from the ſhining ſphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.

For

For this, with chearful cries the woods reſound;
The purple ſpring arrays the various ground;
The nymphs and ſhepherds dance; and Pan himſelf is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly ſpoils,
Nor birds the ſpringes fear, nor ſtags the toils:
For Daphnis reigns above; and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unſhorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly ſhrubs partake of human voice.
Aſſenting nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and ſalutes the new-admitted God.
Be ſtill propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold four hallow'd altars we deſign;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus riſe;
On both are offer'd annual ſacrifice.
The holy prieſts, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil ſhall bear;
And I myſelf the gueſts with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with ſparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine;
Theſe will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter ſhall the genial feaſt be made
Before the fire; by ſummer in the ſhade.
Damætas ſhall perform the rites divine:
And Lictian Ægon in the ſong ſhall join.
Alpheſibœus, tripping, ſhall advance;
And mimic ſatyrs in his antic dance.

When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we ſurvey:
While ſavage boars delight in ſhady woods,
And finny fiſh inhabit in the floods;
While bees on thyme, and locuſts feed on dew,
Thy grateful ſwains theſe honours ſhall renew.
Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, ſhall be thine.
Such annual honours ſhall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear, and ſhalt condemn thy ſuppliants to their vow.

MOPS. What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find!
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the ſouthern wind,
That play through trembling trees, delight me more;
Nor murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore;
Nor winding ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And the ſcarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

MEN. Receive you firſt this tuneful pipe; the ſame
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
The ſame that ſung Neæra's conquering eyes;
And, had the judge been juſt, had won the prize.

MOPS. Accept from me this ſheephook, in exchange,
The handle braſs; the knobs in equal range;
Antigenes, with kiſſes, often try'd
To beg this preſent, in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuſe to his requeſt,
Is yours unaſk'd, for you deſerve it beſt.

THE

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

OR,

SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this Paſtoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurprizing transformations which have happened in nature ſince her birth. This Paſtoral was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian ſtrains:
Nor bluſh'd the Doric Muſe to dwell on Mantuan plains.

But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles ſung;
Apollo check'd my pride: and bade me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admoniſh'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, Varus, and thy wars,
My Paſtoral Muſe her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninſpir'd ſhe ſings.
For all who read, and, reading, not diſdain
Theſe rural poems, and their lowly ſtrain,
The name of Varus, oft inſcrib'd ſhall ſee,
In every grove, and every vocal tree;
And all the ſylvan reign ſhall ſing of thee.
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muſes known,
Shall in the front of every page be ſhown;
For he who ſings thy praiſe, ſecures his own.
Proceed, my Muſe: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, their ſire Silenus found.
Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him ſnoring in his dark abode;
And ſeiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His roſy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unſtring, and bind his hands:
For, by the fraudful god deluded long,
They now reſolve to have their promis'd ſong.

Ægle came in, to make their party good;
The faireſt Naïs of the neighbouring flood,
And, while he ſtares around, with ſtupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a ſmile, demands
On what deſign the boys had bound his hands.
" Looſe me," he cry'd, " 'twas impudence to find
" A ſleeping god, 'tis ſacrilege to bind.
" To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
" The nymph ſhall be rewarded in her way."
He rais'd his voice; and ſoon a numerous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the ſong;
And ſylvan Fauns, and ſavage beaſts advanced,
And nodding foreſts to the numbers danced.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper ſilence, or with more regard.
He ſung the ſecret ſeeds of Nature's frame;
How ſeas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender ſoil then ſtiffening by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding ſeas.
Then earth and ocean various forms diſcloſe;
And a new ſun to the new world aroſe.
And miſts condens'd to clouds obſcure the ſky;
And clouds diſſolv'd, the thirſty ground ſupply.
The riſing trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the ſavage race,
Yet few, and ſtrangers, in th' unpeopled place.

From thence the birth of man the ſong purſued,
And how the world was loſt, and how renew'd.
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage.
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd;
With whoſe repeated name the ſhores reſound.
Then mourns the madneſs of the Cretan queen:
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, ſeiz'd thy breaſt?
The maids of Argos (though, with rage poſſeſs'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet ſhunn'd the guilt of thy prepoſterous love.
Nor ſought the youthful huſband of the herd,
Though labouring yokes on their own necks they fear'd;
And felt for budding horns on their ſmooth foreheads rear'd.
Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathleſs wood;
While on a flowery bank he chews the cud:
Or ſleeps in ſhades, or through the foreſt roves;
And roars with anguiſh for his abſent loves.
Ye nymphs, with toils his foreſt-walk ſurround,
And trace his wandering footſteps on the ground.
But, ah! perhaps my paſſion he diſdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We ſearch th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
While they at home ſuſtain his happy load.
He ſung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the ſex, betray'd:

The ſiſter's mourning for the brother's loſs;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moſs.
How each a riſing alder now appears:
And o'er the Po diſtils her gummy tears.
Then ſung, how Gallus by a Muſe's hand
Was led and welcom'd to the ſacred ſtrand.
The ſenate riſing to ſalute their gueſt;
And Linus thus their gratitude expreſs'd,
Receive this preſent, by the Muſes made;
The pipe on which th' Aſcræan paſtor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the ſavage train,
And call'd the mountain aſhes to the plain.
Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble ſtood.
On this his ancient oracles rehearſe,
And with new numbers grace the God of verſe.
Why ſhould I ſing the double Scylla's fate,
The firſt by love transform'd, the laſt by hate.
A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
What vengeance on the paſſing fleet ſhe pour'd,
The maſter frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then raviſh'd Philomel the ſong expreſt;
The crime reveal'd; the ſiſters cruel feaſt:
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
While Progne makes on chimney-tops her moan;
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever ſongs beſides, the Delphian God
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,

Silenus ſung: the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the ſkies the ſacred ſound.
And now the ſetting ſun had warn'd the ſwain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet ſtill th' unweary'd ſire purſues the tuneful ſtrain.
Till unperceiv'd the heavens with ſtars were hung:
And ſudden night ſurpriz'd the yet unfiniſh'd ſong.

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL.

OR,

MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a ſharp poetical conteſt between Thyrſis and Corydon; at which he himſelf and Daphnis were preſent; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly ſwains;
Their ſheep and goats together graz'd the plains:
Both young Arcadians, both alike inſpir'd
To ſing, and anſwer as the ſong requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle ſeat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I enquir'd; he, ſmiling, ſaid,
Diſmiſs your fear, and pointed where he fed.
And, if no greater cares diſturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.

Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will ſeek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And ſhades his happy banks with bending reeds:
And ſee from yon old oak, that mates the ſkies,
How black the clouds of ſwarming bees ariſe.
What ſhould I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor abſent Phyllis could my care ſupply,
To houſe, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the ſtrutting udders of their dams?
Great was the ſtrife betwixt the ſinging ſwains:
And I preferr'd my pleaſure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions choſe:
Theſe Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrſis thoſe.

COR. Ye Muſes, ever fair, and ever young,
Aſſiſt my numbers, and inſpire my ſong.
With all my Codrus O inſpire my breaſt,
For Codrus, after Phœbus, ſings the beſt.
Or if my wiſhes have preſum'd too high,
And ſtretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praiſe of artful numbers I reſign:
And hang my pipe upon the ſacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian ſwains, your youthful poet crov
With ivy wreaths; though ſurly Codrus frown.
Or if he blaſt my Muſe with envious praiſe,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
Leſt his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poiſon or bewitch my growing ſong.

COR. Theſe branches of a ſtag, this tuſky boar
(The firſt eſſay of arms untry'd before)

You

Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy ſhrine;
But ſpeed his hunting with thy power divine.
Thy ſtatue then of Parian ſtone ſhall ſtand;
Thy legs in buſkins with a purple band.
THYR. This bowl of milk, theſe cakes, (our country fare,)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Becauſe a little garden is thy care.
But if the falling lambs increaſe my fold,
Thy marble ſtatue ſhall be turn'd to gold.
COR. Fair Galatea, with thy ſilver feet,
O, whiter than the ſwan, and more than Hybla ſweet;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come charm thy ſhepherd, and reſtore my ſoul.
Come when my lated ſheep at night return;
And crown the ſilent hours, and ſtop the roſy morn.
THYR. May I become as abject in thy ſight,
As ſea-weed on the ſhore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and ſo monſtrous let thy ſwain appear,
If one day's abſence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field for ſhame: the flock deſerves
No better feeding, while the ſhepherd ſtarves.
COR. Ye moſſy ſprings, inviting eaſy ſleep,
Ye trees, whoſe leafy ſhades thoſe moſſy fountains keep,
Defend my flock; the ſummer heats are near,
And bloſſoms on the ſwelling vines appear.

THYR.

THYR. With heapy fires our chearful hearth crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than ſtreams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold

COR. Our woods with juniper and cheſnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And laviſh Nature laughs, and ſtrows her ſtores around.
But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the fie
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bleſs the plain,
The graſs revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove deſcends in ſhowers of kindly rain.

COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And while ſhe loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle ſhall compare.

THYR. The towering aſh is faireſt in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But if my Lycidas will eaſe my pains,
And often viſit our forſaken plains,

To him the towering aſh ſhall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MEL. Theſe rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquiſh'd Thyrſis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the ſwains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE EIGHTH PASTORAL.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Paſtoral contains the ſongs of Damon and Alpheſibœus. The firſt of them bewails the loſs of his miſtreſs, and repines at the ſucceſs of his rival Mopſus. The other repeats the charms of ſome Enchantreſs, who endeavoured, by her ſpells and magic, to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muſe of two deſpairing ſwains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains,
To which the ſavage lynxes liſtening ſtood,
The rivers ſtood on heaps, and ſtopp'd the running flood:
The hungry herd their needful food refuſe;
Of two deſpairing ſwains I ſing the mournful Muſe.
Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finiſh'd wars,

Whether

Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coaſt,
Whatever land or ſea thy preſence boaſt;
Is there an hour in fate reſerv'd for me,
To ſing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearſe
Thy lofty tragic ſcenes, thy labour'd verſe;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer ſhould behold in me:
Amidſt thy laurels let this ivy twine,
Thine was my earlieſt Muſe; my lateſt ſhall be thine.
Scarce from the world the ſhades of night withdrew;
Scarce were the flocks refreſh'd with morning dew,
When Damon, ſtretch'd beneath an olive ſhade,
And wildly ſtaring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Againſt the conſcious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:
Star of the morning, why doſt thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day?
While I my Niſa's perjur'd faith deplore;
Witneſs, ye Powers, by whom ſhe falſely ſwore!
The gods, alas! are witneſſes in vain;
Yet ſhall my dying breath to heaven complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verſe, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their God complain;
Who ſuffer'd not the reeds to riſe in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

Mopſus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:
When ſuch is Niſa's choice, what lover can deſpair!
Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall ſee the hound and hind their thirſt aſſwage
Promiſcuous at the ſpring: prepare the lights,
O Mopſus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the ſcrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the ſun declines: O happy ſwain!
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
O, Niſa! juſtly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom haſt thou taken, whom haſt thou contemn'd;
For him, thou haſt refus'd my browſing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my ſhaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon ſighs, and ſings in vain:
While Niſa thinks no God regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
I view'd thee firſt, how fatal was the view!
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
Then ſcarce the bending branches I could win,
The callow down began to cloath my chin;
I ſaw, I periſh'd; yet indulg'd my pain:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
I know thee, love; in deſarts thou wert bred;
And at the dugs of ſavage tigers fed:
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.

Relentleſs love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to ſhed:
Love lent the ſword; the mother ſtruck the blow;
Inhuman ſhe; but more unhappy thou.
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrains.
Old doting Nature, change thy courſe anew:
And let the trembling lamb the wolf purſue:
Let oaks now glitter with Heſperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder ſhoot.
Fat amber let the tamariſk diſtil:
And hooting owls contend with ſwans in ſkill.
Hoarſe Tityrus ſtrive with Orpheus in the woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, oh! let nature ceaſe, and chaos reign:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Let earth be ſea; and let the whelming tide
The lifeleſs limbs of luckleſs Damon hide;
Farewell, ye ſecret woods and ſhady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conſcious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main;
Take the laſt preſent of thy dying ſwain:
And ceaſe, my ſilent flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Now take your turns, ye Muſes, to rehearſe
His friend's complaints; and mighty magic verſe.
Bring running water; bind thoſe altars round
With fillets; and with vervain ſtrow the ground:
Make fat with frankincenſe the ſacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with deſires.

'Tis

'Tis done, we want but verſe. Reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Pale Phœbe, drawn by verſe from heaven deſcends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulyſſes' friends.
Verſe breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern ſplits the ſnake.
Verſe fires the frozen veins: reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Around his waxen image firſt I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the ſacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers pleaſe the gods: my charms,
Reſtore my Daphnis to my longing arms.
Knit with three knots the fillets, knit them ſtraight;
Then ſay, Theſe knots to love I conſecrate.
Haſte, Amaryllis, haſte; reſtore my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As fire this figure hardens, made of clay;
And this of wax with fire conſumes away;
Such let the ſoul of cruel Daphnis be;
Hard to the reſt of women; ſoft to me.
Crumble the ſacred mole of ſalt and corn,
Next in the fire the bays with brimſtone burn.
And while it crackles in the ſulphur, ſay,
This, I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away.
This laurel is his fate: reſtore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with deſire, purſues her wandering love;

Faint

Faint at the laſt, ſhe ſeeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirſt, and on the ruſhes rolls:
Careleſs of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitleſs fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
While I ſo ſcorn his love; reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Theſe garments once were his; and left to me;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty:
Which underneath my threſhold I beſtow;
Theſe pawns, O ſacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
As theſe were his, ſo mine is he: my charms,
Reſtore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.
Theſe poiſonous plants, for magic uſe deſign'd,
(The nobleſt and the beſt of all the baneful kind,)
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic ſtrand,
And cull'd the miſchief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with theſe powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:
And oft the mighty necromancer boaſts,
With theſe, to call from tombs the ſtalking ghoſts;
And from the roots to tear the ſtanding corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to diſtant fields is borne.
Such is the ſtrength of ſpells: reſtore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Bear out theſe aſhes; caſt them in the brook;
Caſt backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither gods, nor godlike verſe can move,
Break out, ye ſmother'd fires, and kindle ſmother'd love.

Exert your utmoſt power, my lingering charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.
  See, while my laſt endeavours I delay,
The waking aſhes riſe, and round our altars play!
Run to the threſhold, Amaryllis; hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good heaven! may lovers what they wiſh believe;
Or dream their wiſhes, and thoſe dreams deceive!
No more, my Daphnis comes; no more, my charms;
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my deſiring arms.

THE

THE NINTH PASTORAL.

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MŒRIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Auguſtus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by Arius the Centurion, to whom thoſe lands were aſſigned by the Emperor, in reward of his ſervice againſt Brutus and Caſſius. This Paſtoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard uſage; and the perſons introduced, are the Bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO, Mœris! whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to town.

MOER. O Lycidas, at laſt
The time is come I never thought to ſee,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)

LYC. Or that ſweet ſong I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.
MOER. Why, Daphnis, doſt thou ſearch in old records,
To know the ſeaſons when the ſtars ariſe?
See Cæſar's lamp is lighted in the ſkies:
The ſtar, whoſe rays the bluſhing grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender ſhoot;
Thy childrens children ſhall enjoy the fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my ſoul to rhyme:
I could have once ſung down a ſummer's ſun,
But now the chime of poetry is done.
My voice grows hoarſe; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had ſeen me firſt to-day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.
LYC. Thy faint excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſht winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful ſong they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern Bianor's tomb;
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in ſinging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:

Or

Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A ſong will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Singing, I'll eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy load.

MOER. Ceaſe to requeſt me; let us mind our way;
Another ſong requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL.

OR,

GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycorus; and who had forſaken him for the company of a ſoldier. The poet therefore ſuppoſes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the ſolitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated ſcene of Paſtorals); where he repreſents him in a very languiſhing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard uſage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY ſacred ſuccour, Arethuſa, bring,
To crown my labour: 'tis the laſt I ſing.
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
The Muſe is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuſe me not a verſe, to grief and Gallus due.

So

So may thy ſilver ſtreams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny ſeas, ſecurely glide.
Sing then, my Gallus, and his hopeleſs vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browſe.
The vocal grove ſhall anſwer to the ſound,
And echo, from the vales, the tuberſe voice ſo bound.
What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
Nor ſteepy Pindus could retard your courſe,
Nor cleft Parnaſſus, nor the Aonian ſource.
Nothing that owns the Muſes could ſuſpend
Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel ſtands in tear,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly ſhrub appear.
Mænalian pines the godlike ſwain bemoan
When ſpread beneath a rock he ſigh'd alone
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping ſtone.
The ſheep ſurround their ſhepherd as he lies:
Bluſh not, ſweet poet, nor the name deſpiſe:
Along the ſtream his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty bleſt his bed.
The ſwains and tardy neat-herds came, and laſt
Menalcas, wet with beating winter maſt.
Wondering they aſk'd from whence aroſe thy flame;
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Fluſh'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:
Is ſhe thy care? is ſhe thy care? he cries.

Thy

No game but hopeleſs love my thoughts purſue:
Once more, ye nymphs, and ſongs, and ſounding woods, adieu.
Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze;
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian ſnow.
Or when the barks of elms are ſcorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan ſheep.
In hell, and earth, and ſeas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to love.
My Muſes, here your ſacred raptures end:
The verſe was what I ow'd my ſuffering friend.
This while I ſung, my ſorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending oſiers into baſkets weav'd.
The ſong, becauſe inſpir'd by you, ſhall ſhine:
And Gallus will approve, becauſe 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and every moment riſe in view:
As alders, in the ſpring, their boles extend;
And heave ſo fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us riſe, for hoarſeneſs oft invades
The ſinger's voice who ſings beneath the ſhades.
From juniper unwholſom dews diſtil,
That blaſt the ſooty corn: the withering herbage kill;
Away, my goats, away: for you have brows'd your fill.

VIRGIL'S

GEORGICS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT begin my addreſs to your lordſhip, better than in the words of Virgil,

" ——Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
" Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro."

Seven years together I have concealed the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas paſſed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promiſed Italy. But I conſidered, that nothing which my meanneſs could produce, was worthy of your patronage. At laſt this happy occaſion offered, of preſenting to you the beſt poem of the beſt poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in deſpair of finding ſuch another; and if I took it, I was ſtill uncertain whether you would vouchſafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in deſiring your permiſſion to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my raſhneſs has ſucceeded beyond my hopes: and you have been pleaſed not to ſuffer an old man to go diſcontented out of the world for want of

that protection, of which he had been ſo long ambitious. I have known a gentleman in diſgrace, and not daring to appear before king Charles the Second, though he much deſired it. At length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majeſty, that under her protection he had preſumed to wait on him. With the ſame humble confidence I preſent myſelf before your lordſhip, and attending on Virgil hope a gracious reception. The gentleman ſucceeded, becauſe the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he ſhould intercede for me. I would have tranſlated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phraſes, I fear I have traduced him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavoured to do a ſervice. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full ſtrength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had (according to our homely ſaying) his full ſwing at this poem, beginning it at about the age of thirty-five; and ſcarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. It is obſerved both of him and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great poets; that though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inſpired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digeſted. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the beſt and nobleſt fruits. Thus Horace, in his Firſt and Second Book of Odes, was ſtill riſing, but *came not* to his meridian till the Third. After

which

which his judgment was an overpoiſe to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he deſcended in his Fourth by ſlow degrees, and in his Satires and Epiſtles, was more a philoſopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of ſummer the days are almoſt at a ſtand, with little variation of length or ſhortneſs, becauſe at that time the diurnal motion of the ſun partakes more of a right line, than of a ſpiral. The ſame is the method of nature in the frame of man. He ſeems at forty to be fully in his ſummer tropic; ſomewhat before, and ſomewhat after, he finds in his ſoul but ſmall increaſes or decays. From fifty to threeſcore the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loſes not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of obſervation, ſtill increaſes: his ſucceeding years afford him little more than the ſtubble of his own harveſt: yet if his conſtitution be healthful, his mind may ſtill retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in compariſon with others, will ſurpaſs the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this ſomewhere, by a bold metaphor, a green old age, but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure.

"Jam ſenior; ſed cruda Deo, viridiſque ſenectus."

Among thoſe few who enjoy the advantage of a latter ſpring, your lordſhip is a rare example: who being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the leaſt decay of your excellent judgment, and comprehenſion of all things which are within the

compaſs of human underſtanding. Your converſation is as eaſy as it is inſtructive, and I could never obſerve the leaſt vanity or the leaſt aſſuming in any thing you ſaid: but a natural unaffected modeſty, full of good ſenſe, and well digeſted. A clearneſs of notion, expreſſed in ready and unſtudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have diſcourſed too long on any ſubject: for you leave in us an eagerneſs of learning more; pleaſed with what we hear, but not ſatisfied, becauſe you will not ſpeak ſo much as we could wiſh. I dare not excuſe your lordſhip from this fault; for though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happineſs of being known to you. I muſt confeſs the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that having ſaid what he thought convenient, he always left ſomewhat for the imagination of his readers to ſupply: that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written, than at firſt they could, and think they had added to his thoughts when it was all there before-hand, and he only ſaved himſelf the expence of words. However it was, I never went from your lordſhip, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curſe to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the neceſſity of withdrawing when it was my intereſt, as well as my deſire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your lordſhip will give me leave to ſpeak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your youth. For too much of heat is required at firſt, that there may not

too

too little be left at laſt. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains: and yours, my lord, ſtill burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not ſo fierce as at the firſt, but the ſmoke is wholly vaniſhed; and your friends who ſtand about you are not only ſenſible of a chearful warmth, but are kept at an awful diſtance by its force. In my ſmall obſervations of mankind, I have ever found, that ſuch as are not rather too full of ſpirit when they are young, degenerate to dulneſs in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the wateriſh matter, but an inſipid manhood, and a ſtupid old infancy; diſcretion in leading-ſtrings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his Third Georgic, when he deſcribes a colt, who promiſes a courſer for the race, or for the field of battle, ſhews him the firſt to paſs the bridge, which trembles under him, and to ſtem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings muſt be in raſhneſs; a noble fault: but time and experience will correct that error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occaſion offers. Your lordſhip is a man of honour, not only ſo unſtained, but ſo unqueſtioned, that you are the living ſtandard of that heroic virtue; ſo truly ſuch, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generoſity and probity; but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made thoſe principles the rule and

meaſure of all your actions. The world knows this, without my telling; yet poets have a right of recording it to all poſterity.

"Dignum laude virum, Muſa vetat mori."

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two firſt Cæſars, were not eſteemed the worſe commanders, for having made philoſophy and the liberal arts their ſtudy. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both theſe virtues, and to have improved them both, with a ſoftneſs of manners, and a ſweetneſs of converſation, few of our nobility can fill that character: one there is, and ſo conſpicuous by his own light, that he needs not

"Digito monſtrari, et dicier hic eſt."

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and deſcent are no inheritance. A long ſeries of anceſtors ſhews the native with great advantage at the firſt; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the leaſt ſpot is viſible on ermine. But to preſerve this whiteneſs in its original purity, you, my lord, have, like that ermine, forſaken the common track of buſineſs, which is not always clean: you have choſen for yourſelf a private greatneſs, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been obſerved in former times, that none have been ſo greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have leaſt deſerved their ſtations. But ſuch only merit to be called patriots, under whom we ſee their country flouriſh. I have

laughed

laughed ſometimes (for who would always be an Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on thoſe men, who from time to time have ſhot themſelves into the world. I have ſeen many ſucceſſions of them; ſome bolting out upon the ſtage with vaſt applauſe, and others hiſſed off, and quitting it with diſgrace. But while they were in action, I have conſtantly obſerved, that they ſeemed deſirous to retreat from buſineſs: greatneſs they ſaid was nauſeous, and a crowd was troubleſome; a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them I believe ſaid this in earneſt, and were making a proviſion againſt future want, that they might enjoy their age with eaſe: they ſaw the happineſs of a private life, and promiſed to themſelves a bleſſing, which every day it was in their power to poſſeſs. But they deferred it, and lingered ſtill at court, becauſe they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy; they would have more, and laid in to make their ſolitude luxurious. A wretched philoſophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden: they loved the proſpect of this quiet in reverſion, but were not willing to have it in poſſeſſion; they would firſt be old, and made as ſure of health and life, as if both of them were at their diſpoſe. But put them to the neceſſity of preſent choice, and they preferred continuance in power: like the wretch who called Death to his aſſiſtance, but refuſed him when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed ſought honours in his youth, and indured the fatigues with which he purchaſed them. He ſerved his country

when it was in need of his courage and conduct, until he thought it was time to ſerve himſelf: but diſmounted from the ſaddle when he found the beaſt which bore him began to grow reſtiff and ungovernable. But your lordſhip has given us a better example of moderation. You ſaw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths; and therefore though you were formed alike, for the greateſt of civil employments, and military commands, yet you puſhed not your fortune to riſe in either; but contented yourſelf with being capable, as much as any whoſoever, of defending your country with your ſword, or aſſiſting it with your counſel, when you were called. For the reſt, the reſpect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happineſs to know you, was a wiſe exchange for the honours of the court: a place of forgetfulneſs, at the beſt, for well-deſervers. It is neceſſary for the poliſhing of manners, to have breathed that air; but it is infectious even to the beſt morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honeſt man is ſure at the firſt of being cheated; and he recovers not his loſſes, but by learning to cheat others. The undermining ſmile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plauſible converſation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have been a looker-on, without venturing to play: that a man may know falſe dice another time, though he never means to uſe them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forſakes

it becauſe he knows it. A young man deſerves no praiſe, who out of melancholy zeal leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloiſter, is ſometimes apt to loſe it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to endure auſterities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleaſures. For almoſt every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life: and the danger is the leſs when we are young; for, having tried it early, we ſhall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your lordſhip therefore may properly be ſaid to have choſen a retreat, and not to have choſen it until you had maturely weighed the advantages of riſing higher with the hazards of the fall. "Res non parta labore, ſed relicta," was thought by a poet to be one of the requiſites to a happy life. Why ſhould a reaſonable man put it in the power of fortune to make him miſerable, when his anceſtors have taken care to releaſe him from her? let him venture, ſays Horace, "qui zonam perdidit." He who has nothing, plays ſecurely; for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loſes. But he who is born to a plentiful eſtate, and is ambitious of offices at court, ſets a ſtake to Fortune, which ſhe can ſeldom anſwer: if he gains nothing, he loſes all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In ſhort, however he ſucceeds, it is covetouſneſs that induced him firſt to play, and covetouſneſs is the undoubted ſign of ill ſenſe at bottom. The odds are againſt

againſt him, that he loſes; and one loſs may be of more conſequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the preſent war of the Chriſtians againſt the Turk; every year they gain a victory, and by that a town; but if they are once defeated, they loſe a province at a blow, and endanger the ſafety of the whole empire. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leiſure of thinking, but the pleaſure to think of nothing which can diſcompoſe your mind. A good conſcience is a port which is land-locked on every ſide, and where no winds can poſſibly invade, no tempeſts can ariſe. There a man may ſtand upon the ſhore, and not only ſee his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undiſturbed and ſilent waters. Reaſon was intended for a bleſſing, and ſuch it is to men of honour and integrity; who deſire no more than what they are able to give themſelves; like the happy old Coricyan, whom my author deſcribes in his Fourth Georgic; whoſe fruits and ſallads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth, and his own plantation. Virgil ſeems to think that the bleſſings of a country life are not complete, without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

" O fortunatos nimiùm, bona ſi ſua norint,
" Agricolas!"

It is but half poſſeſſion not to underſtand that happineſs which we poſſeſs: a foundation of good ſenſe, and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a

ſeaſoning

ſeaſoning to retirement, and make us taſte the bleſſing. God has beſtowed on your lordſhip the firſt of theſe, and you have beſtowed on yourſelf the ſecond. Eden was not made for beaſts, though they were ſuffered to live in it, but for their maſter, who ſtudied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge, for he wanted innocence to make him ſo. He brought envy, malice, and ambition into paradiſe, which ſoured to him the ſweetneſs of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their paſſions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for ſolitude; and in that ſolitude is prepared for them

"Et ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita."

As I began this dedication with a verſe of Virgil, ſo I conclude it with another. The continuance of your health, to enjoy that happineſs which you ſo well deſerve, and which you have provided for yourſelf, is the ſincere and earneſt wiſh of

Your lordſhip's

moſt devoted, and

moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general deſign of each Georgic: and, after a ſolemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his ſubject, he addreſſes himſelf in particular to Auguſtus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after ſtrikes into his buſineſs. He ſhews the different kinds of tillage proper to different ſoils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the huſbandman's tools, ſpecifies the employments peculiar to each ſeaſon, deſcribes the changes of the weather, with the ſigns in heaven and earth that forebode them. Inſtances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæſar's death. And ſhuts up all with a ſupplication to the gods for the ſafety of Auguſtus, and the preſervation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harveſt, when to turn
The fruitful ſoil, and when to ſow the corn;

The

The care of ſheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raiſe on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I ſing, Mæcenas, and I ſing to thee.

Ye Deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the ſeaſons, and the year direct;
Bacchus and foſtering Ceres, Powers divine,
Who gave us corn for maſt, for water wine:
Ye Fawns, propitious to the rural ſwains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful ſuccour, for your gifts I ſing.
And thou, whoſe trident ſtruck the teeming earth,
And made a paſſage for the courſer's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan ſhore ſuſtains
The milky herds, that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the ſhepherds tutelary god,
Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my ſong repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough and plough-man's toil;
And thou, whoſe hands the ſhroud-like cypreſs rear;
Come all ye gods and goddeſſes that wear
The rural honours, and increaſe the year.
You, who ſupply the ground with ſeeds of grain;
And you, who ſwell thoſe ſeeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whoſe undetermin'd ſtate
Is yet the buſineſs of the gods debate;

Whether

Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and ſeaſons to preſide,
And the round circuit of the year to guide;
Powerful of bleſſings, which thou ſtrew'ſt around,
And with thy goddeſs mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæſar, chooſe the watery reign,
To ſmooth the ſurges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in ſtorms, to thee ſhall pray,
Ev'n utmoſt Thulè ſhall thy power obey;
And Neptune ſhall reſign the faſces of the ſea.
The watery virgins for thy bed ſhall ſtrive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bleſs our ſummers with thy rays,
And, ſeated near the Balance, poiſe the days:
Where in the void of heaven a ſpace is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heaven thou ſhalt obtain,
For let not hell preſume of ſuch a reign;
Nor let ſo dire a thirſt of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
Though Greece admires Elyſium's bleſt retreat,
Though Proſerpine affects her ſilent ſeat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to thoſe above.
But thou, propitious Cæſar! guide my courſe,
And, to my bold endeavours, add thy force.

Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's cares,
Intereſt thy greatneſs in our mean affairs,
And uſe thyſelf betimes to hear and grant our prayers.

While yet the ſpring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen boſom to the weſtern winds;
While mountain-ſnows diſſolve againſt the ſun,
And ſtreams, yet new, from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the ſturdy ſteer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright ſhare is bury'd in the ſoil.
That crop rewards the greedy peaſant's pains,
Which twice the ſun, and twice the cold ſuſtains,
And burſts the crowded barns, with more than promis'd gains.
But ere we ſtir the yet unbroken ground,
The various courſe of ſeaſons muſt be found;
The weather, and the ſetting of the winds,
The culture ſuiting to the ſeveral kinds
Of ſeeds and plants, and what will thrive and riſe,
And what the genius of the ſoil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres ſuits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with graſs, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow ſaffron crown'd;
India, black ebon and white ivory bears;
And ſoft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
Thus Pontus ſends her beaver ſtones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper ſteel for war.

Epirus

Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running ſteeds.
This is th' original contract; theſe the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cauſe,
On ſundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the deſart world:
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn:
And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn.
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding ſuns may bake the mellow ground.
But if the ſoil be barren, only ſcar
The ſurface, and but lightly print the ſhare,
When cold Arcturus riſes with the ſun:
Leſt wicked weeds the corn ſhould over-run
In watery ſoils; or leſt the barren ſand
Should ſuck the moiſture from the thirſty land.
Both theſe unhappy ſoils the ſwain forbears,
And keeps a ſabbath of alternate years:
That the ſpent earth may gather heat again;
And, better'd by ceſſation, bear the grain.
At leaſt, where vetches, pulſe, and tares have ſtood,
And ſtalks of lupines grew (a ſtubborn wood),
Th' enſuing ſeaſon, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year.
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And ſleepy poppies harmful harveſts yield.
But ſweet viciſſitudes of reſt and toil
Make eaſy labour, and renew the ſoil.

Yet

Yet ſprinkle ſordid aſhes all around,
And load with fattening dung thy fallow ground.
Thus change of ſeeds for meagre ſoils is beſt;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at reſt.
Long practice has a ſure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground;
When the light ſtubble, to the flames reſign'd,
Is driven along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with ſecret ſtrength for better birth;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire;
Or that the warmth diſtends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nouriſhment ſhe takes;
Or that the heat the gaping ground conſtrains,
New knits the ſurface, and new ſtrings the veins,
Leſt ſoaking ſhowers ſhould pierce her ſecret ſeat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat;
Or ſcorching ſuns too violently beat.
Nor is the profit ſmall, the peaſant makes,
Who ſmooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
The crumbling clods: nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye;
Nor his, who plows acroſs the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
For he with frequent exerciſe commands
Th' unwilling ſoil, and tames the ſtubborn lands.
Ye ſwains, invoke the Powers who rule the ſky,
For a moiſt ſummer, and a winter dry:

For

For winter drought rewards the peaſant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
Hence Myſia boaſts her harveſts, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When firſt the ſoil receives the fruitful ſeed,
Make no delay, but cover it with ſpeed:
So fenc'd from cold; the pliant furrows break,
Before the ſurly clod reſiſts the rake.
And call the floods from high, to ruſh amain
With pregnant ſtreams, to ſwell the teeming grain.
Then when the fiery ſuns too fiercely play,
And ſhrivel'd herbs on withering ſtems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery ſtores, huge torrents flow;
And, rattling down the rocks, large moiſture yield,
Tempering the thirſty fever of the field.
And leſt the ſtem, too feeble for the freight,
Should ſcarce ſuſtain the head's unweildy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade
The riſing bulk of the luxuriant blade;
Ere yet th' aſpiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
And drains the ſtanding waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field.
But moſt in autumn, and the ſhowery ſpring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring:
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells haſty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with ſlime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places ſpue their watery ſtore.

Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring steer,
Suſtain alone the hazards of the year;
But glutton geeſe, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops, invade the tender grain:
And towering weeds malignant ſhadows yield;
And ſpreading ſuccory chokes the riſing field.
The fire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with eaſe:
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exerciſe, with pains, the grudging ſoil.
Himſelf invented firſt the ſhining ſhare,
And whetted human induſtry by care:
Himſelf did handy-crafts and arts ordain,
Nor ſuffer'd ſloth to ruſt his active reign.
Ere this, no peaſant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And ſwell'd, with raging ſtorms, the peaceful flood:
Commiſſion'd hungry wolves t' infeſt the fold,
And ſhook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
Remov'd from human reach the chearful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire:
That ſtudious need might uſeful arts explore;
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful ſtore:
And force the veins of claſhing flints t' expire
The lurking ſeeds of their celeſtial fire.

Then firſt on ſeas the hollow'd alder ſwam;
Then ſailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering ſtar:
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then toils for beaſts, and lime for birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did foreſt-walks ſurround:
And caſting-nets were ſpread in ſhallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then ſaws were tooth'd, and ſounding axes made
(For wedges firſt did yielding wood invade);
And various arts in order did ſucceed.
(What cannot endleſs labour, urg'd by need?)
Firſt Ceres taught, the ground with grain to ſow,
And arm'd with iron ſhares the crooked plough,
When now Dodonian oaks no more ſupply'd
Their maſt, and trees their foreſt-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the ſwain,
And blaſting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thiſtles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceleſs gueſts, th' unhappy field ſubdue:
And oats unbleſt, and darnel domineers,
And ſhoots its head above the ſhining ears.
So that unleſs the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field;
Unleſs the boughs are lopp'd that ſhade the plain,
And heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,

On other crops you may with envy look,
And ſhake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor muſt we paſs untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whoſe aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be ſown, and nothing riſe.
The crooked plough, the ſhare, the towering height
Of waggons, and the cart's unweildy weight;
The ſled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying ſail.
Theſe all muſt be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd bleſſing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms with early force in copſes bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a faſten'd beam prepare,
On either ſide the head produce an ear,
And ſink a ſocket for the ſhining ſhare.
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
Or ſofter linden harden'd in the ſmoke.
I could be long in precepts, but I fear
So mean a ſubject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thraſhing-floor:
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To ſmooth the ſurface of th' unequal ground;
Leſt crack'd with ſummer heats the flooring flies,
Or ſinks, and through the crannies weeds ariſe.
For ſundry foes the rural realms ſurround:
The field-mouſe builds her garner under ground,

For

For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
The hiſſing ſerpent, and the ſwelling toad:
The corn-devouring weazel here abides,
And the wiſe ant her wintry ſtore provides.
Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood;
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will anſwer to the ſylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'erſhade the tree,
Such and ſo barren will thy harveſt be:
In vain the hind ſhall vex the thraſhing-floor,
For empty chaff and ſtraw will be thy ſtore.
Some ſteep their ſeed, and ſome in cauldrons boil
With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires; th' exuberant juice to drain,
And ſwell the flattering huſks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the ſucceſs for years aſſur'd,
Though choſen is the ſeed, and fully cur'd;
Unleſs the peaſant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largeſt grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curſe,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate ſtill to worſe.
So the boat's brawny crew the current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the ſtream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive.
Nor muſt the ploughman leſs obſerve the ſkies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus riſe,

Than ſailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's ſtormy ſtraits, and oyſter-breeding ſea.
But when Aſtrea's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the ſky,
Then yoke your oxen, ſow your winter grain;
Till cold December comes with driving rain.
Linſeed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry ſeaſon, and prevent the ſtorm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten ſoil,
And millet, riſing from your annual toil:
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year;
And Argos and the Dog forſake the northern ſphere.
But if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her ſiſters firſt deſcend,
And the bright Gnoſian diadem downward bend;
Before you truſt in earth your future hope:
Or elſe expect a liſtleſs lazy crop.
Some ſwains have ſown before, but moſt have found
A huſky harveſt, from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you ſow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean!
Begin when the ſlow Waggoner deſcends;
Nor ceaſe your ſowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, through twelve bright ſigns Apollo guides
The year, and earth in ſeveral climes divides.
Five girdles bind the ſkies, the torrid zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing ſun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heaven,
To froſts and ſnows and bitter blaſts are given.

Betwixt

Betwixt the midſt and theſe, the gods aſſign'd
Two habitable ſeats for human kind:
And croſs their limits cut a ſloping way,
Which the twelve ſigns in beauteous order ſway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one ſeen to riſe
Q'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan ſkies.
The firſt ſublime in heaven, the laſt is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the ſpiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding ſtream the Bears divides;
The Leſs and Greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the ſouthern ſea;
There, as they ſay, perpetual night is found
In ſilence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our northern ſphere,
She lights the downward heaven, and riſes there.
And when on us ſhe breathes the living light,
Red veſper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain ſeaſons we may know;
And when to reap the grain, and when to ſow;
Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
To ſpread the flying canvaſs for the fleet.
Obſerve what ſtars ariſe or diſappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather, and continued rain,
The labouring huſband in his houſe reſtrain,
Let him forecaſt his work with timely care,
Which elſe is huddled when the ſkies are fair:
Then let him mark the ſheep, or whet the ſhining ſhare,

Or

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His ſacks, or meaſure his increaſing ſtore;
Or ſharpen ſtakes, or head the forks, or twine
The ſallow twigs to tye the ſtraggling vine;
Or wicker baſkets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can reſtrain
From neceſſary works the labouring ſwain.
Ev'n holy-days and feaſts permiſſion yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, ſnare the birds, and ſteep
In wholſome water-falls the woolly ſheep.
And oft the drudging aſs is driven, with toil,
To neighbouring towns with apples and with oil:
Returning late, and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.
The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour chooſe: the fifth be ſure to ſhun:
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, againſt the ſkies, the ſons of earth.
With mountains piled on mountains, thrice they ſtrove
To ſcale the ſteepy battlements of Jove:
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demoliſh'd works in ruin laid.
The ſeventh is, next the tenth, the beſt to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then, weavers, ſtretch your ſtays upon the weft:
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.

Some

Some works in dead of night are better done;
Or when the morning dew prevents the ſun.
Parch'd meads and ſtubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolneſs of the night;
For moiſture then abounds, and pearly rains
Deſcend in ſilence to refreſh the plains.
The wife and huſband equally conſpire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire:
He ſharpens torches in the glimmering room;
She ſhoots the flying ſhuttle through the loom:
Or boils in kettles muſt of wine, and ſkims
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She ſings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the ſkies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year:
And in the ſun your golden grain diſplay,
And thraſh it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, ſwain, and naked ſow the land,
For lazy winter numbs the labouring hand.
In genial winter, ſwains enjoy their ſtore,
Forget their hardſhips, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleaſure ſpends.
So ſailors, when eſcap'd from ſtormy ſeas,
Firſt crown their veſſels, then indulge their eaſe.
Yet that 's the proper time to thraſh the wood
For maſt of oak, your fathers' homely food.
To gather laurel-berries, and the ſpoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to preſs your oil.

For ſtalking cranes to ſet the guileful ſnare,
T' incloſe the ſtags in toils, and hunt the hare:
With Balearic ſlings, or Gnoſian bow,
To perſecute from far the flying doe.
Then, when the fleecy ſkies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of ruſtling ice came rolling down the flood.
Now ſing we ſtormy ſtars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and ſhortens days;
And ſuns declining ſhine with feeble rays:
What cares muſt then attend the toiling ſwain;
Or when the lowering ſpring, with laviſh rain,
Beats down the ſlender ſtem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly ſwell'd
With milky moiſture, overlooks the field!
Ev'n when the farmer, now ſecure of fear,
Sends in the ſwains to ſpoil the finiſh'd year:
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden ſheaves in brittle bands:
Oft have I ſeen a ſudden ſtorm ariſe,
From all the warring winds that ſweep the ſkies:
The heavy harveſt from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter ſtubble borne;
With ſuch a force the flying rack is driven,
And ſuch a winter wears the face of heaven:
And oft whole ſheets deſcend of fluicy rain,
Suck'd by the ſpongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty ſkies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.

The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring ſound
The riſing rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling ſeas rebound.
The Father of the Gods his glory ſhrouds;
Involv'd in tempeſts, and a night of clouds.
And from the middle darkneſs flaſhing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beaſts in foreſts ſeek abode:
Deep horror ſeizes every human breaſt,
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confeſs'd:
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.
In fear of this, obſerve the ſtarry ſigns,
Where Saturn houſes, and where Hermes joins.
But firſt to heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when chearful hours
Awake the ſpring, the ſpring awakes the flowers.
On the green turf thy careleſs limbs diſplay,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleaſing ſhades are crown'd,
And ſleeps are ſweeter on the ſilken ground:

With

With milder beams the ſun ſecurely ſhines;
Fat are the lambs, and luſcious are the wines.
Let every ſwain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with ſparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the ſhow,
In long proceſſions, ſhouting as they go;
Invoking her to bleſs their yearly ſtores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the ſpring, and thus in ſummer's heat,
Before the ſickles touch the ripening wheat;
On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praiſe,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain ſigns we may preſage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The Sovereign of the heavens has ſet on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the ſky:
When ſouthern blaſts ſhall ceaſe, and when the ſwain
Should near their folds his feeding flocks reſtrain.
For, ere the riſing winds begin to roar,
The working ſeas advance to waſh the ſhore:
Soft whiſpers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whiſtle to the murmuring floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful billows ſcarce abſtain
From the toſs'd veſſel on the troubled main;
When crying cormorants forſake the ſea,
And, ſtretching to the covert, wing their way;
Then ſportful coots run ſkimming o'er the ſtrand;
Then watchful herons leave their watery ſtand;

And

And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight.
And oft before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies;
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light:
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain.
Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies:
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heaven, and snuffs it in the wind.
The swallow skims the river's watery face,
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food,
And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood.
Besides, the several sorts of watery fowls,
That swim the seas, or haunt the standing pools,

The

The ſwans, that ſail along the ſilver flood,
And dive with ſtretching necks to ſearch their foo
Then lave their backs with ſprinkling dews in vai
And ſtem the ſtream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow, with clamorous cries, the ſhower deman
And ſingle ſtalks along the deſart ſands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel ſhe plies,
Foreſees the ſtorms impending in the ſkies,
When ſparkling lamps their ſputtering light advance,
And in the ſockets oily bubbles dance.
Then after ſhowers, 'tis eaſy to deſcry
Returning ſuns, and a ſerener ſky:
The ſtars ſhine ſmarter, and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her ſharpen'd horns.
The filmy goſſamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons baſk on the ſhort ſunny ſhore:
Their litter is not toſs'd by ſows unclean,
But a blue droughty miſt deſcends upon the plain.
And owls, that mark the ſetting-ſun, declare
A ſtar-light evening, and a morning fair.
Towering aloft, avenging Niſus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Niſus follows, and purſues his prey.
Where injur'd Niſus takes his airy courſe,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and ſhuns his force.
This puniſhment purſues th' unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
hen, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
nd croaking notes proclaim the ſettled fair.

Then,

Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the ſun: and ſeiz'd with ſecret joy,
When ſtorms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forſaken neſts, and callow care.
Not that I think their breaſts with heavenly ſouls
Inſpir'd, as man, who deſtiny controls;
But with the changeful temper of the ſkies,
As rains condenſe, and ſunſhine rarifies;
So turn the ſpecies in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and diſcompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and friſking lambs rejoice.
Obſerve the daily circle of the ſun,
And the ſhort year of each revolving moon:
By them thou ſhalt foreſee the following day;
Nor ſhall a ſtarry night thy hopes betray.
When firſt the moon appears, if then ſhe ſhrouds
Her ſilver creſcent, tipp'd with ſable clouds;
Conclude ſhe bodes a tempeſt on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or if her face with fiery fluſhing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the ſureſt ſign,)
With ſharpen'd horns if glorious then ſhe ſhine;
Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempeſts both by land and ſea,
And ſailors in the port their promis'd vows ſhall pay.
Above the reſt, the ſun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the ſkies;

For,

For, if he riſe unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and ſpots upon his face;
Or if through miſts he ſhoots his ſullen beams,
Frugal of light, in looſe and ſtraggling ſtreams:
Suſpect a driſling day, with ſouthern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale ſickly cheek, ſalute the ſkies,
How ſhall the vine, with tender leaves, defend
Her teeming cluſters, when the ſtorms deſcend;
When ridgy roofs and tiles can ſcarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But, more than all, the ſetting-ſun ſurvey,
When down the ſteep of heaven he drives the day.
For oft we find him finiſhing his race,
With various colours erring on his face;
If fiery red his glowing globe deſcends,
High winds and furious tempeſts he portends:
But if his cheeks are ſwoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his watery hue;
If duſky ſpots are vary'd on his brow,
And ſtreak'd with red, a troubled colour ſhow;
That ſullen mixture ſhall at once declare
Winds, rain, and ſtorms, and elemental war.
What deſperate madmen then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the ſhore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heaven reſigns to quiet night,

No

No riſing winds, or falling ſtorms, are nigh:
But northern breezes through the foreſt fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled ſky.
Th' unerring ſun by certain ſigns declares,
What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares:
And when the ſouth projects a ſtormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.
The ſun reveals the ſecrets of the ſky;
And who dares give the ſource of light the lye?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treaſons, open wars.
He firſt the fate of Cæſar did foretel,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæſar fell.
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herſelf ſtood forth, and ſeconded the ſun.
Earth, air, and ſeas, with prodigies were ſign'd,
And birds obſcene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German ſkies afar,
Of arms and armies, ruſhing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the ſolid Alps below,
And from their ſummits ſhook th' eternal ſnow:
Pale ſpectres in the cloſe of night were ſeen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In ſilent groves, dumb ſheep and oxen ſpoke,
And ſtreams ran backward, and their beds forſook:

The yawning earth diſclos'd th' abyſs of hell:
The weeping ſtatues did the wars foretel;
And holy ſweat from brazen idols fell.
Then riſing in his might, the king of floods
Ruſh'd through the foreſts, tore the lofty woods;
And rolling onward, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bore houſes, herds, and labouring hinds away.
Blood ſprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the prieſts affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky lightnings flaſh'd from ſuch a ſullen ſky.
Red meteors ran acroſs th' ethereal ſpace;
Stars diſappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this, th' Emathian plains once more were ſtrow'd
With Roman bodies, and juſt heaven thought good
To fatten twice thoſe fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the labouring ſwains,
Who turn the turfs of thoſe unhappy plains,
Shall ruſty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets paſs the rake.
Amaz'd at antique titles on the ſtones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.

Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!
Thou, father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddeſs unmov'd! whoſe guardian arms extend
O'er Tuſcan Tiber's courſe, and Roman towers defend;
With youthful Cæſar your joint powers engage,
Nor hinder him to ſave the ſinking age.

O! let

O! let the blood, already ſpilt, atone
For the paſt crimes of curſt Laomedon!
Heaven wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, Cæſar, to the world below:
Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound;
Where impious arms from every part reſound,
And monſtrous crimes in every ſhape are crown'd.
The peaceful peaſant to the wars is preſt;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious reſt:
The plain no paſture to the flock affords,
The crooked ſcythes are ſtraighten'd into ſwords:
And there Euphrates her ſoft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine re-bellows with alarms;
The neighbouring cities range on ſeveral ſides,
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the waſted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce courſers ſtarting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which argument, the Poet ſhews all the different methods of raiſing trees: deſcribes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the ſoils in which the ſeveral plants thrive beſt: and thence takes occaſion to run out into the praiſes of Italy. After which he gives ſome directions for diſcovering the nature of every ſoil; preſcribes rules for dreſſing of vines, olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heavenly ſigns;
Now ſing, my Muſe, the growth of generous vines:
The ſhady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the ſlow product of Minerva's tree.

Great father Bacchus! to my ſong repair;
For cluſtering grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the laſt bleſſings of the year are thine;
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come ſtrip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in muſt of wine, and drink at every pore.

Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe;
For ſome without the pains of planting grow.
With oſiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
From the ſame principle gray willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But ſome from ſeeds inclos'd in earth ariſe;
For thus the maſtful cheſnut mates the ſkies.
Hence riſe the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculouſly ſpoke.
Some from the root a riſing wood diſcloſe;
Thus elms, and thus the ſavage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is ſhelter'd by the mother's boughs.

Theſe ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
For trees and ſhrubs, and all the ſylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the ſhoots, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted ſtalks in deeper mold:
Some cloven ſtakes, and (wondrous to behold),
Their ſharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race.

Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in diſtant arches riſe again.
Others no root require, the labourer cuts
Young ſlips, and in the ſoil ſecurely puts.
Ev'n ſtumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis uſual now, an inmate graff to ſee
With inſolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gardener mark with care
The kinds of ſtocks, and what thoſe kinds will bear
Explore the nature of each ſeveral tree;
And known, improve with artful induſtry;
And let no ſpot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground.
For open Iſmarus will Bacchus pleaſe;
Taburnus loves the ſhade of olive-trees.

The virtues of the ſeveral ſoils I ſing.
Mæcenas, now thy needful ſuccour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inſpire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown;
Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
With flying ſails and breezes from the ſhore:
Not that my ſong, in ſuch a ſcanty ſpace,
So large a ſubject fully can embrace:
Not though I were ſupply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But ſteer my veſſel with a ſteady hand,
And coaſt along the ſhore in ſight of land.

Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themſelves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but ſtrongly built and fair:
Becauſe the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet theſe, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence tranſplanted, change their ſavage mind;
Their wildneſs loſe, and, quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and diſcipline of art.
The ſame do trees, that, ſprung from barren roots
In open fields, tranſplanted bear their fruits.
For where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the ſubſtance of the tree,
Starves and deſtroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren ſhade.
The plant that ſhoots from ſeed, a ſullen tree
At leiſure grows, for late poſterity;
The generous flavour loſt, the fruits decay,
And ſavage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild diſorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well muſt the ground be digg'd, and better dreſs'd,
New ſoil to make, and meliorate the reſt.
Old ſtakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the ſame methods Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazles, and from cyons riſe
Tall aſh, and taller oak that mates the ſkies:

Palm, poplar, fir, deſcending from the ſteep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbute, hazle-graffs receives,
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus maſtful beech the briſtly cheſnut bears,
And the wild aſh is white with blooming pears,
And greedy ſwine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.
But various are the ways to change the ſtate
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees diſcloſe
Their ſhooting gems, a ſwelling knot there grows;
Juſt in that ſpace a narrow ſlit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inſerted thus, the wounded rind we cloſe,
In whoſe moiſt womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the ſmoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep inciſion in the tree;
And in the ſolid wood the ſlip incloſe,
The battening baſtard ſhoots again and grows;
And in ſhort ſpace the laden boughs ariſe,
With happy fruit advancing to the ſkies.
The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.
Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
nd the ſame ſpecies are of ſeveral minds.
ptes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd,
funeral cypreſs riſing like a ſhrowd.
olive-trees of ſundry ſorts appear,
ſundry ſhapes their unctuous berries bear.

4

Radii

Radii long olives, Orchites round produce,
And bitter Pauſia, pounded for the juice.
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamotes and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the ſhape,
Or taſte, or flavour of the Leſbian grape.
The Thaſian vines in richer ſoils abound,
The Mereotique grow in barren ground.
The Pſythian grape we dry: Lagæan juice
Will ſtammering tongues and ſtaggering feet produce.
Rathe ripe are ſome, and ſome of later kind
Of golden ſome, and ſome of purple rind.
How ſhall I praiſe the Ræthean grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine!
Th' Aminean many a conſulſhip ſurvives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus king of Chian growth:
But for large quantities and laſting both,
The leſs Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, ſacred to the ſolemn day,
In ſecond ſervices is pour'd to Jove;
And beſt accepted by the gods above.
Nor muſt Bumaſtus his old honours loſe,
In length and largeneſs like the dugs of cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe every race and name,
And kinds, are leſs material to my theme.
Which who would learn, as ſoon may tell the ſands,
Driven by the weſtern wind on Lybian lands;
Or number, when the bluſtering Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian ſhores.

Nor

Nor every plant on every ſoil will grow:
The fallow loves the watery ground, and low;
The marſhes, alders; Nature ſeems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild aſh's reign;
The baleful yeugh to northern blaſts aſſigns;
To ſhores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
Regard th' extremeſt cultivated coaſt,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian froſt:
All ſorts of trees their ſeveral countries know;
Black ebon only will in India grow:
And odorous frankincenſe on the Sabæan bough.
Balm ſlowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy ſhrubs, in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good;
With Ethiops hoary trees and wooly wood,
Let others tell: and how the Seres ſpin
Their fleecy foreſts in a ſlender twine.
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian ſhores,
Whoſe height above the feather'd arrow ſoars,
Shot from the toughеſt bow; and by the brawn
Of expert archers with vaſt vigour drawn,
Sharp-taſted citrons Median climes produce:
Bitter the rind, but generous is the juice:
A cordial fruit, a preſent antidote
Againſt the direful ſtepdame's deadly draught:
Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And did it not a different ſcent diſcloſe,

A laurel

A laurel were: the fragrant flowers contemn
The ſtormy winds, tenacious of their ſtem.
With this the Medes to labouring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the ſourneſs of the breath.
But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden ſand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy ſtores Arabia yields;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with ſweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whoſe noſtrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of ſerpents here
Were ſown, an armed hoſt, an iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
And harveſts heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the chearful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are ſeen.
The warrior horſe, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
Whoſe waves, for triumphs after proſperous war,
The victim ox and ſnowy ſheep prepare.
Perpetual ſpring our happy climate ſees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And ſummer ſuns recede by ſlow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nouriſhes the lion's angry ſeed;
Nor poiſonous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in ſo vaſt a length our ſerpents glide,
Or rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
Their coſtly labour, and ſtupendous frame:
Our forts on ſteepy hills, that far below
See wanton ſtreams in winding valleys flow.
Our two-fold ſeas, that, waſhing either ſide,
A rich recruit of foreign ſtores provide.
Our ſpacious lakes; thee, Larius, firſt; and next
Benacus, with tempeſtuous billows vext.
Or ſhall I praiſe thy ports, or mention make
Of the vaſt mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
Or the diſdainful ſea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the ſtructure, and invades the fence;
There, where ſecure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
Our quarries deep in earth, were fam'd of old
For veins of ſilver, and for ore of gold.
Th' inhabitants themſelves their country grace;
Hence roſe the Marſian and Sabellian race:
Strong-limb'd and ſtout, and to the wars inclin'd.
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.
And Volſcians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Beſides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name:
And mighty Cæſar, whoſe victorious arms
To farthest Aſia carry fierce alarms:
Expert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our peace at home.
Hail, ſweet Saturnian ſoil! of fruitful grain
Great Parent, greater of illuſtrious men,

For

For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſclos'd in ancient days:
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
And old Aſcræan verſe in Roman cities ſing.
The nature of their ſeveral ſoils now ſee,
Their ſtrength, their colour, their fertility:
And firſt for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty ſtones abound;
Where the poor ſoil all ſuccour ſeems to want,
Yet this ſuffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted ſigns of ſuch a ſoil are found,
For here wild olive ſhoots o'erſpread the ground,
And heaps of berries ſtrew the fields around.
But where the ſoil, with fattening moiſture fill'd,
Is cloath'd with graſs, and fruitful to be till'd;
Such as in chearful vales we view from high;
Which dripping rocks with rolling ſtreams ſupply,
And feed with ooze, where riſing hillocks run
In length, and open to the ſouthern ſun;
Where fern ſucceeds, ungrateful to the plough,
That gentle ground to generous grapes allow;
Strong ſtocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice;
Such as our prieſts in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the chearful hour;
Then when the bloated Thuſcan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,

Then

Then ſeek Tarentum's lawns and fartheſt coaſt,
Or ſuch a field as hapleſs Mantua loſt:
Where ſilver ſwans ſail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood,
There cryſtal ſtreams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food nor ſprings are wanting to thy ſheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and looſe above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Reſembling nature, in an eaſy ſoil.
No land for ſeed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village lord!
No toiling teams from harveſt-labour come
So late at night, ſo heavy laden home.
The like of foreſt land is underſtood,
From whence the ſurly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle ſtood.
Then birds forſake the ruins of their ſeat,
And flying from their neſts their callow young forget.
The coarſe lean gravel on the mountain ſides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides:
Nor chalk nor crumbling ſtones, the food of ſnakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The ſoil exhaling clouds of ſubtle dews,
Imbibing moiſture which with eaſe ſhe ſpews:
Which ruſts not iron, and whoſe mould is clean,
Vell cloath'd with chearful graſs, and ever green,

Is good for olives, and aſpiring vines,
Embracing huſband elms, in amorous twines!
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to ſow,
And equal to the paſture and the plough.
Such is the ſoil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increaſe the land that joins Veſuvius yields;
And ſuch a country could Acerra boaſt,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coaſt.
I teach thee next the differing ſoils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Chooſe firſt a place for ſuch a purpoſe fit,
There dig the ſolid earth, and ſink a pit.
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
Then if it riſe not to the former height
Of ſuperfice, conclude that ſoil is light:
A proper ground for paſturage and vines.
But if the ſullen earth, ſo preſs'd, repines,
Within its native manſion to retire,
And ſtays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that aſks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious taſks.
Salt earth and bitter are not fit to ſow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits declin'd
From their firſt flavorous taſte, renounce their kind.
This truth by ſure experiment is try'd:
For firſt an oſier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (ſuch toiling peaſants twine,
When through ſtrait paſſages they ſtrain their wine);

In this cloſe veſſel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholſome water firſt:
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taſte diſcloſe the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd from the meagre kind:
Poor ſoil will crumble into duſt, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moiſt earth produces corn and graſs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land ſo large a promiſe boaſt,
Leſt the lank ears in length of ſtem be loſt.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poiſing hand is weigh'd:
'Tis eaſy to diſtinguiſh by the ſight,
The colour of the ſoil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants, that proſper there, will ſhow;
Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yeugh.
Theſe rules conſider'd well, with early care
The vineyard deſtin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that caſt a riſing mound:
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
For putrid earth will beſt in vineyards take,
And hoary troſts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow ſoil.
Some peaſants, not t' omit the niceſt care,
Of the ſame ſoil their nurſery prepare,

With

With that of their plantation; leſt the tree
Tranſlated, ſhould not with the ſoil agree.
Beſide, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark;
And to the north or ſouth reſtore the ſide,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
So ſtrong is cuſtom, ſuch effects can uſe
In tender ſouls of pliant plants produce.
Chooſe next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or on the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In cloſe plantations there. But if the vine
On riſing ground be plac'd, or hills ſupine,
Extend thy looſe battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either ſide:
But marſhal'd all in order as they ſtand,
And let no ſoldier ſtraggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front diſplay,
To try the fortune of ſome doubtful day.
And move to meet their foes with ſober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider ſpace;
Before the battle joins; while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of ſword;
So let thy vines in intervals be ſet,
But not their rural diſcipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy ſpace,
That their extremeſt lines may ſcarce embrace

Nor

Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleaſing proſpect for the ſight:
But for the ground itſelf, this only way
Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
Which, crowded, want the room their branches to diſplay.
How deep they muſt be planted, would'ſt thou know?
In ſhallow furrows vines ſecurely grow.
Not ſo the reſt of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful ſovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower ſkies, a bed profound:
High as his topmaſt boughs to heaven aſcend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of ages laſts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
Full in the midſt of his own ſtrength he ſtands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
His ſhade protects the plains, his head the hills commands,
The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard ſhun;
Nor plant it to receive the ſetting ſun:
Nor break the topmoſt branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
For ſparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands,
Is often ſcatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after ſpread abroad by raging winds.

For firſt the ſmouldering flame the trunk receives,
Aſcending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aſpires,
Involving all the wood in ſmoky fires,
But moſt, when driven by winds, the flaming ſtorm
Of the long files deſtroys the beauteous form.
In aſhes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blaſted plants from ruin riſe:
Nor will the wither'd ſtock be green again,
But the wild olive ſhoots, and ſhades th' ungrateful plain.
Be not ſeduc'd with wiſdom's empty ſhows,
To ſtir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter froſts conſtrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no ſteady hold.
But when the golden ſpring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom ſerpents fear;
That ſeaſon deem the beſt to plant thy vines,
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines;
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter ſun.
The ſpring adorns the woods, renews the leaves,
The womb of earth the genial ſeed receives.
For then Almighty Jove deſcends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful ſhowers;
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her birth with kindly juice, and foſters teeming ſeeds.
Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beaſts, by nature ſtung, renew their love.

Then fields the blades of bury'd corn diſcloſe,
And, while the balmy weſtern ſpirit blows,
Earth to the breath her boſom dares expoſe.
With kindly moiſture then the plants abound,
The graſs ſecurely ſprings above the ground;
The tender twig ſhoots upward to the ſkies,
And on the faith of the new ſun relies.
The ſwerving vines on the tall elms prevail
Unhurt by ſouthern ſhowers or northern hail.
They ſpread their gems the genial warmth to ſhare,
And boldly truſt the buds in open air.
In this ſoft ſeaſon (let me dare to ſing)
The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king:
In prime of all the year, and holy-days of ſpring.
Then did the new creation firſt appear;
Nor other was the tenour of the year:
When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
And eaſtern winds their wintery breath ſuſpend:
Then ſheep firſt ſaw the ſun in open fields;
And ſavage beaſts were ſent to ſtock the wilds:
And golden ſtars flew up to light the ſkies,
And man's relentleſs race from ſtony quarries riſe.
Nor could the tender, new creation, bear
Th' exceſſive heats or coldneſs of the year;
But, chill'd by winter, or by ſummer fir'd,
The middle temper of the ſpring requir'd.
When warmth and moiſture did at once abound,
And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.
For what remains, in depth of earth ſecure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;

And

And ſhells and gravel in the ground incloſe;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in miſty dews,
And, ſteaming up, the riſing plant renews.
Some huſbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of ſtones above to lay,
And preſs the plants with ſhreds of potters clay.
This fence againſt immoderate rain they found:
Or when the Dog-ſtar cleaves the thirſty ground.
Be mindful, when thou haſt entomb'd the ſhoot,
With ſtore of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The cruſted earth, and looſen it above.
Then exerciſe thy ſturdy ſteers to plough
Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
To mount on reeds and wands, and, upward led,
On aſhen poles to raiſe their forky head.
On theſe new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, ſwerving upwards, with a ſtronger ſtalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender nonage, while they ſpread
Their ſpringing leafs, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they ſhoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nurſeling ſpare.
Nor exerciſe thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand ſupply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant ſtragglers, nor be loth
To ſtrip the branches of their leafy growth:

But when the rooted vines, with ſteady hold,
Can claſp their elms, then, huſbandmen, be bold
To lop the diſobedient boughs, that ſtray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked ſteel invade
The lawleſs troops, which diſcipline diſclaim,
And their ſuperfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender germs but juſt appear,
Unable to ſuſtain th' uncertain year;
Whoſe leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by ſummer ſuns are ſcorch'd away;
And, worſe than both, become th' unworthy browſe,
Of buffalos, ſalt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's froſt that burns the boughs,
Nor Dog-days parching heat that ſplits the rocks,
Are half ſo harmful as the greedy flocks;
Their venom'd bite, and ſcars indented on the ſtocks.
For this the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the ſtreets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and croſſing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad, with Bacchus, on the graſſy ſoil,
Leapt o'er the ſkins of goats beſmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes expreſs their joy:

With

With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience pleaſe,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praiſe the God of wine,
Whoſe earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine:
A madneſs ſo devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow vallies and on riſing hills;
On whate'er ſide he turns his honeſt face,
And dances in the wind, thoſe fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue reſound his praiſe.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whoſe offer'd entrails ſhall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatneſs from the hazle broach.
To dreſs thy vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor muſt the painful huſbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at leaſt, in compaſs of a year,
Thy vineyard muſt employ the ſturdy ſteer,
To turn the glebe; beſides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the ſurface plain:
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That ſuck the vital moiſture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peaſant's pain,
And the year rolls within itſelf again.
Ev'n in the loweſt months, when ſtorms have ſhed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:

Ev'n then the naked vine he perſecutes;
His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be firſt to dig the ground, be firſt to burn
The branches lopt, and firſt the props return
Into thy houſe, that bore the burden'd vines;
But laſt to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'erſhade
Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade;
Hard labour both! commend the large exceſs
Of ſpacious vineyards; cultivate the leſs.
Beſides, in woods the ſhrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards uſeful found,
To ſtay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,
When huſbands have ſurvey'd the laſt degree,
And utmoſt files of plants, and order'd every tree;
Ev'n when they ſing at eaſe in full content,
Inſulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet ſtill they find a future taſk remain;
To turn the ſoil, and break the clods again:
And after all, their joys are unſincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite oppoſite to theſe are olives found,
No dreſſing they require, and dread no wound;
No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The ſoil itſelf due nouriſhment ſupplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits ariſe:

Content

Content with ſmall endeavours till they ſpring,
Soft peace they figure, and ſweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas ſing.

Thus apple-trees, whoſe trunks are ſtrong to bear
Their ſpreading boughs, exert themſelves in air;
Want no ſupply, but ſtand ſecure alone,
Not truſting foreign forces, but their own;
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.

Thus trees of nature, and each common buſh,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries bluſh;
Vile ſhrubs are ſhorn for browſe: the towering height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And ſhall we doubt (indulging eaſy ſloth)
To ſow, to ſet, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the ſhepherd or the ſheep deſign'd.
Ev'n humble broom and oſiers have their uſe,
And ſhade for ſheep, and food for flocks, produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Beſides the pleaſing proſpect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are ſeen
Narycian woods of pitch, whoſe gloomy ſhade
Seems for retreat of heavenly Muſes made!
But much more pleaſing are thoſe fields to ſee,
That need not ploughs, nor human induſtry.
Ev'n old Caucaſean rocks with trees are ſpread,
And wear green foreſts on their hilly head.

Though

Though bending from the blaſt of eaſtern ſtorms,
Though ſhent their leaves, and ſhatter'd are their ar
Yet heaven their various plants for uſe deſigns:
For houſes cedars, and for ſhipping pines.
Cypreſs provides for ſpokes, and wheels of wains
And all for keels of ſhips that ſcour the watery pl
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war from ſtubborn myrtle ſhafts receives:
From cornels javelins; and the tougher yeugh
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their uſe are made,
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade
Which curious hands may carve, and ſteel with ea
invade.
Light alder ſtems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance, with theſe gifts the fumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noiſe.
Wine urg'd to lawleſs luſt the Centaurs train,
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine
ſlain.
O happy, if he knew his happy ſtate!
The ſwain, who, free from buſineſs and debate
Receives his eaſy food from Nature's hand,
And juſt returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early viſitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they paſs,
The breathing figures of Corinthian braſs.

No ſtatues threaten from high pedeſtals;
No Perſian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic veſts; which, through their ſhady fold,
Betray the ſtreaks of ill-diſſembled gold.
He boaſts no wool, whoſe native white is dy'd
With purple poiſon of Aſſyrian pride.
No coſtly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign ſcents the ſweetneſs of his oil.
But eaſy quiet, a ſecure retreat,
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And after toilſome days, a ſoft repoſe at night.
Wild beaſts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardſhip, and to homely fare,
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Aſtrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing ſteps appear.

Ye ſacred Muſes, with whoſe beauty fir'd,
My ſoul is raviſh'd, and my brain inſpir'd;
Whoſe prieſt I am, whoſe holy fillets wear,
Would you your Poet's firſt petition hear;

Give

Give me the ways of wandering ſtars to know:
The depths of heaven above, and earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark receſs they ſhrink again.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood reſtrain the flight
Of my free ſoul, aſpiring to the height
Of nature and unclouded fields of light;
My next deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a cryſtal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the ſacred ſhades,
Where bacchanals are ſung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hemus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down:
Or lead me to ſome ſolitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
Happy the man, who, ſtudying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the ſecret cauſe.
His mind poſſeſſing in a quiet ſtate,
Fearleſs of Fortune, and reſign'd to Fate.
And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of ſylvans, and adores the rural powers:
Whoſe mind, unmov'd the bribes of courts can ſee;
Their glittering baits and purple ſlavery.

Nor

Nor hopes the people's praiſe, nor fears their frown,
Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will ſet up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, and deſcents, and diſtant war:
Nor with a ſuperſtitious fear is aw'd,
For what befals at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy ſtore,
Nor his own peace diſturbs, with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The Senate's mad decrees he never ſaw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the ſeas and ſome to camps reſort,
And ſome with impudence invade the court.
In foreign countries others ſeek renown;
With wars and taxes others waſte their own,
And houſes burn, and houſhold gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchaſe:
To loll on couches, rich with Cytron ſteds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds,
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his bury'd ſtore.
Some patriot fools to popular praiſe aſpire,
Of public ſpeeches, which worſe fools admire.
While from both benches, with redoubled ſounds,
Th' applauſe of lords and commoners abounds.
Some through ambition, or through thirſt of gold,
Have ſlain their brothers, or their country ſold;

And

And leaving their ſweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another ſun.
The peaſant, innocent of all theſe ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
And the round year with daily labour fills.
And hence the country-markets are ſupply'd:
Enough remains for houſhold charge beſide;
His wife and tender children to ſuſtain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deſerving train.
Nor ceaſe his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harveſt yield;
A crop ſo plenteous as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus every ſeveral ſeaſon is employ'd:
Some ſpent in toil, and ſome in eaſe enjoy'd.
The yeaning ewes prevent the ſpringing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harveſt yields,
Bak'd in the ſun-ſhine of aſcending fields.
The winter comes, and then the falling maſt
For greedy ſwine provides a full repaſt.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatneſs boaſt,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the froſt.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliſs;
His little children climbing for a kiſs,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaſte delight.
His kine, with ſwelling udders, ready ſtand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.

His

His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmleſs battles in his homely yard:
Himſelf in ruſtic pomp, on holidays,
To rural Powers a juſt oblation pays;
And on the green his careleſs limbs diſplays.
The hearth is in the midſt; the herdſmen, round
The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies;
And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes.
Or, ſtript for wreſtling, ſmears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' auſtere Etrurian virtue roſe,
And this rude life our homely fathers choſe.
Old Rome from ſuch a race deriv'd her birth,
(The ſeat of empire, and the conquer'd earth;)
Which now on ſeven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compaſs all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel ſon uſurp'd the ſkies,
When beaſts were only ſlain for ſacrifice;
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere founding hammers forg'd th' inhuman ſword:
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old god his hunger did aſſwage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age;
But, over-labour'd with ſo long a courſe,
'Tis time to ſet at eaſe the ſmoking horſe.

THE

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book begins with the invocation of ſome rural Deities, and a compliment to Auguſtus: after which Virgil directs himſelf to Mæcenas, and enters on his ſubject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horſes, oxen, ſheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves ſeveral pleaſant deſcriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the diſeaſes incident to cattle; and ends with the deſcription of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearſe;
And ſing thy paſtures in no vulgar verſe.
Amphryſian ſhepherd; the Lycæan woods;
Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleaſing floods.

All

All other themes that careleſs minds invite,
Are worn with uſe, unworthy me to write.
Buſiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eureſtheus, every reader ſees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring iſle,
And Pelops' ivory ſhoulder, and his toil
For fair Hippodame, with all the reſt
Of Grecian tales, by poets are expreſt;
New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

I, firſt of Romans, ſhall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
With foreign ſpoils adorn my native place;
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
Of Parian ſtone a temple will I raiſe,
Where the ſlow Mincius through the valley ſtrays:
Where cooling ſtreams invite the flocks to drink:
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midſt ſhall mighty Cæſar ſtand:
Hold the chief honours; and the dome command.
Then I, conſpicuous in my Tyrian gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred courſers from the goal will drive;
The rival chariots in the race ſhall ſtrive.
All Greece ſhall flock from far, my games to ſee;
The whorlbat and the rapid race ſhall be
Reſerv'd for Cæſar, and ordain'd by me.
Myſelf, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
Ev'n now methinks the public ſhouts I hear;
The paſſing pageants and the pomps appear.

I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
The ſacrifice and ſacrificers view;
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres diſcloſe the ſcene:
Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the triumph which their ſhame diſplays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd ſhall Cæſar's Indian war behold;
The Nile ſhall flow beneath; and on the ſide
His ſhatter'd ſhips on brazen pillars ride,
Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
And dropping ſedge, ſhall his Armenia mourn;
And Aſian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthian ſhall be there;
And, ſpurring from the fight, confeſs their fear.
A double wreath ſhall crown our Cæſar's brows,
Two differing trophies, from two different foes.
Europe with Africk in his fame ſhall join;
But neither ſhore his conqueſt ſhall confine.
The Parian marble, there, ſhall ſeem to move,
In breathing ſtatues, not unworthy Jove;
Reſembling heroes, whoſe ethereal root
Is Jove himſelf, and Cæſar is the fruit.
Troy and his race the ſculptor ſhall employ;
And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herſelf, at laſt grown pale and dumb,
(By Cæſar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hands: and fear the curling ſnakes
Of lathing furies, and the burning lakes:

T

The pains of famiſh'd Tantalus ſhall feel;
And Siſyphus that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curſt Ixion's wheel.
Mean time we muſt purſue the Sylvan lands;
(Th' abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former hands;
For ſuch, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I ſing;
Come then, and with thyſelf thy genius bring;
With which inſpir'd, I brook no dull delay,
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and purſue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my ſpeed,
Fam'd for his hills and for his horſes breed:
From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound:
For echo hunts along and propagates the ſound.
A time will come, when my maturer Muſe
In Cæſar's wars a nobler theme ſhall chuſe.
And through more ages bear my ſovereign's praiſe,
Than have from Tithon paſt to Cæſar's days.
The generous youth, who, ſtudious of the prize,
The race of running courſers multiplies;
Or to the plough the ſturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
The mother cow muſt wear a lowering look,
Sour-headed, ſtrongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin deſcends:
And at her thighs the ponderous burden ends.
Long as her ſides and large, her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.

Her colour ſhining black, but fleck'd with white;
She toſſes from the yoke: provokes the fight:
She riſes in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's reſemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a ſtar is crown'd;
And with her length of tail ſhe ſweeps the ground.
The bull's inſult at four ſhe may ſuſtain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six ſeaſons uſe; but then releaſe the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.
Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the luſty ſire;
Watch the quick motions of the friſking tail,
Then ſerve their fury with the ruſhing male,
Indulging pleaſure left the breed ſhould fail.
In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliſs is fugitive!
Diſcolour'd ſickneſs, anxious labour come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate, for ſtill they fall away,
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
Like diligence require the courſer's race;
In early choice, and for a longer ſpace.
The colt, that for a ſtallion is deſign'd,
By ſure preſages ſhows his generous kind,
Of able body, ſound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks on paſterns firm and ſtraight,
His motions eaſy; prancing in his gait.

The

The firſt to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To paſs the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood.
Dauntleſs at empty noiſes; lofty-neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd,
Brawny his cheſt, and deep: his colour grey;
For beauty dappled, or the brighteſt bay:
Faint white and dun will ſcarce the rearing pay.
The fiery courſer, when he hears from far
The ſprightly trumpets, and the ſhouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight,
On his right ſhoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at ſpeed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double; ſtarting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.
Such was the ſteed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
Such courſers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And ſuch, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In ſuch a ſhape, grim Saturn did reſtrain
His heavenly limbs, and flow'd with ſuch a mane;
When, half-ſurpriz'd, and fearing to be ſeen,
The letcher gallop'd from his jealous queen;
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
And with ſhrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring plain.

But worn with years when dire diſeaſes come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For when his blood no youthful ſpirits move,
He languiſhes and labours in his love.
And when the ſprightly ſeed ſhould ſwiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns like haſty ſtubble fires;
And in himſelf his former ſelf requires.
His age and courage weigh: nor thoſe alone,
But note his father's virtues and his own;
Obſerve, if he diſdains to yield the prize;
Of loſs impatient, proud of victories.
Haſt thou beheld, when from the goal they ſtart,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Ruſh to the race; and panting, ſcarcely bear
Th' extremes of feveriſh hope, and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and laſh with all their force;
The flying chariot kindles in the courſe:
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and ſeem to touch the ſky.
No ſtop, no ſtay, but clouds of ſand ariſe,
Spurn'd and caſt backward on the follower's eyes.
The hindmoſt blows the foam upon the firſt;
Such is the love of praiſe, an honourable thirſt.
Bold Erichthonius was the firſt, who join'd
Four horſes for the rapid race deſign'd;
And o'er the duſty wheels preſiding ſate;
The Lapithæ to chariots, add the ſtate

Of

Of bits and bridles; taught the ſteed to bound;
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round.
To ſtop, to fly, the rules of war to know:
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.
To chuſe a youthful ſteed, with courage fir'd;
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd maſters, and in ſundry ways:
Their labours equal, and alike their praiſe.
But once again the batter'd horſe beware,
The weak old ſtallion will deceive thy care.
Though famous in his youth for force and ſpeed,
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himſelf proceed.
Theſe things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
Approaches for the ſtately ſteed to climb;
With food enable him to make his court;
Diſtend his chine, and pamper him for ſport.
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canſt find,
Of generous warmth, and of ſalacious kind.
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirſt again, with bran.
Inſtructed thus, produce him to the fair:
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the ſire be faint, or out of caſe,
He will be copied in his famiſh'd race:
And ſink beneath the pleaſing taſk aſſign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with induſtrious care
Take down their mettle, keep them lean and bare;

When conſcious of their paſt delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the ſport again;
With ſcanty meaſure then ſupply their food;
And, when athirſt, reſtrain them from the flood;
Their bodies harraſs, ſink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the ſun.
Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groa
And winnow'd chaff by weſtern winds is blown;
For fear the rankneſs of the ſwelling womb
Should ſcant the paſſage, and confine the room.
Leſt the fat furrows ſhould the ſenſe deſtroy
Of genial luſt, and dull the ſeat of joy.
But let them ſuck the ſeed with greedy force,
And cloſe involve the vigour of the horſe.

The male has done; thy care muſt now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
Firſt let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let them not leap the ditch, or ſwim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads or croſs the wood:
But range the foreſt, by the ſilver ſide
Of ſome cool ſtream, where nature ſhall provide
Green graſs and fattening clover for their fare,
And moſſy caverns for their noon-tide lare:
With rocks above to ſhield the ſharp nocturnal air.
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen:
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Oeſtros the Grecians call: Aſylus, we:

A fier

A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their ſtings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seiz'd with unuſual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus haſtens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curſe the jealous Juno did invent,
And firſt employ'd for Io's puniſhment.
To ſhun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In ſummer's ſultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, ere the ſun ariſe,
Or late at night, when ſtars adorn the ſkies.
When ſhe has calv'd, then ſet the dam aſide;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Diſtinguiſh all betimes, with branding fire;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the ſire.
Whom to reſerve for huſband of the herd,
Or who ſhall be to ſacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou ſhalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To ſmooth the furrows, and ſuſtain the plough:
The reſt, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in paſtures, and at pleaſure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade;
Set him betimes to ſchool, and let him be
Inſtructed there in rules of huſbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has ſeen.
Early begin the ſtubborn child to break;
For his ſoft neck a ſupple collar make
Of bending oſiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that eaſy ſervitude to bear)

Thy flattering method on the youth purſue:
Join'd with his ſchool-fellows by two and two,
Perſuade them firſt to lead an empty wheel,
That ſcarce the duſt can raiſe, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labouring yoke
And ſhining ſhares, that make the furrow ſmoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus reſtrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marſhy weed,
But with thy ſickle reap the rankeſt land:
And miniſter the blade with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parſimony won
To follow what our homely ſires have done;
Who fill'd the pail with beeſtings of the cow:
But all her udder to the calf allow.
If to the warlike ſteed thy ſtudies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
Near Piſa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labours of the courſer, firſt
Muſt be with ſight of arms and ſound of trumpets nurs'd:
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
And let him claſhing whips in ſtables hear.
Sooth him with praiſe, and make him underſtand
The loud applauſes of his maſter's hand:
This from his weaning let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a ſoft ſnaffle wrought:
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,

But when to four full ſprings his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in meaſure, and curvet.
Let him, to this, with eaſy pains be brought:
And ſeem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for ſpeed, he challenges the wind;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He ſcours along the field, with looſen'd reins;
And treads ſo light, he ſcarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when ruſhing forth,
He ſweeps the ſkies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harveſt bends beneath his blaſt;
The foreſt ſhakes, the groves their honours caſt;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Purſues the foaming ſurges to the ſhore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horſe
Impels the flying car, and wins the courſe.
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt ſides ſupply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his ſtout ſtomach with his food will grow;
The pamper'd colt will diſcipline diſdain,
Impatient of the laſh, and reſtiff to the rein.
Wouldſt thou their courage and their ſtrength improve,
Too ſoon they muſt not feel the ſtings of love.

Whether

Whether the bull or courſer be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull muſt wander in the wood;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or, in the ſtall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his miſtreſs burns his breaſt;
He looks, and languiſhes, and leaves his reſt;
Forſakes his food, and, pining for the laſs,
Is joyleſs of the grove, and ſpurns the growing graſs.
The ſoft ſeducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The ſtooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their claſhing horns; with dreadful ſound
The foreſt rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they puſh, and puſhing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their ſides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquiſh'd bull his claim releaſe:
But, feeding in his breaſt his ancient fires,
And curſing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land, to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage reſents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boaſt,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he loſt.
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleaſing kingdoms once his own.

And therefore to repair his ſtrength he tries:
Hardening his limbs with painful exerciſe,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on ſharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet ſore, he tries againſt a tree:
And meditates his abſent enemy.
He ſnuffs the wind, his heels the ſand excite,
But, when he ſtands collected in his might,
He roars, and promiſes a more ſucceſsful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careleſs foe.
Not with more madneſs, rolling from afar,
The ſpumy waves proclaim the watery war,
And, mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and inſult the rocky ſhore.
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no leſs than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and belching from below
Black ſands, as from a forceful engine throw.
Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The ſecret joys of ſweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or ſwim the ſea,
Or haunt the deſert, ruſh into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.
'Tis with this rage, the mother lion ſtung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardleſs of her young:
Demanding rites of love; ſhe ſternly ſtalks;
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.

'Tis

This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and ſpell'd with words of po
Dire ſtepdames in the magic bowl infuſe;
And mix, for deadly draughts, the poiſonous juic
But time is loſt, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleaſing path purſue;
Surveying nature with too nice a view.
Let this ſuffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and ſhaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what oil I muſt beſtow,
To raiſe my ſubject from a ground ſo low:
And the mean matter which my theme affords,
T' embelliſh with magnificence of words.
But the commanding Muſe my chariot guides:
Which o'er the dubious cliff ſecurely rides:
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take:
But firſt the way to new diſcoveries make.
  Now, ſacred Pales, in a lofty ſtrain
I ſing the rural honours of thy reign.
Firſt, with aſſiduous care, from winter keep
Well fodder'd in the ſtalls, thy tender ſheep:
Then ſpread with ſtraw, the bedding of thy fold;
With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold.
That free from gouts thou may'ſt preſerve thy cat
And clear from ſcabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next let thy goats officiouſly be nurs'd:
And led to living ſtreams, to quench their thirſt.
Feed them with winter-browſe, and for their lare
A cote that opens to the ſouth prepare:

W

Where, baſking in the ſun-ſhine, they may lie,
And the ſhort remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's driſly reign be done:
Till the new ram receives th' exalted ſun:
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly ſheep, and aſk an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly ſold: but not for needful uſe:
For the ſalacious goat increaſes more;
And twice as largely yields her milky ſtore.
The ſtill-diſtended udders never fail;
But, when they ſeem exhauſted, ſwell the pail.
Mean time the paſtor ſhears their hoary beards;
And eaſes of their hair, the loaden herds.
Their camelots, warm in tents, the ſoldier hold;
And ſhield the ſhivering mariner from cold.
On ſhrubs they browſe, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleating kids they come
At night unaſk'd, and mindful of their home;
And ſcarce their ſwelling bags the threſhold overcome.
So much the more thy diligence beſtow
In depth of winter, to defend the ſnow:
By how much leſs the tender helpleſs kind,
For their own ills, can fit proviſion find.
Then miniſter the browſe, with bounteous hand;
And open let thy ſtacks all winter ſtand.
But when the weſtern winds with vital power
Call forth the tender graſs, and budding flower;

Then, at the laſt, produce in open air
Both flocks, and ſend them to their ſummer fare.
Before the ſun, while Heſperus appears;
Firſt let them ſip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews; and after break their faſt
On green-ſward ground (a cool and grateful taſte):
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the ſun's ſultry heat their thirſt renews;
When creaking graſhoppers on ſhrubs complain,
Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
In ſummer's heat ſome bending valley find,
Clos'd from the ſun, but open to the wind:
Or ſeek ſome ancient oak, whoſe arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend:
Or ſolitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To ſhield them with its venerable ſhade.
Once more to watering lead; and feed again
When the low ſun is ſinking to the main.
When riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver dews,
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful ſound,
And hollow ſhores the halcyon's voice rebound.
Why ſhould my Muſe enlarge on Libyan ſwains;
Their ſcatter'd cottages, and ample plains?
Where oft the flocks without a leader ſtray;
Or through continued deſarts take their way;
And, feeding, add the length of night to day.
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hoſpitable harbour know;

Such

Such an extent of plains, ſo vaſt a ſpace
Of wilds unknown, and of untaſted graſs,
Allures their eyes: the ſhepherd laſt appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:
His houſe and houſhold gods! his trade of war,
His bow and quiver; and his truſty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long, laborious marches overcome:
Chearly their tedious travels undergo;
And pitch their ſudden camp before the foe.
Not ſo the Scythian ſhepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold:
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian ſtrand;
Or where proud Iſter rolls his yellow ſand.
Early they ſtall their flocks and herds; for there
No graſs the fields, no leaves the foreſts wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there below
A hilly heap, ſeven cubits deep in ſnow:
And all the Weſt allies of ſtormy Boreas blow.
The ſun from far peeps with a ſickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace;
When up the ſkies he ſhoots his roſy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean ſeeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with ſudden ice conſtrain'd;
And ſtudded wheels are on its back ſuſtain'd.
An hoſtry now for waggons, which before
Tall ſhips of burden on its boſom bore.
The brazen cauldrons with the froſt are flaw'd;
The garment, ſtiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;

With axes firſt they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight, the ſolid portions they diſpenſe.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long iſicles depend, and crackling ſounds are heard
Mean time perpetual ſleet, and driving ſnow,
Obſcure the ſkies, and hang on herds below.
The ſtarving cattle periſh in their ſtalls,
Huge oxen ſtand inclos'd in wintery walls
Of ſnow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty ſtags, and ſcarce their horns appear.
The dextrous huntſman wounds not theſe afar,
With ſhafts or darts, or makes a diſtant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to ſtop their flight:
But cloſe engages in unequal fight.
And while they ſtrive in vain to make their way
Through hills of ſnow, and pitifully bray;
Aſſaults with dint of ſword, or pointed ſpears:
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears
The men to ſubterranean caves retire;
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They paſs, to drive the tedious hours away.
And their cold ſtomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Riphean race; and ſuch
The ſavage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where ſkins of beaſts the rude barbarians wear,
The ſpoils of foxes, and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where buſhes are, where burs and thiſtles grow;
Nor in too rank a paſture let them feed:
Then of the pureſt white ſelect thy breed.
Ev'n though a ſnowy ram thou ſhalt behold,
Prefer him not in haſte for huſband to thy fold.
But ſearch his mouth; and if a ſwarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, leſt he darken all the flock;
And ſubſtitute another from thy ſtock.
'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we
May truſt report), Pan god of Arcady
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didſt thou diſdain,
When call'd in woody ſhades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy deſign; with plenteous hand
Bring clover-graſs; and from the marſhy land
Salt herbage for the foddering-rack provide
To fill their bags, and ſwell the milky tide:
Theſe raiſe their thirſt, and to the taſte reſtore
The ſavour of the ſalt, on which they fed before.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their ſoft mouths reſtrain.
Their morning milk, the peaſants preſs at night:
Their evening meal before the riſing light
To market bear; or ſparingly they ſteep
With ſeaſoning ſalt, and ſtor'd, for winter keep.
Nor laſt, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
With fattening whey the maſtiff's generous breed;
And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
Will proſecute with cries the nightly thief:

Repulſe the prouling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, ruſhing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'ſt purſue the fear
Of flying hares, and chaſe the fallow deer;
Rouſe from their deſart dens the briſtled rage
Of boars, and beamy ſtags in toils engage.

With ſmoak of burning cedar ſcent thy walls:
And fume with ſtinking galbanum thy ſtalls:
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race.
For often under ſtalls unmov'd they lie,
Obſcure in ſhades, and ſhunning heaven's broad eye.
And ſnakes, familiar, to the hearth ſucceed,
Diſcloſe their eggs, and near the chimney breed.
Whether to roofy houſes they repair,
Or ſun themſelves abroad in open air,
In all abodes of peſtilential kind
To ſheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, ſhepherd, take, a plant of ſtubborn oak;
And labour him with many a ſturdy ſtroke:
Or with hard ſtones, demoliſh from afar
His haughty creſt, the ſeat of all the war;
Invade his hiſſing throat, and winding ſpires;
'Till, ſtretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides:
And in ſome ſecret cranny ſlowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd ſides.

In fair Calabria's woods a ſnake is bred,
With curling creſt, and with advancing head:

Waving

Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his back:
While ſprings are broken, while the ſouthern air
And dropping heavens the moiſten'd earth repair,
He lives on ſtanding lakes and trembling bogs;
He fills his maw with fiſh, or with loquacious frogs.
But when, in muddy pools, the water ſinks;
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground;
And hiſſing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide deſtruction threats.
Oh let not ſleep my cloſing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the ſecret ſhade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckled pride
Of pompous youth, has caſt his ſlough aſide,
And in his ſummer livery rolls along,
Erect, and brandiſhing his forky tongue,
Leaving his neſt, and his imperfect young;
And, thoughtleſs of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poiſon, for the following year.
The cauſes and the ſigns ſhall next be told,
Of every ſickneſs that infects the fold.
A ſcabby tetter on their pelts will ſtick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
Or ſearching froſts have eaten through the ſkin;
Or burning iſicles are lodg'd within:
Or when the fleece is ſhorn, if ſweat remains
Unwaſh'd, and ſoaks into their empty veins:

When their defenceleſs limbs the brambles tear;
Short of their wool, and naked from the ſheer.
Good ſhepherds, after ſheering, drench their ſheep,
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the ſtream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or from the founts where living ſulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs;
With ſcum that on the molten ſilver ſwims.
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to theſe,
Beſides the waxen labour of the bees:
And hellebore, and ſquills deep rooted in the ſeas.
Receipts abound, but, ſearching all thy ſtore,
The beſt is ſtill at hand—to lance the ſore,
And cut the head, for till the core be found,
The ſecret vice is fed, and gathers ground:
While, making fruitleſs moan, the ſhepherd ſtands,
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle prayers, from heaven demands.
Deep in their bones when fevers fix their ſeat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian ſhepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,
The Gelons uſe it, when for drink and food
They mix their cruddled milk with horſes blood.
But when thou ſee'ſt a ſingle ſheep remain
In ſhades aloof, or crouch'd upon the plain;

Or

Or liſtleſſly to crop the tender graſs;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultleſs flock the dire contagion ſpread.
On winter ſeas we fewer ſtorms behold,
Than foul diſeaſes that infect the fold.
Nor do thoſe ills on ſingle bodies prey;
But oftener bring the nation to decay;
And ſweep the preſent ſtock and future hope away.
A dire example of this truth appears:
When, after ſuch a length of rolling years,
We ſee the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of ſcatter'd cotts, and yet unpeopled plains:
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the ſhepherd's happy reigns.
Here from the vicious air, and ſickly ſkies,
A plague did on the dumb creation riſe:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle, and the beaſts of nature ſlew.
Poiſoning the ſtanding lakes, and pools impure:
Nor was the foodful graſs in fields ſecure.
Strange death! For when the thirſty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were ſhrunk;
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, even then
A wateriſh humour ſwell'd and ooz'd again;
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better uſe.
The victim ox, that was for altars preſt,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands dreſt,

Sunk

Sunk of himſelf, without the gods command:
Preventing the flow ſacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inſpected entrails could no fates foretel:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames ariſe;
But clouds of ſmouldering ſmoke forbade the ſacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poiſon ſtain'd the ſandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forſake,
And render their ſweet ſouls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad, the weaſing ſwine
With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horſe, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears,
A doubtful ſweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the ſymptoms of the young diſeaſe;
But in time's proceſs, when his pains increaſe,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient ſobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath; which from his lungs ſupply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his labouring ſide.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue ſucceeds;
And roapy gore he from his noſtrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with ſucceſs been us'd;
And through a horn the generous juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his cloſing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cauſe.

For

For the too vigorous doſe too fiercely wrought;
And added fury to the ſtrength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own fleſh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men diſpoſe,
And turn that impious error on our foes!
The ſteer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a flood
Of foamy madneſs, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, curſing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins;
With many a groan forſakes his fruitleſs care,
And in th' unfiniſh'd furrow leaves the ſhare.
The pining ſteer no ſhades of lofty woods,
Nor flowery meads, can eaſe; nor cryſtal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decreaſe;
His eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid peace.
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unweildy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deſerving toil,
To turn the glebe, or ſmooth the rugged ſoil?
And yet he never ſupp'd in ſolemn ſtate,
Nor undigeſted feaſts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxuriouſly did join;
Nor ſurfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his beverage, homely was his food;
The wholſome herbage, and the running flood.
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
His pains by day ſecur'd his reſt by night.

'Twas then that buffalo's, ill pair'd, were ſeen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the labouring ſwain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain:
And cover'd with his hand the ſhallow ſeed again.
He yokes himſelf, and up the hilly height,
With his own ſhoulders draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf, that round th' inclofure proul'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
Tam'd with a ſharper pain, the fearful doe
And flying ſtag, amidſt the greyhounds go:
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The ſcaly nations of the ſea profound,
Like ſhipwreck'd carcaſes are driven aground:
And mighty Phocæ, never ſeen before
In ſhallow ſtreams, are ſtranded on the ſhore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceleſs was the ſhelter of the ground.
The water-ſnake, whom fiſh and paddocks fed,
With ſtaring ſcales lies poiſon'd in his bed:
To birds their native heavens contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their ſouls above.
Beſides, to change their paſture 'tis in vain;
Or truſt to phyſic; phyſic is their bane.
The learned leaches in deſpair depart:
And ſhake their heads, deſponding of their art.
Tiſiphone, let looſe from under ground,
Majeſtically pale, now treads the round;

* Before

Before her drives diſeaſes and affright;
And every moment riſes to the fight:
Aſpiring to the ſkies, incroaching on the light.
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats reſound.
At length, ſhe ſtrikes an univerſal blow;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horſes fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing ſpecies in confuſion lie.
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathſome carrion under ground,
For, uſeleſs to the currier were their hides:
Nor could their tainted fleſh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth: nor could Vulcanian flame
The ſtench aboliſh, or the ſavour tame.
Nor ſafely could they ſhear their fleecy ſtore
(Made drunk with poiſonous juice, and ſtiff with gore);
Or touch the web: but if the veſt they wear,
Red bliſters riſing on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles and noiſome ſweat,
And clammy dews, that loathſome lice beget:
Till the ſlow creeping evil eats his way,
Conſumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raiſe the ſubject of the Georgic: In the firſt he has only dead matter on which to work. In the ſecond he juſt ſteps on the world of life, and deſcribes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals: and in the laſt ſingles out the bee, which may be reckoned the moſt ſagacious of them, for his ſubject.

In this Georgic he ſhews us what ſtation is moſt proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they ſwarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occaſion to diſcover their different kind; and, after an excurſion, relates their prudent and politic adminiſtration of affairs, and the ſeveral diſeaſes that often rage in their hives, with the proper ſympto[illegible] emedies of each diſeaſe.

In

In the laſt place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, ſuppoſing their whole breed loſt, and gives at large the hiſtory of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following ſong purſues,
Aërial honey, and ambroſial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that ſings
Embattled ſquadrons and adventurous kings;
A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners I diſcloſe,
And how they war, and whence the people roſe:
Slight is the ſubject, but the praiſe not ſmall,
If heaven aſſiſt, and Phœbus hear my call.

Firſt, for thy bees a quiet ſtation find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive.
Far from the cows and goats inſulting crew,
That trample down the flowers, and bruſh the dew:
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
The titmouſe, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Progne, with her boſom ſtain'd in blood:
Theſe rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air;
And for their callow young a cruel feaſt prepare.
But near a living ſtream their manſion place,
Edg'd round with moſs, and tufts of matted graſs:

And

And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to ſtop),
Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the buſy ſhop.
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the venturous colony to ſwarm;
When firſt their way through yielding air they wing,
New to the pleaſures of their native ſpring;
The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw ſoldiers from the ſcalding heat:
And neighbouring trees, with friendly ſhade, invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running ſtream, or ſtanding lake,
A paſſage for thy weary people make;
With oſier floats the ſtanding water ſtrow;
Of maſſy ſtones make bridges, if it flow:
That baſking in the ſun thy bees may lie,
And reſting there, their flaggy pinions dry:
When, late returning home, the laden hoſt
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coaſt.
Wild thyme and ſavory ſet around their cell;
Sweet to the taſte, and fragrant to the ſmell;
Set rows of roſemary with flowering ſtem,
And let the purple violets drink the ſtream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twiſted oſiers, or with barks of trees;
Make but a narrow mouth: for as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold;
So 'tis again diſſolv'd by ſummer's heat,
And the ſweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' induſtrious kind
With dawby wax and flowers the chinks have lin'd.

And

And with their ſtores of gather'd glue, contrive
To ſtop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idean pitch, produce
A more tenacious maſs of clammy juice.
  Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own, beneath the ground:
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.
  But plaiſter thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay,
Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yeugh their poiſonous neighbour grows:
Nor roaſt red crabs t'offend the niceneſs of their noſe.
Nor near the ſteeming ſtench of muddy ground:
Nor hollow rocks that render back the ſound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.
  For what remains, when golden ſuns appear,
And under earth have driven the winter year:
The winged nation wanders through the ſkies,
And o'er the plains and ſhady foreſt flies:
Then, ſtooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
They ſkim the floods, and ſip the purple flowers.
Exalted hence, and drunk with ſecret joy,
The young ſucceſſion all their cares employ:
They breed, they brood, inſtruct, and educate,
And make proviſion for the future ſtate:
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to ſuſtain their lives.
But when thou ſeeſt a ſwarming cloud ariſe,
That ſweeps aloft, and darkens all the ſkies,

The motions of their haſty flight attend;
And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they bend.
Then melfoil beat, and honey-ſuckles pound,
With theſe alluring ſavours ſtrew the ground,
And mix with tinkling braſs, the cymbal's droning ſound.
Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
The reconcil'd deſerters will repair.
But if inteſtine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire ſtrive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murmuring ſounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with diſdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty ſouls contain,
With ſhouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarſe alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry ſounds:
Then to their common ſtandard they repair;
The nimble horſemen ſcour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn, they iſſue forth,
And every knight is proud to prove his worth.
Preſs'd for their country's honour, and their king's,
On their ſharp beaks they whet their pointed ſtings;
And exerciſe their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midſt the haughty monarchs ride,
The truſty guards come up, and cloſe the ſide;
With ſhouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.

Thus

Thus in the ſeaſon of unclouded ſpring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light,
The ſhocking ſquadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
And heaps of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailſtones lie nor thicker on the plain,
Nor ſhaken oaks ſuch ſhowers of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of ſovereign ſway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midſt of danger go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty ſouls in narrow bodies preſt,
They challenge, and encounter breaſt to breaſt;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obſtinately bent to win or die;
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only reign).
Yet all thoſe dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A caſt of ſcatter'd duſt will ſoon allay;
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are ſunder'd from the fight,
Then to the lawful king reſtore his right.
And let the waſteful prodigal be ſlain,
That he, who beſt deſerves, alone may reign.
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honeſt open face:
Shap'd to his ſize, and godlike to behold,
His royal body ſhines with ſpecks of gold,

And ruddy ſcales; for empire he deſign'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in diſgrace,
Gaunt are his ſides, and ſullen is his face:
And like their griſly prince appears his gloomy race:
Grim, ghaſtly, rugged, like a thirſty train
That long have travel'd through a deſart plain,
And ſpit from their dry chaps the gather'd duſt again.
The better brood, unlike the baſtard crew,
Are mark'd with royal ſtreaks of ſhining hue;
Glittering and ardent, though in body leſs:
From theſe, at 'pointed ſeaſons, hope to preſs
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only ſweet, but pure, and fit for uſe:
T' allay the ſtrength and hardneſs of the wine,
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.
But when the ſwarms are eager of their play,
And loathe their empty hives, and idly ſtray,
Reſtrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The taſk is eaſy, but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
At their command, the people ſwarm away;
Confine the tyrant, and the ſlaves will ſtay.
Sweet gardens, full of ſaffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight.
Beſides the god obſcene, who frights away,
With his lath ſword, the thieves and birds of prey.
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For ſlips of pines, may ſearch the mountain trees:

And

And with wild thyme and ſavory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreſhing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not ſo near my labours end,
Strike ſail, and haſtening to the harbour tend,
My ſong to flowery gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts to ſing
The Præſtan roſes, and their double ſpring:
How ſuccory drinks the running ſtream, and how
Green beds of parſley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the ſurface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late Narciſſus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with ſtately towers Tarentum ſtands,
And deep Galeſus ſoaks the yellow ſands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian ſwain to know,
Lord of few acres, and thoſe barren too;
Unfit for ſheep or vines, and more unfit to ſow:
Yet, labouring well his little ſpot of ground,
Some ſcattering pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholſome poppy-flowers to mend his homely board:
For late returning home he ſupp'd at eaſe,
And wiſely deem'd the wealth of monarchs leſs:
The little of his own, becauſe his own, did pleaſe.

To quit his care, he gather'd firſt of all
In ſpring the roſes, apples in the fall:
And when cold winter ſplit the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did reſtrain,
He ſtripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling Weſtern winds, accus'd the ſpring of ſloth;
He therefore firſt among the ſwains was found,
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And ſqueeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were firſt in flowers; his lofty pines,
With friendly ſhade, ſecur'd his tender vines.
For every bloom his trees in ſpring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale reſtor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows:
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to diſpoſe:
And tame to plumbs, the ſourneſs of the ſloes.
With ſpreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To ſhade good fellows from the ſummer's heat.
But, ſtraiten'd in my ſpace, I muſt forſake
This taſk; for others afterwards to take.

Deſcribe we next the nature of the bees,
Beſtow'd by Jove for ſecret ſervices:
When, by the tinkling ſound of timbrels led,
The King of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common ſons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common ſtock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a ſeveral ſtall:
All is the ſtate's, the ſtate provides for all.

Mindful

Mindful of coming cold, they ſhare the pain:
And hoard, for winter's uſe, the ſummer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preſide,
And ſome are ſent new forage to provide:
Theſe drudge in fields abroad, and thoſe at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, Narciſſus' leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring ſome contrive;
Some nurſe the future nation of the hive:
Sweet honey ſome condenſe, ſome purge the grout;
The reſt, in cells apart, the liquid nectar ſhut.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy ſtung, they view each other's deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunder haſten for their angry god:
Subdued in fire the ſtubborn metal lies,
One brawny ſmith the puffing bellows plies;
And draws, and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hiſſing maſs prepare:
With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their ſounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they ſtrike, huge flakes of flames expire,
With tongs they turn the ſteel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and ſuch their buſy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful ſwain, the grave experienc'd bee:

That in the field; this in affairs of ſtate,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, leſt the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The labouring youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme diſtend his thighs:
He ſpoils the ſaffron flowers, he ſips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their ſleep;
They ſhake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Ruſh through the city-gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day:
Then, having ſpent the laſt remains of light,
They give their bodies due repoſe at night:
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Diſmiſs the ſleepy ſwains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they ſteep,
No buzzing ſounds diſturb their golden ſleep,
'Tis ſacred ſilence all. Nor dare they ſtray,
When rain is promis'd, or a ſtormy day:
But near the city walls their watering take,
Nor forage far, but ſhort excurſions make.

And as when empty barks on billows float,
With ſandy ballaſt ſailors trim the boat,
So bees bear gravel-ſtones, whoſe poiſing weight
Steers through the whiſtling winds their ſteady flight.

But, what's more ſtrange, their modeſt appetites,
Averſe from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.

No

No luſt enervates their heroic mind,
Nor waſtes their ſtrength on wanton woman-kind,
But in their mouths reſide their genial powers,
They gather children from the leaves and flowers.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal ſeat:
And thus their little citizens create:
And waxen cities build, the palaces of ſtate.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And ſink beneath the burdens which they bear.
Such rage of honey in their boſom beats:
And ſuch a zeal they have for flowery ſweets.
Thus through the race of life they quickly run;
Which in the ſpace of ſeven ſhort years is done;
Th' immortal line in ſure ſucceſſion reigns,
The fortune of the family remains:
And grandſires grandſons the long liſt contains.
Beſides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
With ſervile awe, their idol king adore:
While he ſurvives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no diviſions rent;
But the great monarch's death diſſolves the government.
All goes to ruin, they themſelves contrive
To rob the honey, and ſubvert the hive.
The king preſides, his ſubjects' toil ſurveys;
The ſervile rout their careful Cæſar praiſe:
Him they extol, they worſhip him alone:
They crowd his levees, and ſupport his throne:
They raiſe him on their ſhoulders with a ſhout:
And when their ſovereign's quarrel calls them out,

His

His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.
Induc'd by ſuch examples, ſome have taught
That bees have portions of etherial thought:
Endued with particles of heavenly fires:
For God the whole created maſs inſpires;
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean's depth he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beaſts, and fowls,
With breath are quicken'd, and attract their ſouls.
Hence take the forms his preſcience did ordain,
And into him at length reſolve again.
No room is left for death, they mount the ſky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.
Now when thou haſt decreed to ſeize their ſtores,
And by prerogative to break their doors:
With ſprinkled water firſt the city choke,
And then purſue the citizens with ſmoke.
Two honey-harveſts fall in every year:
Firſt, when the pleaſing Pleiades appear,
And ſpringing upward ſpurn the briny ſeas;
Again, when their affrighted quire ſurveys
The watery Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of ſtorms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and ſafe protection find.
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, aſſault th' aggreſſor's face:
And through the purple veins a paſſage find;
There fix their ſtings, and leave their ſouls behind.

But

But if a pinching winter thou foreſee,
And would'ſt preſerve thy famiſh'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to ſave the ſtate.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by ſtealth,
Within the ſuburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards, ſhunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the ſeat.
Or lazy drones, without their ſhare of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain:
Or waſps infeſt the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms:
Or ſecret moths are there in ſilence fed;
Or ſpiders in the vault their ſnary webs have ſpread.
The more oppreſs'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increaſe thy care to ſave the ſinking kind,
With greens and flowers recruit their empty hives,
And ſeek freſh forage to ſuſtain their lives.
But ſince they ſhare with man one common fate,
In health and ſickneſs, and in turns of ſtate;
Obſerve the ſymptoms when they fall away,
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they ſtare,
Lean are their looks, and ſhagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never muſt return
To their lov'd hides, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the hearſe, the next relations mourn.
The ſick, for air, before the portal gaſp,
Their feeble legs within each other claſp,

Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, or liftleſs of their gain.
Soft whiſpers then and broken ſounds are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are ſtirr'd.
Such ſtifled noiſe as the cloſe furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou ſeeſt, Galbanean odours uſe,
And honey in the fickly hive infuſe.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food:
Mix it with thicken'd juice of ſodden wines,
And raiſins from the grapes of Pſythian vines:
To theſe add pounded galls, and roſes dry,
And with Cecropian thyme, ſtrong-ſcented centaury.
A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and eaſy to be found:
For from one root the riſing ſtem beſtows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
The flower itſelf is glorious to behold,
And ſhines on altars like refulgent gold:
Sharp to the taſte, by ſhepherds near the ſtream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this reſtoring root in generous wine,
And ſet beſide the door the fickly ſtock to dine.
But if the labouring kind be wholly loſt,
And not to be retriev'd with care or coſt,
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian maſter did of old impart:
And how he ſtock'd his empty hives again;
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen ſlain.

An ancient legend I prepare to ſing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal ſpring:
For where, with ſeven-fold horns, myſterious Nile
Surrounds the ſkirts of Ægypt's fruitful iſle,
And where in pomp the ſun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the ſoil with ſlime, and black prolific ſands;
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a ſure relief have found.
Firſt, in a place, by nature cloſe, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that ſtrike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A ſteer of two years old they take, whoſe head
Now firſt with burniſh'd horns begins to ſpread:
They ſtop his noſtrils, while he ſtrives in vain
To breathe free air, and ſtruggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken ſkin.
Extended thus, in his obſcene abode,
They leave the beaſt; but firſt ſweet flowers are ſtrow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleaſing caſſia juſt renew'd in prime.
This muſt be done, ere ſpring makes equal day,
When weſtern winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or ſwallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
The tainted blood, in this cloſe priſon pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.

Then,

Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures riſe,
A moving maſt at firſt, and ſhort of thighs;
Till ſhooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed ſtings:
And more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly.
At length, like ſummer ſtorms from ſpreading clouds,
That burſt at once, and pour impetuous floods,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattled foes,
With ſuch a tempeſt through the ſkies they ſteer,
And ſuch a form the winged ſquadrons bear.
What God, O Muſe! this uſeful ſcience taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought?
Sad Ariſtæus from fair Tempe fled,
His bees with famine, or diſeaſes, dead;
On Peneus' banks he ſtood, and near his holy head.
And while his falling tears the ſtream ſupply'd,
Thus mourning, to his mother goddeſs cry'd:
Mother Cyrene, mother, whoſe abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood:
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I ſpring,
The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high King?
O! where is all thy boaſted pity gone,
And promiſe of the ſkies to thy deluded ſon?
Why didſt thou me, unhappy me, create?
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.
Whom, ſcarce my ſheep, and ſcarce my painful plough,
The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy ſon, ſo hard a mother thou.

Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy ſcorn;
Root up my trees, with blights deſtroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my ſheepfolds burn.
Let looſe thy rage, let all thy ſpite be ſhown,
Since thus thy hate purſues the praiſes of thy ſon.
But from her moſſy bower below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive ſound,
Encompaſs'd with her ſea-green ſiſters round.
One common work they ply'd: their diſtaffs full
With carded locks of blue Mileſian wool.
Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
And ſweet Phyllodoce with long diſhevel'd hair:
Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid.
Clio and Beroe, from one father both,
Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd cloth.
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Niſæa lofty with Ligæa loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyré the ſad,
And Arethuſa once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To theſe, Clymene the ſweet theft declares
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares:
And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
Form ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while ſhe ſings, the ſiſters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful ſound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful ſound invades the ſiſters' ears:

Start-

Starting at once from their green ſeats, they riſe;
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
But Arethuſa, leaping from her bed,
Firſt lifts above the waves her beauteous head;
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene ſaid:
O ſiſter! not with cauſeleſs fear poſſeſt,
No ſtranger voice diſturbs thy tender breaſt.
'Tis Ariſtæus, 'tis thy darling ſon,
Who to his careleſs mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal ſtream he ſadly ſtands,
With down-caſt eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands:
Upbraiding heaven from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.
Cyrene, mov'd with love, and ſeiz'd with fear,
Cries out, Conduct my ſon, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the ſecrets of our deep abodes.
At once ſhe wav'd her hand on either ſide,
At once the ranks of ſwelling ſtreams divide.
Two riſing heaps of liquid cryſtal ſtand,
And leave a ſpace betwixt, of empty ſand.
Thus ſafe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's watery palace leads.
With wondering eyes he views the ſecret ſtore
Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar.
He hears the crackling ſound of coral woods,
And ſees the ſecret ſource of ſubterranean floods.
And where, diſtinguiſh'd in their ſeveral cells,
The fount of Phaſis and of Lycus dwells;

Where

Where ſwift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majeſtic forehead rears.
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks through th' oppoſing rocks with raging ſound.
Where Po firſt iſſues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods,
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's reſemblance bears.
With rapid courſe he ſeeks the ſacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring ſon
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory ſtone,
Now to his mother goddeſs tells his grief,
Which ſhe with pity hears, and promiſes relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With water drawn from their perpetual ſpring,
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
Then load the tables with a liberal feaſt,
And honour with full bowls their friendly gueſt.
The ſacred altars are involv'd in ſmoke,
And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
Then thus, let theſe be pour'd, with rites divine,
To the great author of our watery line.
To father Ocean, this; and this, ſhe ſaid,
Be to the nymphs his ſacred ſiſters paid,
Who rule the watery plains, and hold the woodland ſhade.

She ſprinkled thrice, with wine, the veſtal fire,
Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aſpire.
Rais'd with ſo bleſt an omen, ſhe begun,
With words like theſe to chear her drooping ſon.
In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
The ſhepherd of the ſeas, a prophet and a god;
High o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,
His azure car and finny courſers guides:
Proteus his name: to his Pallenian port
I ſee from far the weary god reſort.
Him, not alone, we river-gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
With ſure foreſight, and with unerring doom,
He ſees what is, and was, and is to come.
This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His ſcaly flocks, that graze the watery deep.
Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
The ſecret cauſe, and cure of all thy woes.
But firſt the wily wizard muſt be caught,
For unconſtrain'd he nothing tells for nought;
Nor is with prayers, or bribes, or flattery bought.
Surprize him firſt, and with hard fetters bind;
Then all his frauds will vaniſh into wind.
I will myſelf conduct thee on thy way,
When next the ſouthing ſun inflames the day:
When the dry herbage thirſts for dews in vain,
And ſheep, in ſhades, avoid the parching plain;
Then will I lead thee to his ſecret ſeat;
When, weary with his toil, and ſcorch'd with heat,
The wayward ſire frequents his cool retreat.

His

His eyes with heavy ſlumber overcaſt;
With force invade his limbs, and bind him faſt:
Thus ſurely bound, yet be not over bold,
The ſlippery god will try to looſe his hold:
And various forms aſſume, to cheat thy ſight;
And with vain images of beaſts affright.
With foamy tuſks will ſeem a briſtly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to ſhun thy ſnare,
Or hiſs a dragon, or a tiger ſtare:
Or with a wile, thy caution to betray,
In fleeting ſtreams attempt to ſlide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To ſtrain his fetters with a ſtricter care:
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true ſhape, in which he firſt was ſeen.
This ſaid, with nectar ſhe her ſon anoints:
Infuſing vigour through his mortal joints:
Down from his head the liquid odours ran:
He breath'd of heaven, and look'd above a man.
Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
A large receſs, conceal'd from human eyes;
Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
In form of war, their watery ranks divide;
And there, like ſentries ſet, without the mouth abide;
A ſtation ſafe for ſhips, when tempeſts roar,
A ſilent harbour, and a cover'd ſhore.
Secure within reſides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.

Hither with ſilent ſteps, ſecure from ſight,
The goddeſs guides her ſon, and turns him from the light:
Herſelf, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the ſultry dog-ſtar from the ſky
Scorch'd Indian ſwains, the rivel'd graſs was dry;
The ſun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for ſhelter to his wonted caves:
His finny flocks about their ſhepherd play,
And, rolling round him, ſpirt the bitter ſea.
Unwieldily they wallow firſt in ooze,
Then in the ſhady covert ſeek repoſe.
Himſelf their herdſman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muſter'd flocks a juſt account.
So, ſeated on a rock, a ſhepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home:
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prouling wolf to nightly war.
Th' occaſion offers, and the youth complies:
For ſcarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When ruſhing on, with ſhouts, he binds in chains
The drowſy prophet, and his limbs conſtrains.
He, not unmindful of his uſual art,
Firſt in diſſembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beaſts and running ſtreams he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having ſhifted every form to 'ſcape,
Convinc'd of conqueſt, he reſum'd his ſhape;

And thus, at length, in human accent ſpoke:
Audacious youth, what madneſs could provoke
A mortal man t' invade a ſleeping god?
What buſineſs brought thee to my dark abode?
To this th' audacious youth: Thou know'ſt full well
My name, and buſineſs, god, nor need I tell:
No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come t' implore
Thy help, my periſh'd people to reſtore.
The ſeer, who could not yet his wrath aſſuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that ſparkled with his rage;
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar god
Perſues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great miſdeeds have met a due reward,
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard;
For crimes, not his, the lover loſt his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife;
Nor (if the Fates aſſiſt not) canſt thou 'ſcape
The juſt revenge of that intended rape.
To ſhun thy lawleſs luſt, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's ſide:
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly ſnake,
That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian ſhores rebound.

Th' unhappy huſband, huſband now no more,
Did on his taneful harp his loſs deplore,
And ſought, his mournful mind with muſic to reſtore.
On thee, dear wife, in deſarts all alone,
He call'd, ſigh'd, ſung, his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finiſh'd with the ſetting ſun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through foreſts void of light:
And dar'd amidſt the trembling ghoſts to ſing,
And ſtood before th' inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like paſſing ſhadows glide,
And, liſtening, crowd the ſweet muſician's ſide.
Nor flocks of birds when driven by ſtorms or night,
Stretch to the foreſt with ſo thick a flight,
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarry'd maid,
* The mighty heroes more majeſtic ſhade;
And youths on funeral piles before their parents laid.
All theſe Cocytus bounds with ſqualid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompaſſes around,
With nine ſlow circling ſtreams, th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,
Th' infernal manſions nodding ſeem to dance:
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to ſnarl,
The Furies hearken, and their ſnakes uncurl:
Ixion ſeems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his ſtanding-wheel.

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's tranſlation. DRYDEN.

All

All dangers paſt, at length the lovely bride
In ſafety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to ſhare,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He firſt, and cloſe behind him follow'd ſhe,
For ſuch was Proſerpine's ſevere decree.
When ſtrong deſires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd;
A fault which eaſy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive.
For near the confines of etherial light,
And longing for the glimmering of a ſight,
Th' unwary lover caſt his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor maſter of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty ſmoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flaſhes of blue lightning gave the ſign
Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: What fury ſeiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to loſe thyſelf and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel deſtinies,
An iron ſlumber ſhut my ſwimming eyes.
And now farewel, involv'd in ſhades of night,
For ever I am raviſh'd from thy ſight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In ſweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!
She ſaid, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like ſubtle ſmoke diſſolv'd in air;
And left her hopeleſs lover in deſpair.

In vain, with folding arms, the youth eſſay'd
To ſtop her flight, and ſtrain the flying ſhade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd with ſurprize:
But ſhe return'd no more, to bleſs his longing eyes.
Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther ſhore.
What ſhould he do, who twice had loſt his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her ſoul already was conſign'd to fate,
And ſhivering in the leaky ſculler ſate.
For ſeven continued months, if fame ſay true,
The wretched ſwain his ſorrows did renew;
By Strymon's freezing ſtreams he ſate alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him ſing his wrongs:
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.

So, cloſe in poplar ſhades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe neſt ſome prying churl had found, and thence,
By ſtealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But ſhe ſupplies the night with mournful ſtrains,
And melancholy muſic fills the plains.

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averſe from Venus, and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where ſpring was never known;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain reſtor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The

The Thracian matron, [illegible]
Of love disdain'd, and [illegible]
With fumes and nocturnal [illegible]
At length, against his [illegible]
Whom ev'n the savage [illegible]
And strew'd his mangled [illegible]
Then, when his head [illegible]
Wash'd by the waters, [illegible]
Ev'n then his trembling [illegible]
With his last voice, Eurydice, [illegible]
Eurydice, the [illegible]
This answer Proteus gave, [illegible]
But in the billows [illegible]
And where he leap'd, the waves [illegible]
spread.

The nymph return'd, [illegible]
And bade him banish his [illegible]
For now, said she, the cause [illegible]
Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence
The nymphs, companions of the [illegible]
This punishment upon thy crime have [illegible]
And sent a plague among thy thriving [illegible]
With vows and suppliant prayers [illegible]
The soft Napæan race will soon repeat
Their anger, and remit the punishment.
The secret in an easy method [illegible]
Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
Which on Lycæus graze, without a guide,
Add four fair heifers yet in your [illegible]

For theſe, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland powers with prayer.
From the ſlain victims pour the ſtreaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the ſhady wood:
Nine mornings thence, Lethean poppy bring,
T' appeaſe the manes of the poets king:
And, to propitiate his offended pride,
A fatted calf, and a black ewe provide:
This finiſh'd, to the former woods repair.
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple viſits, and adores with prayer.
Four altars raiſes, from his herd he culls,
For ſlaughter, four the faireſt of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female ſtore he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with ſacrifice and prayers,
The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for, from within
The broken bowels, and the bloated ſkin,
A buzzing noiſe of bees his ears alarms,
Straight iſſue through the ſides aſſembling ſwarms,
Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighbouring tree, deſcending light:
Like a large cluſter of black grapes they ſhow,
And make a large dependence from the bough.
Thus have I ſung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of labouring bees:
While mighty Cæſar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the ſpoils of war;

With

With conquering arts aſſerts his country's cauſe,
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heaven purſues.
While I at Naples paſs my peaceful days,
Affecting ſtudies of leſs noiſy praiſe:
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen ſhade,
The lays of ſhepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

VIRGIL'S

ÆNEIS.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

J O H N,

LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY,

EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

AND

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

AN Heroic Poem, truly ſuch, is undoubtedly the greateſt work which the ſoul of a man is capable to perform. The deſign of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verſe, that it may delight while it inſtructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The leaſt and moſt trivial epiſodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either neceſſary, or convenient, to carry on the main deſign. Either ſo neceſſary, that without them the poem muſt be imperfect; or ſo convenient, that no others can be imagined more ſuitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbiſh, which is of a periſhable kind, deſtructive to the ſtrength: but with brick or ſtone, though

though of leſs pieces, yet of the ſame nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the leaſt portions of them muſt be of the epic kind; all things muſt be grave, majeſtical, and ſublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Ariſtotle and others have inſerted in their poems: by which the reader is miſled into another ſort of pleaſure, oppoſite to that which is deſigned in an epic poem. One raiſes the ſoul, and hardens it to virtue; the other ſoftens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the compleating of his work; which he is driving on, labouring and haſtening in every line: the other ſlackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted caſtle, when he ſhould be purſuing his firſt adventure. Statius, as Boſſu has well obſerved, was ambitious of trying his ſtrength with his maſter Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the ſports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occaſions from the ſubject; though, to confeſs the truth, they were both ornamental, or, at beſt, convenient parts of it, rather than of neceſſity ariſing from it. Statius, who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment, inſtead of ſtaying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or ſome other of his ſeven champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two

brothers, whoſe exequies the next ſucceſſor had leiſure to perform, when the ſiege was raiſed, and in the interval betwixt the poet's firſt action and his ſecond, went out of his way, as it were on propenſe malice, to commit a fault: for he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a ſerpent (that author of all evil), to make way for thoſe funeral honours which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais; if he had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found ſome ſorry excuſe at leaſt for the detaining the reader from the promiſed ſiege. On theſe terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predeceſſors, and his ſucceſs was anſwerable to his enterprize.

If this œconomy muſt be obſerved in the minuteſt parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, ſeem to be detached from the body, and almoſt independent of it, what ſoul, though ſent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and ſciences, converſant with hiſtories of the dead, and enriched with obſervations on the living, can be ſufficient to inform the whole body of ſo great a work? I touch here but tranſiently, without any ſtrict method, on ſome few of thoſe many rules of imitating nature, which Ariſtotle drew from Homer's Iliads and Odyſſes, and which he fitted to the drama; furniſhing himſelf alſo with obſervations from the practice of the theatre, when it flouriſhed under Æſchylus, Eurypides, and Sophocles. For the original of the

ſtage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtleſs, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at firſt was told artfully, was, in proceſs of time, repreſented gracefully to the ſight and hearing. Thoſe epiſodes of Homer, which were proper for the ſtage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted they enlarged: out of one Hercules were made infinity of pygmies; yet all endued with human ſouls: for from him their great creator, they have each of them the "divinæ particulum auræ." They flowed from him at firſt, and are at laſt reſolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their meaſure and ſymmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama: if he finiſhed his orb within the year, it ſufficed to teach them, that their action being leſs, and being alſo leſs diverſified with incidents, their orb, of conſequence, muſt be circumſcribed in a leſs compaſs, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day: ſo that as he taught them to amplify what he had ſhortened, by the ſame rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to ſhorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life: an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I muſt contract alſo; for, before I was aware, I was almoſt running into a long digreſſion, to prove that there is no ſuch abſolute neceſſity that the time of a ſtage-action ſhould ſo ſtrictly be confined to *twenty*-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which

Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle contends, and the Grecian ſtage has practiſed. Some longer ſpace, on ſome occaſions, I think may be allowed, eſpecially for the Engliſh theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himſelf, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too ſhort to raiſe and finiſh a great action: and better a mechanic rule were ſtretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raiſe, and afterwards to calm the paſſions, to purge the ſoul from pride, by the examples of human miſeries, which befal the greateſt; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compaſſion, are the great effects of tragedy. Great, I muſt confeſs, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? Are radical diſeaſes ſo ſuddenly removed? A mountebank may promiſe ſuch a cure, but a ſkilful phyſician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not ſo much in haſte: it works leiſurely; the changes which it makes are ſlow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I ſaid, are too violent to be laſting. If it be anſwered, that for this reaſon tragedies are often to be ſeen, and the doſe to be repeated; this is tacitly to confeſs, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are obſerved to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of ſpirits to make ſwift impreſſions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare

an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their ſubſtance and their weight. It is one reaſon of Ariſtotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, becauſe it turns in a ſhorter compaſs: the whole action being circumſcribed within the ſpace of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a muſhroom is to be preferred before a peach, becauſe it ſhoots up in the compaſs of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in leſs ſpace than a large machine, becauſe the bulk is not ſo great: is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, becauſe ſhe makes her revolution in leſs than thirty days, and he in little leſs than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their ſeveral magnitudes; and, conſequently, the quickneſs or ſlowneſs of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or leſs perfection. And beſides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem; where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice puniſhed; and thoſe more amply treated, than the narrowneſs of the drama can admit? The ſhining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his conſtancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteriſtical virtue his poet gives him, raiſes firſt our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obſtinate deſire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is inſtructive: and beſides, we are informed in the very propoſition of the Iliads, that his anger was pernicious; that it brought a thou-

ſand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is propoſed to imitation, not his pride and diſobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the ſelling his body to his father. We abhor theſe actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only ſhews them like rocks or quick-ſands, to be ſhunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded that it is not neceſſary the manners of the hero ſhould be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is ſet before us, it is more lovely: for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and ſtatuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to expreſs. Theſe are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with thoſe warts, and moles, and hard features, by thoſe who repreſent him on the ſtage, or he is no more Achilles: for his creator Homer has ſo deſcribed him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the ſtage with all thoſe imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cauſe, it muſt be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the paſſions. The paſſions, as I have ſaid, are violent: and acute diſtempers require medi-

medicines of a ſtrong and ſpeedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diſeaſes, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are ſometimes neceſſary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exerciſe, have the greateſt part. The matter being thus ſtated, it will appear that both ſorts of poetry are of uſe for their proper ends. The ſtage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leiſure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the diſtemper, and gives a healthful habit. The ſun enlightens and cheers us, diſpels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is ſowed, increaſes, is ripened, and is reaped for uſe in proceſs of time, and in its proper ſeaſon. I proceed from the greatneſs of the action, to the dignity of the actors, I mean the perſons employed in both poems. There likewiſe tragedy will be ſeen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of leſs dignity, becauſe it has not of its own. A ſubject, it is true, may lend to his ſovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, becauſe he wants, and the ſubject ſupplies. And ſuppoſe the perſons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, becauſe it was firſt, and Homer the common father of the ſtage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boaſt above *heroic* poetry, but that it is repreſented to the view, as

well

well as read: and inſtructs in the cloſet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to ſay, without partiality, that herein the actors ſhare the poet's praiſe. Your Lordſhip knows ſome modern tragedies which are beautiful on the ſtage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Triphon, the ſtationer, complains they are ſeldom aſked for in his ſhop. The poet who flouriſhed in the ſcene, is damned in the Ruelle; nay more, he is not eſteemed a good poet by thoſe who ſee and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a ſort of ſtately fuſtian, and lofty childiſhneſs. Nothing but nature can give a ſincere pleaſure; where that is not imitated, it is groteſque painting, the fine woman ends in a fiſh's tail.

I might alſo add, that many things, which not only pleaſe, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear abſurd upon the ſtage: and thoſe not only the "ſpecioſa miracula," as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphanes, and the Leſtrigons, which cannot be repreſented even in operas, but the proweſs of Achilles, or Æneas, would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in Homer, or in Virgil; but "ne Hercules contra duos" in the drama. I forbear to inſtance in many things, which the ſtage cannot, or ought not to repreſent. For I have ſaid already more than I intended on this ſubject, and ſhould fear it might be turned againſt me; that I plead for the preeminence of epic poetry, becauſe I have taken ſome

pains in tranſlating Virgil; if this were the firſt time that I had delivered my opinion in this diſpute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two maſters againſt their rivals of the ſcene, even while I wrote tragedies myſelf, and had no thoughts of this preſent undertaking. I ſubmit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controverſy. You come, my Lord, inſtructed in the cauſe, and needed not that I ſhould open it. Your Eſſay of Poetry, which was publiſhed without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much inſtruction: and, without flattering you, or making myſelf more moral than I am, not without ſome envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem ſhould be written, or how a tragedy ſhould be contrived and managed, in better verſe, and with more judgment, than I could teach others. A native of Parnaſſus, and bred up in the ſtudies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praiſe which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge: there is a tincture of malice in his commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confeſs my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good-nature, or at leaſt intereſt, encourage the pleadings of a puny counſellor; but he does not willingly commend his brother-ſerjeant at the bar; eſpecially when he controls his law, and expoſes that ignorance which is made ſacred by his

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place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I muſt confeſs: but who can anſwer for me, and for the reſt of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we ſhould not have been better pleaſed to have ſeen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might ſeem to be above the cenſure. We are naturally diſpleaſed with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner; becauſe we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to faſten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all ſorts of oppoſition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as ſome yet can witneſs, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honour to converſe, and that almoſt daily, for ſo many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praiſe, which I ſhould willingly have given had I known you. Nothing had been more eaſy than to commend a patron of a long ſtanding. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were juſt; and if unjuſt, would excuſe a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you againſt my intereſt, was not altogether ſo fair, give me leave to ſay, as it was politic. For, by concealing your quality, you might clearly underſtand how your work ſucceeded; and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you ſtood unſeen behind your own Venus, and received the praiſes of the paſſing multitude: the work was commended, not the

author:

author: and I doubt not, this was one of the moſt pleaſing adventures of your life.

I have detained your Lordſhip longer than I intended in this diſpute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama: and yet have not formally anſwered any of the arguments which are brought by Ariſtotle on the other ſide, and ſet in the faireſt light by Dacier. But I ſuppoſe, without looking on the book, I may have touched on ſome of the objections. For, in this addreſs to your Lordſhip, I deſign not a treatiſe of heroic poetry, but write in a looſe epiſtolary way, ſomewhat tending to that ſubject, after the example of Horace, in his firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book to Auguſtus Cæſar, and of that to the Piſos, which we call his Art of Poetry. In both of which he obſerves no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinſius, may have ſeen, or rather think they had ſeen. I have taken up, laid down, and reſumed, as often as I pleaſed, the ſame ſubject: and this looſe proceeding I ſhall uſe through all this prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been ſailing with ſome ſide-wind or other toward the point I propoſed in the beginning; the greatneſs and excellency of an heroic poem, with ſome of the difficulties which attend that work. The compariſon therefore which I made betwixt the epopee, and the tragedy, was not altogether a digreſſion; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the maſter-pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already ſaid, That the file of

heroic

heroic poets is very ſhort: all are not ſuch who have aſſumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been ſo eſteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Æneis, in ſo many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the Jeruſalem: I mean not ſo much in diſtance of time, as in excellency. After theſe three are entered, ſome Lord Chamberlain ſhould be appointed, ſome critic of authority ſhould be ſet before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who preſs for admiſſion, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your Lordſhip's ears, with his

"Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum."

Mere fuſtian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without preſſing forward, and more ſmoke than fire. Pulci, Boyardo, and Arioſto, would cry out, Make room for the Italian poets, the deſcendants of Virgil in a right line. Father Le Moin, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king, and a Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his maid ſhould be refuſed a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenſer has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finiſhed, or had been one. And Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, inſtead of Adam, if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his ſtrong hold, to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining perſons than human, to

his poem. After theſe, the reſt of our Engliſh poets ſhall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongſt the three whom I have named, and who are eſtabliſhed in their reputation.

Before I quitted the compariſon betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I ſhould have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now caſually remember out of the preface of Segrais before his tranſlation of the Æneis, or out of Boſſu, no matter which. The ſtyle of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The critic is certainly in the right, for the reaſon already urged: the work of tragedy is on the paſſions; and, in a dialogue, both of them abhor ſtrong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot ſpeak too plainly on the ſtage: for, "Volat irrevocabile verbum;" the ſenſe is loſt, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have leiſure to digeſt. There an author may beautify his ſenſe by the boldneſs of his expreſſion, which, if we underſtand not fully at the firſt, we may dwell upon it, till we find the ſecret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative phyſic, as I ſaid before, muſt proceed by inſenſible degrees; but that which purges the paſſions, muſt do its buſineſs all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at leaſt in the preſent operation, and without repeated doſes. We muſt beat the iron while it is hot, but we may poliſh it at leiſure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulneſs; and yet

the merits of both cauſes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedneſs removed.

I muſt now come cloſer to my preſent buſineſs; and not thinking of making more invaſive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies: he has a whole confederacy againſt him, and I muſt endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being againſt his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge againſt the manners of his hero; I ſhall omit the reſt as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worſt but caſual ſlips of a great man's pen, or inconſiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leiſure to review before his death. Macrobius has anſwered what the ancients could urge againſt him; and ſome things I have lately read in Tanneguy, le Fevre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are ſcarce worth anſwering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elſewhere confeſſed, and ſtill muſt own, not to be ſo noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly ſtated; and, without contradicting my firſt opinion, I can ſhew that Virgil's was as uſeful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his; in what time ſoever he may be ſuppoſed to have lived and flouriſhed. Homer's moral was to urge the neceſſity of union, and of a good underſtanding be-

twixt

to the confederate ſtates and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch: as alſo of diſcipline in an army, and obedience to their ſeveral chiefs, to the ſupreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he ſets forth the ruinous effects of diſcord in the army of their allies, occaſioned by the quarrel between the general and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles withdraws the aid due. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both puniſhed: the aggreſſor is forced to ſue for peace to his inferior on diſhonourable conditions; the deſerter refuſes the ſatisfaction offered, and his obſtinacy coſts him his beſt friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage againſt him by whom he was laſt affronted, and moſt ſenſibly. The greater anger expels the leſs; but his character is ſtill preſerved. In the mean time, the Grecian army receive loſs on loſs, and is half deſtroyed by a peſtilence into the bargain.

"Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

As the poet, in the firſt part of the example, had ſhewn the bad effects of diſcord, ſo after the reconcilement, he gives the good effects of unity. For Hector is ſlain, and then Troy muſt fall. By this it is probable, that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preſerve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have

allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flouriſhed in the age of Ennius, and addreſſed to Scipio, he had probably taken the ſame moral, or ſome other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Aſſyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to conſider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was ſubverted, and a new one juſt eſtabliſhed by Octavius Cæſar; in effect by force of arms, but ſeemingly by the conſent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the firſt prevailed, had almoſt ſhaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Maius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the ſpecious pretence of the public good, and of doing juſtice on the oppreſſors of their liberty, revenged themſelves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proſcribed the heads of the adverſe party: he, too, had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth (for the cauſe of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the chriſtian prieſthood, refining on the heathen). Sylla, to be ſure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but ſacrificed the lives, and took the eſtates of all his enemies, to gratify thoſe who brought him into power: ſuch was the reformation of the government by both parties. The ſenate

and

and the commons were the two baſes on which it ſtood; and the two champions of either faction, each deſtroyed the foundations of the other ſide: ſo the fabric of conſequence muſt fall betwixt them, and tyranny muſt be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and conſtitutions. Like him, who, being in good health, lodged himſelf in a phyſician's houſe, and was over-perſuaded by his landlord to take phyſic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor: "Stavo ben (was written on his monument) ma, perſtar meglio, ſto qui."

After the death of thoſe two uſurpers, the commonwealth ſeemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep conſumption, which is a flattering diſeaſe. Pompey, Craſſus, and Cæſar, had found the ſweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the other's growth, ſtruck up a falſe friendſhip amongſt themſelves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to aſſume alone. Theſe were the public-ſpirited men of their age, that is, patriots of their own intereſt. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, ſpread in bulk, and all the while was waſting in the vitals. Not to trouble your Lordſhip with the repetition of what you know: after the death of Craſſus, Pompey found himſelf outwitted by Cæſar; broke with him, overpowered him in the ſenate, and cauſed many unjuſt decrees to paſs againſt him: Cæſar, thus injured, and unable to reſiſt the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermoſt

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(for he was a Marian) had recourſe to arms; and his cauſe was juſt againſt Pompey, but not againſt his country; whoſe conſtitution ought to have been ſacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of Perpetual Dictator. He being murdered by his own ſon, whom I neither dare commend, nor can juſtly blame (though Dante, in his Inferno, has put him and Caſſius, and Judas Iſcariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth) the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Caſſius, and then ſunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were groſsly gulled, twice or thrice over; and as often enſlaved in one century, and under the ſame pretence of reformation. At laſt the two battles of Philippi gave the deciſive ſtroke againſt liberty; and not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good-fortune of Auguſtus. It is true, that the deſpotic power could not have fallen into better hands, than thoſe of the firſt and ſecond Cæſar. Your Lordſhip well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he ſaw, beſide, that the commonwealth was loſt without reſource: the heads of it deſtroyed; the ſenate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thruſting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may ſafely affirm for our great author, (as men of good ſenſe are generally

honeſt) that he was ſtill of republican principles in his heart.

"Secretiſque piis, his dantem jura Catonem."

I think, I need uſe no other argument to juſtify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the Æneis. If he had not well ſtudied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Auguſtus was not diſcontented, at leaſt that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elyſium; and there giving laws to the holy ſouls, who deſerved to be ſeparated from the vulgar ſort of good ſpirits. For his conſcience could not but whiſper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at firſt elective, and governed not without a ſenate: that Romulus was no hereditary prince, and though, after his death, he received divine honours, for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making: that the laſt Tarquin was expelled juſtly for overt-acts of tyranny, and male-adminiſtration; for ſuch are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others being, for my own opinion, of Montaigne's principles, That an honeſt man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with thoſe fundamental conſtitutions of it, which he received from his anceſtors, and under which himſelf was born. Though at the ſame time he confeſſed freely, that if he could have choſen his place of birth, it ſhould have been at Venice: which,

which, for many reaſons, I diſlike, and am better pleaſed to have been born an Engliſhman.

But to return from my long rambling: I ſay that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived; that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved: that the preſent ſettlement had the proſpect of a long continuance in the ſame family, or thoſe adopted into it: that he held his paternal eſtate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewiſe enriched, eſteemed, and cheriſhed: that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very beſt of it: that the arts of peace flouriſhed under him: that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in poſſeſſion of the whole, yet he ſhared a great part of his authority with the ſenate: that he would be choſen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time: ſtill, as it were, threatening to diſmiſs himſelf from public cares, which he exerciſed more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatneſs: theſe things, I ſay, being conſidered by the poet, he concluded it to be the intereſt of his country to be ſo governed: to infuſe an awful reſpect into the people towards ſuch a prince: by that reſpect to confirm their obedience to him: and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem: honeſt in the poet: honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflect-

he derives alſo from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but neceſſary to the preſent age; and likely to be ſuch to their poſterity. That it was the received opinion, that the Romans were deſcended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæſar from Iulus the ſon of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not ſo himſelf: or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifeſtly proves. And Homer, where he ſays that Jupiter hated the houſe of Priam, and was reſolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and ſettling there: but that the Romans valued themſelves on their Trojan anceſtry, is ſo undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the ſeals which we have remaining of Julius Cæſar, which we know to be antique, have the ſtar of Venus over them, though they were all graven after his death, as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reaſon, why Auguſtus ſhould be ſo paſſionately concerned for the preſervation of the Æneis, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his laſt will and teſtament, was, becauſe it did him a real ſervice, as well as an honour; that a work ſhould not be loſt, where his divine original was celebrated in verſe, which had the character of immortality ſtamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flouriſhed in obliged to him than the empe- ror. You with which addreſs he makes mention

mention of them, as captains of ſhips, or leaders in the war; and even ſome of Italian extraction are not forgotten. Theſe are the ſingle ſtars which are ſprinkled through the Æneis: but there are whole conſtellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I tranſlated it, of ſome favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the perſon of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchiſes. I inſiſt not on their names; but am pleaſed to find the Memmii amongſt them, derived from Mneſtheus, becauſe Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which deſtroyed Corinth. I likewiſe either found or formed an image to myſelf of the contrary kind; that thoſe who loſt the prizes, were ſuch as diſobliged the poet, or were in diſgrace with Auguſtus, or enemies to Mæcenas: and this was the poetical revenge he took. For "genus irritabile vatum," as Horace ſays. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himſelf juſtice, however dear it coſt him, "Animamque in vulnere ponit." I think theſe are not harſh imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himſelf. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an anceſtry which they affected. We, and the French, are of the ſame humour: they would be thought to deſcend from a ſon, I think, of Hector: and we would have our Britain both named and plant-

ed by a deſcendant of Æneas. Spenſer favours this opinion what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Taſſo an Italian.

I have tranſgreſſed my bounds, and gone further than the moral leads me. But if your Lordſhip is not tired, I am ſafe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But as Auguſtus is ſtill ſhadowed in the perſon of Æneas, of which I ſhall ſay more when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero, I muſt prepare that ſubject, by ſhowing how dextrouſly he managed both the prince and people, ſo as to diſpleaſe neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a wiſe and an honeſt man: and proves, that it is poſſible for a courtier not to be a knave. I ſhall continue ſtill to ſpeak my thoughts like a free-born ſubject, as I am; though ſuch things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am ſure no Frenchman durſt. I have already told your Lordſhip my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man: obliged he was to his maſter for his bounty; and he repays him with good counſel, how to behave himſelf in his new monarchy, ſo as to gain the affections of his ſubjects, and deſerve to be called the father of his country. From this conſideration it is, that he choſe the ground-work of his poem, one empire deſtroyed, and another raiſed from the ruins of it. This was the juſt parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir, in a lineal ſuc-

ceſſion;

ceſſion; for Anchiſes, the hero's father, was only of the ſecond branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a ſon of Priam, was yet ſurviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his Æneis, the ſon of Polites, youngeſt ſon to Priam; who was ſlain by Pyrrhus, in the ſecond book. Æneas had only married Creüſa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male iſſue were remaining. In this caſe, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chooſe him to lead them forth, and ſettle them in ſome foreign country. Ilioneus, in his ſpeech to Dido, calls him expreſsly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had Auguſtus in his eye, had no deſire he ſhould ſeem to ſucceed by any right of inheritance, derived from Julius Cæſar; ſuch a title being but one degree removed from conqueſt. For what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they ſhould give, than he ſhould take. Since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a truſt; Virgil gives us an example of this, in the perſon of Mezentius. He governed arbitrarily, he was expelled; and came to the deſerved end of all tyrants. Our author ſhews us another ſort of kingſhip, in the perſon of Latinus: he was deſcended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is deſcribed a juſt and gracious prince; ſolicitous for the welfare of his people; always conſulting with his ſe-

nate, to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall. Speaking firſt, but ſtill demanding their advice, and ſteering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would ſuffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the heireſs of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. "Pater arma Latinus habeto," &c. are Virgil's words. As for himſelf, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not thoſe of Latium: wherein our divine author ſeems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of thoſe they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high prieſthood, with which Auguſtus was inveſted: and which made his perſon more ſacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the moſt judicious of all poets made that office vacant, by the death of Pantheus, in the ſecond book of the Æneis, for his hero to ſucceed in it; and conſequently for Auguſtus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that paſſage. If they have not, I am ſure they ought; and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the obſervation; the words of Virgil are very plain,

"Sacra, ſuoſque tibi commendat Troja Penates."

As for Auguſtus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by deſcent from Æneas; that title is already out of doors. Æneas ſucceeded not, but was elected. Troy was fore-doomed to fall for ever.

"Poſtquam res Aſiæ, Priamique evertere regnum
"Immeritum viſum Superis,—
Æneis, lib. III. 1."

Auguſtus, it is true, had once reſolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the ſeat of empire: but Horace writes an ode on purpoſe to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accurſed, and that the gods would as often deſtroy it, as it ſhould be raiſed. Hereupon the emperor laid aſide a project ſo ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had ſtill his pedigree in his head; and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counſel.

I will paſs by many leſs material objections, for want of room to anſwer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for it is leveled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the ſame which were eminently ſeen in his Auguſtus: thoſe manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars; gratitude to thoſe who had obliged him, and juſtice in general to mankind.

Piety,

Piety, as your Lordſhip ſees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can poſſibly be expreſſed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all ſorts. As inſtances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and adviſe him; and at laſt he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little ſon; his wife follows him; but, loſing his footſteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midſt of his enemies to find her; and leaves not his purſuit till her ghoſt appears, to forbid his farther ſearch. I will ſay nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his ſorrow for his death; of the games inſtituted in honour of his memory; or ſeeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elyſian fields. I will not mention his tenderneſs for his ſon, which every where is viſible: of his raiſing a tomb for Polydorus, the obſequies for Miſenus, his pious remembrance of Deiphobus; the funeral of his nurſe; his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwiſe, by his natural compaſſion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain proſpect of his happineſs, while the laſt obſtacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compoſe his character, as a king, or as a general, I need ſay nothing; the whole Æneis is one continued inſtance

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of ſome one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it ſhould ſuffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine maſter to your Lordſhip, and by you to the reader. But herein, Segrais, in his admirable preface to his tranſlation of the Æneis, as the author of the Dauphin's Virgil juſtly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially ſpeaking, the French are as much better critics than the Engliſh, as they are worſe poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better underſtand the management of a war, than our iſlanders; but we know we are ſuperior to them in the day of battle. They value themſelves on their generals, we on our ſoldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that queſtion, if they make it one. I ſhall perhaps ſay as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Taſſo; and hope to make my aſſertion good, which is but doing juſtice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your Lordſhip, whoſe thoughts are always juſt; your numbers harmonious, your words choſen, your expreſſions ſtrong and manly, your verſe flowing, and your turns as happy as they are eaſy. If you would ſet us more copies, your example would make all precepts needleſs. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over laviſh of praiſe to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the ſweeteſt eſſences are always confined in the ſmalleſt glaſſes.

When

When I ſpeak of your Lordſhip, it is never a digreſſion, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and ſhall uſe him leſs often than I have occaſion for him. For his preface is a perfect piece of criticiſm, full and clear, and digeſted into an exact method; mine is looſe, and, as I intended it, epiſtolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durſt not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary maſter; and every patron who has the power of Auguſtus, has not his clemency. In ſhort, my Lord, I would not tranſlate him, becauſe I would bring you ſomewhat of my own. His notes and obſervations on every book are of the ſame excellency; and, for the ſame reaſon, I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour; and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already ſaid, from Boſſu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man: therefore neither Homer nor Taſſo are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleaſed to their firſt character. But Virgil, who deſigned to form a perfect prince, and would inſinuate that Auguſtus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly ſuch, found himſelf obliged to make him without blemiſh; thoroughly virtuous: and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Taſſo, without queſtion, obſerved this before me; and therefore ſplit his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had choſen another moral, makes both Agamem-

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non and Achilles vicious; for his deſign was, to inſtruct in virtue, by ſhewing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have ſaid above. What follows is tranſlated literally from Segrais.

Virgil had conſidered, that the greateſt virtues of Auguſtus conſiſted in the perfect art of governing his people; which cauſed him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He conſidered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all theſe qualities to Æneas. But, knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations, he judged that this ought to be his firſt character, whom he would ſet for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praiſes which ariſe from valour, are ſuperior to thoſe which proceed from any other virtues, have not conſidered (as they ought) that valour, deſtitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true eſteem. That quality, which ſignifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be ſeparated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the ſame cannot be ſaid of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itſelf, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praiſe of valour to a man who ſhould ſee his gods profaned, and ſhould want the courage to defend them? to a man

place, muſt fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable without them: and Arioſto, the two Taſſo's, Bernardo and Torquato, even our own Spenſer; in a word, all modern poets have copied Homer, as well as Virgil; he is neither the firſt nor laſt, but in the midſt of them; and therefore is ſafe, if they are ſo. Who knows, ſays Segrais, but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and ſignified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the aſtrologers will tell us, out of Virgil (who was well verſed in the Chaldean myſteries), under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I inſiſt not on this, becauſe I know you believe not there is ſuch an art; though not only Horace and Perſius, but Auguſtus himſelf thought otherwiſe. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare poſitively ſay, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predeceſſor or his deſcendants. For Æneas was actually wounded, in the twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the ſame god-ſmith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It ſeems he was no warluck, as the Scots commonly call ſuch men, who, they ſay, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by his mother's help; becauſe he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durſt not carry the miracle too far, and reſtore him wholly to his former vigour: he was ſtill too weak to overtake his enemy;

yet we ſee with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need ſay no more: for Virgil defends himſelf without needing my aſſiſtance; and proves his hero truly to deſerve that name. He was not then a ſecond-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the firſt virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant; becauſe he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the firſt place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what ſhall I ſay of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles paſs for timorous, becauſe he wept, and wept on leſs occaſions than Æneas? Herein Virgil muſt be granted to have excelled his maſter. For once both heroes are deſcribed, lamenting their loſt loves: Briſeïs was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creüſa was loſt for ever to her huſband. But Achilles went roaring along the ſalt-ſea ſhore; and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he ſhould have revenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler courſe; for, having ſecured his father and ſon, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if ſhe had been above ground. And here your Lordſhip may obſerve the addreſs of Virgil: it was not for nothing that this paſſage was related with all theſe tender circumſtances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been ſo affectionate a huſband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove

as kind to her. Virgil has a thouſand ſecret beauties, though I have not leiſure to remark them.

Segrais, on this ſubject of a hero ſhedding tears, obſerves, that hiſtorians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles. And Julius Cæſar is likewiſe praiſed, when, out of the ſame noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we obſerve more cloſely, we ſhall find, that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occaſion. Thus he weeps out of compaſſion, and tenderneſs of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who ſacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the reſt, which I omit. Yet even for theſe tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of Sr. Swithin-hero, always raining. One of theſe cenſors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice; when, in the beginning of the firſt book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching ſtorm.

"Extemplò Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra:
"Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas," &c.

But to this I have anſwered formerly; that his fear was not for himſelf, but for his people. And what can give a ſovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempeſt, and he wept; he

he was promiſed Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accompliſhment of that promiſe. All this in the beginning of a ſtorm; therefore he ſhewed the more early piety, and the quicker ſenſe of compaſſion. Thus much I have urged elſewhere in the defence of Virgil; and ſince I have been informed, by Mr. Moyle, a young gentleman whom I can never ſufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accurſed death. So that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had juſt occaſion for that fear, both in relation to himſelf and to his ſubjects. I think our adverſaries can carry this argument no farther, unleſs they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promiſe of the gods: but how was he aſſured that he had underſtood their oracles aright? Helenus might be miſtaken, Phœbus might ſpeak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might proſecute his voyage, which, if it ſucceeded happily, he ſhould be the founder of an empire: For that ſhe herſelf was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the addreſs ſhe made to Jupiter on his behalf. To which the god makes anſwer in theſe words:

"Parce metu, Cytheræa; manent immota tuorum
"Fata tibi," &c.

Notwithſtanding which, the goddeſs, though comforted, was not aſſured: for even after this, through the courſe of the whole Æneis, ſhe ſtill apprehends the intereſt which Juno might make with Jupiter againſt her ſon. For it was a moot point in heaven whether

he could alter fate, or not. And indeed, ſome paſſages in Virgil would make us ſuſpect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her huſband with the power of changing deſtiny. "Tua qua potes, orſa reflectas." To which he graciouſly anſwers:

"Si mora præſentis lethi tempuſque caduco
"Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere ſentis;
"Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque inſtantibus eripe fatis.
"Hactenus indulſiſſe vacat. Sin altior iſtis
"Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
"Mutarive putas bellum, ſpes paſcis inanes."

But that he could not alter thoſe decrees, the king of gods himſelf confeſſes, in the book above cited: when he comforts Hercules, for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid before he threw his lance at Turnus:

"——— Trojæ ſub mœnibus altis,
"Tot nati cecidere Deûm; quin occidit unâ
"Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam ſua Turnum
"Fata manent, metaſque dati pervenit ad ævi."

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he could not ſave his own ſon, or prevent the death which he foreſaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occaſionally diſcourſed with that excellent perſon Sir Robert *Howard*; who is better converſant, than any man that I know,

I know, in the doctrine of the Stoics, and he ſet me right, from the concurrent teſtimony of philoſophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verſe,

"Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque inſtantibus eripe fatis,"

he replied, and I think with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the preſent danger, it was becauſe he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come: that it was in deſtiny for Juno at that time to ſave him; and that himſelf obeyed deſtiny, in giving her that leave.

I need ſay no more in juſtification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived if he ever be attacked on this ſide of his character again. But he is arraigned with more ſhew of reaſon by the ladies; who will make a numerous party againſt him, for being falſe to love, in forſaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to ſay the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her coſt; and, for her ſake, avoid a cave, as the worſt ſhelter they can chooſe from a ſhower of rain, eſpecially when they have a lover in their company.

In the firſt place, Segrais obſerves, with much acuteneſs, that they who blame Æneas for his inſenſibility of love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former accuſation of him, for being always crying, compaſſionate, and effeminately ſenſible of thoſe miſ-

fortunes which befel others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to diſcharge themſelves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, ſay they, has ſhewn his hero with theſe inconſiſtent characters: acknowledging and ungrateful, compaſſionate and hard-hearted; but, at the bottom, fickle and ſelf-intereſted. For Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before ſhe ſaw him, and given them her protection, but had alſo offered them an equal ſhare in her dominion.

"Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere Regnis?
"Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt."

This was an obligement never to be forgotten; and the more to be conſidered, becauſe antecedent to her love. That paſſion, it is true, produced the uſual effects of generoſity, gallantry, and care to pleaſe; and thither we refer them. But when ſhe had made all theſe advances, it was ſtill in his power to have refuſed them: after the intrigue of the cave, call it marriage, or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave, he had accepted the favour; and was obliged to be conſtant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have ſet this argument in the beſt light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Dr. Cudworth, who has raiſed ſuch ſtrong objections againſt *the being* of a God and Providence, that many think

he

he has not anſwered them. You may pleaſe at leaſt to hear the adverſe party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no leſs than an abſolute command from Jupiter could excuſe this inſenſibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks ſo like extreme ingratitude. But, at the ſame time, he does wiſely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the firſt character of Æneas: and this being allowed, as I am afraid it muſt, he was obliged, antecedent to all other conſiderations, to ſearch an aſylum for his gods in Italy, for thoſe very gods, I ſay, who had promiſed to his race the univerſal empire. Could a pious man diſpenſe with the commands of Jupiter, to ſatisfy his paſſion; or, take it in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, muſt have moral honeſty for its ground-work, or we ſhall be apt to ſuſpect its truth; but an immediate revelation diſpenſes with all duties of morality. All caſuiſts agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might preſume to mingle things ſacred with profane, the Iſraelites only ſpoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; becauſe the property was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confeſs, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for ſhe would not believe, as Virgil makes her ſay, that ever Jupiter would ſend Mercury on ſuch an immoral errand. But this needs no anſwer, at leaſt no more than Virgil gives it:

"Fata obſtant, placidaſque viri Deus obſtruit aures."

This notwithſtanding, as Segrais confeſſes, he might have ſhewn a little more ſenſibility, when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil anſwer for himſelf. He ſtill loved her, and ſtruggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

" ——— Curam ſub corde premebat,
" Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus
" amore."

Upon the whole matter, and humanely ſpeaking, I doubt there was a fault ſomewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it ſeems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deſerting hero and the forſaken lady to meet together in the lower regions; where he excuſes himſelf when it is too late, and accordingly ſhe will take no ſatisfaction, nor ſo much as hear him. Now Segrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuſes his author, by ſaying that the Æneis is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it, and for that reaſon he had condemned it to the fire: though, at the ſame time, his two tranſlators muſt acknowledge, that the ſixth book is the moſt correct of the whole Æneis. Oh, how convenient is a machine ſometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one, and Virgil was conſtrained to uſe it here, or the honeſty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair ſex, however, if they had the deſerter in their power, would certainly have ſhewn

him

Virgil indeed made his a Trojan, but it was to derive the Romans and his own Auguſtus from him; but all the three poets are manifeſtly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was ſlain cowardly; Æneas, according to the beſt account, ſlew not Mezentius, but was ſlain by him: and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Eſtè, who conquers Jeruſalem in Taſſo. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was ſo much as preſent at the ſiege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himſelf engaged in honour to eſpouſe the cauſe and quarrel of his country againſt Carthage. He knew he could not pleaſe the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by diſgracing the foundreſs of that city. He ſhews her ungrateful to the memory of her firſt huſband; doting on a ſtranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forſaken by him. This was the original, ſays he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colours the falſehood of Æneas by an expreſs command from Jupiter, to forſake the queen, who had obliged him: but he knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expence of the hero's honeſty, but he gained his cauſe however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to ſee their founder falſe to love, for ſtill he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forſook, and ſhe might have forſaken him if he had not got the ſtart of her; ſhe had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus: and "was

rium & mutabile ſemper femina," is the ſharpeſt ſatire in the feweſt words that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and animal muſt be underſtood to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put thoſe words into the mouth of Mercury: if a god had not ſpoken them, neither durſt he have written them, nor I tranſlated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the ſame errand: and the ſecond time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frighted him. It ſeems he feared not Jupiter ſo much as Dido. For your Lordſhip may obſerve, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he ſtill delayed it, until the meſſenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. "Notumque furens quid femina poſſit;" ſhe was injured, ſhe was revengeful, ſhe was powerful. The poet had likewiſe before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of "Punica fides," many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my promiſe, and juſtified the poet, whatever becomes of the falſe knight. And ſure a poet is as much privileged to lye, as an ambaſſador, for the honour and intereſt of his country; at leaſt as Sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachroniſm, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries. For it is certain that the hero lived almoſt two

hundred

hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Bocaline, ſays, that Virgil was accuſed before Apollo for this error. The god ſoon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reaſon, for the caſe was clear: he therefore gave this middle ſentence; that any thing might be allowed to his ſon Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a diſpenſing power, and pardoned him. But, that this ſpecial act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny ſucceſſors in juſtification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet ſhould preſume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this ſtory, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this diſpenſing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry, but he never made himſelf a ſlave to them: chronology, at beſt, is but a cobweb-law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wiſely, muſt chooſe, as he did, an obſcure and a remote æra, where they may invent at pleaſure, and not be eaſily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his falſe computation of times can be made out againſt him. This Segrais ſays in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whoſe letter on this ſubject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneid, to which I refer your Lordſhip and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was ſo great, that he made this fable of his own invention paſs for an authentic hiſtory, or, at leaſt, as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes

[illegible] after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, [illegible] before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a [illegible] with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to [illegible]. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them live for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have shewn already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this anachronism, by superseding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with, or suspend, his own laws, when he finds it necessary to do so; especially if those laws are not [illegible] fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, [illegible] Aristotle, but what is against the art; [illegible] may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we [illegible] S[illegible] [illegible] Virgil, for having made a fiction ag[illegible] [illegible] of time, when we commend Ovid and [illegible] have made many of their fictions aga[illegible] [illegible]ture? For what are the

the ſplendid miracles of the Metamorphoſes? Yet theſe are beautiful as they are related; and have alſo deep learning and inſtructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as Virgil does in this epiſode, the original cauſe of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction, after ſo probable a manner, with ſo much beauty, and ſo much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Taſſo, in one of his diſcourſes, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of hiſtory which is known to all the world; as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander; but, in the dark receſſes of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign ſuch things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embelliſh that ſubject which he treats. On the other ſide, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, ſuch works can never fail of their deſerved ſucceſs. And ſuch is Virgil's epiſode of Dido and Æneas; where the ſoureſt critic muſt acknowledge, that if he had deprived his Æneis of ſo great an ornament, becauſe he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjuſt cenſure, but had wanted one of the greateſt beauties of his poem. I ſhall ſay more of this in the next article of their charge againſt

him,

him, which is, want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm in honour of this epiſode, that it is not only now eſteemed the moſt pleaſing entertainment of the Æneis, but was ſo accounted in his own age; and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no other teſtimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary.

"Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
"Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor."

Where by the way, you may obſerve, my Lord, that Ovid in thoſe words, "non legitimo fœdere junctus amor," will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas: he was in baniſhment when he wrote thoſe verſes, which I cite from his letter to Auguſtus: You, Sir, ſaith he, have ſent me into exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over-honeſtly together: may I be ſo bold to aſk your majeſty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to ſhew it in the action? But was Ovid, the court-poet, ſo bad a courtier as to find no other plea to excuſe himſelf than by a plain accuſation of his maſter? Virgil confeſſed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers; that Juno, the goddeſs of matrimony, had ratified it by her preſence; for it was her buſineſs to bring matters to that iſſue: that the ceremonies were ſhort we may believe, for Dido was not only amorous,

but

but a widow. Mercury himſelf, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an innuendo.—"Pulchramque uxorius urbem extruis."—He calls Æneas not only a huſband, but upbraids him for being a fond huſband, as the word "uxorious" implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordſhip pleaſes, why Virgil is ſo much concerned to make this marriage (for he ſeems to be the father of the bride himſelf, and to give her to the bridegroom), it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid: and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had paſſed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Auguſtus of the ſame family, by ſo remarkable a feature in the ſame place. Thus, as we ſay in our homeſpun Engliſh proverb, "He killed two birds "with one ſtone;" pleaſed the emperor, by giving him the reſemblance of his anceſtor, and gave him ſuch a reſemblance as was not ſcandalous in that age. For to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. "Neque hæc in fœdera veni," is the very excuſe which Æneas makes when he leaves his lady. I made no ſuch bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage; my buſineſs was Italy, and I never made a ſecret of it. If I took my pleaſure, had not you your ſhare of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort yourſelf with the next ſtranger who happens to be ſhipwrecked on your coaſt.

be as kind an hoſteſs as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another huſband. In the mean time, I call the gods to witneſs, that I leave your ſhore unwillingly; for though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forſake you. This is the effect of what he ſaith, when it is diſhonoured out of Latin verſe into Engliſh proſe. If the poet argued not aright, we muſt pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your Lordſhip longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh ſomething in a ſpiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great againſt him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this preſent age: I hinted it before. They lay no leſs than want of invention to his charge: a capital crime, I muſt acknowledge: for a poet is a maker, as the word ſignifies: and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accuſation look ſo ſtrange at the firſt ſight, is, that he has borrowed ſo many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the firſt place, if invention is to be taken in ſo ſtrict a ſenſe, that the matter of a poem muſt be wholly new, and that in all its parts, then Scaliger hath made out, ſaith Segrais, that the hiſtory of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almoſt a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet, or his friends digeſted it into

this

this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the ſun. Who then can paſs for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, muſt be deprived of that glory? Is Verſailles the leſs a new building, becauſe the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houſes. So deſcriptions, figures, fables, and the reſt, muſt be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furniſhed from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them, as every man hath to air or water. "Quid "prohibetis aquas? uſus communis aquarum eſt." But the argument of the work, that is to ſay, its principal action, the œconomy and diſpoſition of it; theſe are the things which diſtinguiſh copies from originals. The poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews Meſſias will come together. There are parts of the Æneis which reſemble ſome parts both of the Ilias and of the Odyſſes: as, for example, Æneas deſcended into hell, and Ulyſſes had been there before him: Æneas loved Dido, and Ulyſſes loved Calypſo: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's Odyſſes in his firſt ſix books, and in his ſix laſt the Ilias. But from hence can we infer, that the two poets write the ſame hiſtory? Is there no invention in ſome other parts of Virgil's Æneas? The diſpoſition of ſo many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his epiſode of

Niſus and Uryalus, of Mezentius and Lauſus? From whence did he borrow his deſign of bringing Æneas into Italy? of eſtabliſhing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony: to ſay nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his deſcent from Venus, but in making him ſo like her in his beſt features, that the goddeſs might have miſtaken Auguſtus for her ſon. He had indeed the ſtory from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian prieſteſs. "Æneadum Genitrix" was no more unknown to Lucretius, than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero; to give him piety or valour for his manners: and both in ſo eminent a degree, that, having done what was poſſible for man to ſave his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him and reſtrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more ſucceſsful; he brought off his father and his ſon; and his gods witneſſed to his devotion, by putting themſelves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promiſed Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that ſervile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better a name than that of animal; he will not ſo much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature; they who copy one of Raphael's pieces, imitate but him, for his work is their original. They tranſlate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as ſhort of him, as I of Virgil. There is a

kind

kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael: for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulyſſes travelled, ſo did Æneas; but neither of them were the firſt travellers: for Cain went into the land of Nod, before they were born: and neither of the poets ever heard of ſuch a man. If Ulyſſes had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas muſt have gone to ſea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the deſigns of the two poets were as different as the courſes of their heroes; one went home, and the other ſought a home. To return to my firſt ſimilitude. Suppoſe Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy; might not the modern painter have ſucceeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had ſeen the town on fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in being. But, to cloſe the ſimile as I began it, they would not have deſigned it after the ſame manner: Apelles would have diſtinguiſhed Pyrrhus from the reſt of all the Grecians, and ſhewed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had ſet him in the faireſt light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; becauſe he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and deſcended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back; his ſon in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other; and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half ſo graceful in a picture as an act of courage):

he would have rather drawn him killing Androgeus, or ſome other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires ſhould have darted full upon his face, to make him conſpicuous amongſt his Trojans. This, I think, is a juſt compariſon betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their ſeveral deſigns. Virgil cannot be ſaid to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing firſt. If it be urged, that I have granted a reſemblance in ſome parts, yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For what are the tears of Calypſo, for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole proceſs of her paſſion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languiſhing epiſode of the Odyſſes? If this be a copy, let the critics ſhew us the ſame diſpoſition, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be ſaid of the deſcent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither; he had it from the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulyſſes make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the expreſs commandment of his father's ghoſt: there he was to ſhew him all the ſucceeding heroes of his race: and, next to Romulus (mark, if you pleaſe, the addreſs of Virgil), his own patron Auguſtus Cæſar. Anchiſes was likewiſe to inſtruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honour; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Auguſtus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by ſo many ſign-poſt daubers, that now it is grown ful-

fulſome; rather by their want of ſkill, than by the commonneſs.

In the laſt place I may ſafely grant, that by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter ſtudied Raphael, that he might learn to deſign after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I ſhould endeavour to avoid a ſervile copying. I would not give the ſame ſtory under other names, with the ſame characters, in the ſame order, and with the ſame ſequel; for every common reader to find me out at the firſt ſight for a plagiary, and cry, This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verſe. This is like Merry-Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the ſame tricks which his maſter is ſo dextrouſly performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordſhip but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fevre, or Valais; but I am ſure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, becauſe I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action, ſuppoſe for example, in deſcribing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raiſe our concernments to the higheſt pitch, turns ſhort on the ſudden into ſome ſimilitude, which diverts, ſay they, your attention from the main ſubject, and miſſpends it on ſome trivial image. He pours cold water into the cauldron, when his buſineſs is to make it boil.

This accuſation is general againſt all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil leſs than any. He is too great a maſter of his art to make a blot which may ſo eaſily be hit. Similitudes, as I have ſaid, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the paſſions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they ſhould animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unleſs in comedy: a metaphor is almoſt all the ſtage can ſuffer, which is a kind of ſimilitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raiſe the admiration, which is its proper buſineſs. And admiration is not of ſo violent a nature as fear or hope, compaſſion or horror, or any concernment we can have for ſuch or ſuch a perſon on the ſtage. Not but I confeſs, that ſimilitudes and deſcriptions, when drawn into an unreaſonable length, muſt needs nauſeate the reader. Once I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a ſimilitude of fourteen lines; and his deſcription of Fame is about the ſame number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have obſerved of his ſimilitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobſerving critics tell us, in the heat of any action: but commonly in its declining: when he has warmed us in his deſcription as much as poſſibly he can, then, leſt that warmth ſhould languiſh, he renews it by ſome apt ſimilitude, which illuſtrates his ſubject, and yet palls not his audience. I

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need give your Lordſhip but one example of this kind, and leave the reſt to your obſervation, when next you review the whole Æneis in the original, unblemiſhed by my rude tranſlation. It is in the firſt book, where the poet deſcribes Neptune compoſing the ocean, on which Æolus had raiſed a tempeſt, without his permiſſion. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their uſurping maſter: he had warned them from the ſeas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace; diſpelled the clouds, reſtored the ſunſhine, while Triton and Cymothoë were heaving the ſhips from off the quick-ſands, before the poet would offer at a ſimilitude for illuſtration.

" Ac, veluti magno in populo cum ſæpe coorta eſt
" Seditio, ſævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
" Jamque faces, & ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat;
" Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
" Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus adſtant:
" Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:
" Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora poſtquam
" Proſpiciens genitor, cœloque invectus aperto
" Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora ſecundo."

This is the firſt ſimilitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longeſt in the whole, for which reaſon I the rather cite it. While the ſtorm was in its fury, any alluſion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itſelf; conſequently he could have made no illuſtration. If he could have illuſtrated, it had been an

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ambitious ornament out of ſeaſon, and would have diverted our concernment: "Nunc, non erat his locus:" and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

Theſe are the criticiſms of moſt moment which have been made againſt the Æneis, by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions againſt this or that paſſage, Macrobius and Pontanus have anſwered them already. If I deſired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as eaſy for me to have taken their objections and ſolutions, as it is for a country parſon to take the expoſitions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius. Or not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for ſo Ruæus, otherwiſe a moſt judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has uſed Pontanus, his greateſt benefactor; of whom he is very ſilent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At leaſt Ariſtotle has ſet no preciſe limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months; Taſſo, I am ſure, exceeds not a ſummer: and, if I examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much leſs compaſs. Boſſu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's actions were within the year, or took up ſome months beyond it. Indeed the whole diſpute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the ſatisfaction of the more curious, of which

number I am ſure your Lordſhip is one, I will tranſlate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the Æneis began in the ſpring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun ſooner, and have ended later.

Ronſard, and the reſt whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almoſt a year and a half, ground their calculation thus: Anchiſes died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the ſpring. Æneas, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to ſea for Italy: he is ſurprized by the tempeſt deſcribed in the beginning of the firſt book; and there it is that the ſcene of the poem opens, and where the action muſt commence. He is driven by this ſtorm on the coaſts of Africe: he ſtays at Carthage all that ſummer, and almoſt all the winter following: ſets ſail again for Italy juſt before the beginning of the ſpring; meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the ſecond time: this part of the action compleats the year. Then he celebrates the anniverſary of his father's funeral, and ſhortly after arrives at Cumæ, and from thence his time is taken up in his firſt treaty with Latinus; the overture of the war; the ſiege of his camp by Turnus; his going for ſuccours to relieve it; his return; the raiſing of the ſiege by the firſt battle; the twelve days truce; the ſecond battle; the aſſault of Laurentum, and the ſingle fight with Turnus; all which, they ſay, cannot take

up

up leſs than four or five months more; by which account we cannot ſuppoſe the intire action to be contained in a much leſs compaſs than a year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Ruæus, who compiled and publiſhed the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchiſes died, to be in the latter end of winter, or in the beginning of the ſpring; he acknowledges that when Æneas is firſt ſeen at ſea afterwards, and is driven by the tempeſt on the coaſt of Africk, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confeſſes farther, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in expreſs terms, as an argument for his longer ſtay,

"Quinetiam hiberno moliris ſidere claſſem."

But whereas Ronſard's followers ſuppoſe that when Æneas had buried his father, he ſet ſail immediately for Italy (though the tempeſt drove him on the coaſt of Carthage), Segrais will by no means allow that ſuppoſition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midſt of July, or the beginning of Auguſt, at which time he places the firſt appearance of his hero on the ſea, and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be ſuppoſed above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving at Carthage in the latter end of

ſummer,

ſummer, ſtaying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the ſpring, making a ſhort abode in Sicily the ſecond time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reaſonably judged the buſineſs but of ten months. To this the Ronſardians reply, that having been for ſeven years before in queſt of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father, after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to purſue his firſt adventure? To which Segrais anſwers, that the obſequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: that a longer time muſt be taken up in the refitting of his ſhips, after ſo tedious a voyage, and in refreſhing his weather-beaten ſoldiers on a friendly coaſt. Theſe, indeed, are but ſuppoſitions on both ſides, yet thoſe of Segrais ſeem better grounded. For the feaſt of Dido, when ſhe entertained Æneas firſt, has the appearance of a ſummer's night, which ſeems already almoſt ended when he begins his ſtory: therefore the love was made in autumn; the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that ſcorching country were declining: the winter was paſſed in jollity, as the ſeaſon and their love required; and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of Tiber, which marks the ſeaſon of the ſpring; that ſeaſon being perfectly deſcribed by the ſinging of the birds, ſaluting the dawn; and by the beauty of the place: which the

poet ſeems to have painted expreſsly in the ſeventh Æneid:

" Aurora in roſeis fulgebat lutea bigis,
" Cùm venti poſuere; variæ circumque, ſupraque
" Aſſuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
" Æthera mulcebant cantu."

The remainder of the action required but three months more; for when Æneas went for ſuccour to the Tuſcans, he found their army in a readineſs to march, and wanting only a commander: ſo that, according to this calculation, the Æneis takes not up above a year compleat, and may be comprehended in leſs compaſs.

This, amongſt other circumſtances, treated more at large by Segrais, agrees with the riſing of Orion, which cauſed the tempeſt deſcribed in the beginning of the firſt book. By ſome paſſages in the Paſtorals, but more particularly in the Georgics, our poet is found to be an exact aſtronomer, according to the knowledge of that age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in embaſſies, as the beſt ſpeaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempeſt to Orion, in his ſpeech to Dido:

" Cum ſubito aſſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion."

He muſt mean either the heliacal or achronical riſing of that ſign. The heliacal riſing of a conſtellation is when it comes from under the rays of the ſun, and begins to appear before day-light. The achronical

riſing

riſing, on the contrary, is when it appears at the cloſe of the day, and in oppoſition of the ſun's diurnal courſe.

The heliacal riſing of Orion is at preſent computed to be about the ſixth of July; and about that time it is, that he either cauſes or preſages tempeſts on the ſeas.

Segrais has obſerved farther, that when Anna counſels Dido to ſtay Æneas during winter, ſhe ſpeaks alſo of Orion:

"Dum pelago deſævit hyems, & aquoſus Orion."

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our ſuppoſition, underſtand the heliacal riſing of Orion; Anna muſt mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that conſtellation ſeem to manifeſt. Ilioneus calls him "nimboſus:" Anna, "aquoſus." He is tempeſtuous in the ſummer when he riſes heliacally, and rainy in the winter when he riſes achronically. Your Lordſhip will pardon me for the frequent repetition of theſe cant words, which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais, who, I think, deſerves no little commendation in this new criticiſm. I have yet a word or two to ſay of Virgil's machines, from my own obſervation of them. He has imitated thoſe of Homer, but not copied them. It was eſtabliſhed long before this time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations, for the moſt part, worſhiped the ſame deities, as did alſo the Trojans; from whom the Romans, I ſuppoſe, would rather be thought

thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians, becauſe they thought themſelves deſcended from them. Each of thoſe gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had, in propriety, Ganymede and Mercury, and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new miniſters; he muſt take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be ſaid that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the reſt, whom he uſes as he finds occaſion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occaſions for which he uſes them. Venus, after the deſtruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party; therefore we find him buſy in the beginning of the Æneis, to calm the tempeſt raiſed by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in ſafety, with the loſs only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name thoſe two examples amongſt a hundred which I omit: to prove that Virgil, generally ſpeaking, employed his machines in performing thoſe things which might poſſibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a ſtorm at ſea, upon the riſing of Orion? what wonder, if amongſt ſo many ſhips, there ſhould one be overſet, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall aſleep, and drop into the ſea, having been over-wearied with watching, and ſecure of a quiet paſſage, by his obſervation of the

ſkies;

ſkies? at leaſt Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this ſenſe:

"O nimium cœlo & pelago confiſe ſereno,
"Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ."

But machines ſometimes are ſpecious things to amuſe the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwiſe incredible. And beſides, it ſoothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods ſo viſibly concerned in all the actions of their predeceſſors. We who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befals us for the beſt, to be brought to paſs by ſome ſpecial providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles; which I could eaſily demonſtrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leiſure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her ſon Æneas, to behold the gods who combated againſt Troy in that fatal night when it was ſurprized, we ſhare the pleaſure of that glorious viſion (which Taſſo has not ill copied in the ſacking of Jeruſalem). But the Greeks had done their buſineſs; though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their divine aſſiſtance. The moſt crude machine which Virgil uſes is, in the epiſode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her miſtreſs, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her ſon Æneas. But in the laſt of theſe, the poet was driven to a neceſſity; for Turnus

was to be ſlain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in ſingle combat, unleſs his hurt had been miraculouſly healed. And the poet had conſidered, that the dittany, which ſhe brought from Crete, could not have wrought ſo ſpeedy an effect, without the juice of ambroſia, which ſhe mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not ſeem too violent, we ſee the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was ſkinned; but the ſtrength of his thigh was not reſtored. But what reaſon had our author to wound Æneas at ſo critical a time? And how came the cuiſſes to be worſe tempered than the reſt of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen? Theſe difficulties are not eaſily to be ſolved, without confeſſing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found thoſe errors which he reſolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his laſt teſtament, that his Æneis ſhould be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was ſhot by a goddeſs, the machine was not altogether ſo outrageous as the wounding Mars and Venus by the ſword of Diomede. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impaſſibility, or at leaſt not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beſide that the ἰχωρ which they ſhed, were ſo very like our common blood, that it was not to be diſtinguiſhed from it, but only by the name and co-

r. As for what Horace ſays in his Art of Poetry, that

that no machines are to be uſed, unleſs on ſome extraordinary occaſion,

"Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus;"

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then ſpeaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the diſcovery, then, and not otherwiſe, let a god deſcend upon a rope, and clear the buſineſs to the audience: but this has no relation to the machines which are uſed in an epic poem.

In the laſt place, for the Dira, or flying peſt, which flapping on the ſhield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, diſheartened him in the duel, and preſaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongſt the objections. For the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this paſſage as a main proof of their aſſertion. They ſay our author had not only ſecured him before the duel, but alſo, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his ſword: that of Turnus was not his own (which was forged by Vulcan for his father), but a weapon which he had ſnatched in haſte, and, by miſtake, belonging to his charioteer Metiſcus. That, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and diſtruſtful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the fates a collateral ſecurity by ſending the ſcreech-owl to diſcourage him. For which they quote theſe words of Virgil:

" ——Non me tua turbida virtus
" Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hoſtis."

In anſwer to which, I ſay, that this machine is one of thoſe which the poet uſes only for ornament, and not out of neceſſity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical, than this deſcription of the three Diræ, or the ſetting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for firſt he makes God Almighty ſet the ſcales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow: then he makes the good angel's ſcale deſcend, and the devil's mount; quite contrary to Virgil, if I have tranſlated the three verſes according to my author's ſenſe:

" Jupiter ipſe duas æquato examine lances
" Suſtinet; & fata imponit diverſa duorum:
" Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere le-
" thum."

For I have taken theſe words, " Quem damnet labor," in the ſenſe which Virgil gives them in another place; " Damnabis tu quoque votis;" to ſignify a proſperous event. Yet I dare not condemn ſo great a genius as Milton: for I am much miſtaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Balſhazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digreſſion, and I return to my ſubject. I ſaid above, that theſe two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental, and that the ſucceſs of the duel had been the

Same

ſame without them: for, when Æneas and Turnus ſtood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he deſponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the ſtrength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was "impar pugna," and that their chief was over-matched. Whereupon Juturna (who was of the ſame opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herſelf had plainly told the nymph before-hand, that her brother was to fight;

"Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus æquis;"

ſo that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the preſage within himſelf of his impending deſtiny. The Dira only ſerved to confirm him in his firſt opinion, that it was his deſtiny to die in the enſuing combat. And in this ſenſe are thoſe words of Virgil to be taken;

"——Non mea tua turbida virtus
"Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hoſtis."

I doubt not but the adverb (ſolùm) is to be underſtood, it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find alſo, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy. For Turnus fled before when his firſt ſword was broken, till his ſiſter ſupplied him with a better; which indeed he could not uſe; becauſe Æneas kept him at a diſtance with his ſpear.

I wonder Ruæus ſaw not this, where he charges his author ſo unjuſtly, for giving Turnus a ſecond ſword, to no purpoſe. How could he faſten a blow, or make a thruſt, when he was not ſuffered to approach? Beſides, the chief errand of the Dira was, to warn Juturna from the field, for ſhe could have brought the chariot again, when ſhe ſaw her brother worſted in the duel. I might further add, that Æneas was ſo eager in the fight, that he left the city, now almoſt in his poſſeſſion, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the ſword: whereas Turnus had manifeſtly declined the combat, and ſuffered his ſiſter to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as ſhe could. I ſay, not only ſuffered her, but conſented to it; for it is plain he knew her, by theſe words:

" O ſoror & dudum agnovi, cùm prima per artem
" Fœdera turbaſti, teque hæc in bella dediſti;
" Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea."

I have dwelt ſo long on this ſubject, that I muſt contract what I have to ſay, in reference to my tranſlation: unleſs I would ſwell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your Lordſhip, when you ſee ſo many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in juſtification or praiſe of Virgil, is againſt myſelf; for preſuming to copy, in my coarſe Engliſh, the thoughts and beautiful expreſſions of this inimitable poet, who flouriſhed in an age when his language was brought to its laſt perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace,

I will

I will give your Lordſhip my opinion, that thoſe two friends had conſulted each other's judgment, wherein they ſhould endeavour to excel; and they ſeem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epods: for his Satires and Epiſtles, being intended wholly for inſtruction, required another ſtyle:

"Ornari res ipſa negat, contenta doceri."

And therefore, as he himſelf profeſſes, are "ſermoni "propriora," nearer proſe than verſe. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verſe, is every where elegant, ſweet, and flowing, in his hexameters. His words are not only choſen, but the places in which he ranks them for the ſound; he who removes them from the ſtation wherein their maſter ſet them, ſpoils the harmony. What he ſays of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his: they muſt be read, in order as they lie; the leaſt breath diſcompoſes them, and ſomewhat of their divinity is loſt. I cannot boaſt that I have been thus exact in my verſes, but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my maſter: and am the firſt Engliſhman, perhaps, who made it his deſign to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the ſweetneſs of the ſound. On this laſt conſideration, I have ſhunned the Cæſura as much as poſſibly I could. For wherever that is uſed, it gives a roughneſs to the verſe; of which we can have little need, in a language which

is over-ſtocked with conſonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and conſonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have ſomewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their ſweetneſs with Cæſuras. Such difference there is in tongues, that the ſame figure which roughens one, gives majeſty to another: and that was it which Virgil ſtudied in his verſes. Ovid uſes it but rarely; and hence it is that this verſification cannot ſo properly be called ſweet, as luſcious. The Italians are forced upon it, once or twice in every line, becauſe they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is ſo ſoft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other ſide, for the reaſon already named, it is all we can do to give ſufficient ſweetneſs to our language: we muſt not only chooſe our words for elegance, but for ſound; to perform which, a maſtery in the language is required, the poet muſt have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the beſt advantage, that they may go the farther. He muſt alſo know the nature of the vowels, which are more ſonorous, and which more ſoft and ſweet; and ſo diſpoſe them as his preſent occaſions require: all which, and a thouſand ſecrets of verſification beſide, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is reſolved to follow his own verve (as the French call it), the proverb will fall heavily upon him: Who teaches himſelf, has a fool for his maſter.

Virgil

Virgil employed eleven years upon his Æneis; yet he left it, as he thought himſelf, imperfect. Which when I ſeriouſly conſider, I wiſh, that inſtead of three years which I have ſpent in the tranſlation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my verſion ſomewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours ſhould ſurvive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor ſickneſs, in excuſe of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to ſay: for ſome of my ſubſcribers grew ſo clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your Lordſhip, and your often experienced goodneſs to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

"Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
"Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
"Aut humana parùm cavit natura."

You may pleaſe alſo to obſerve, that there is not, to the beſt of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a Cæſura, in this whole poem; but where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a conſonant, or what is its equivalent; for our W and H aſpirate, and our diphthongs, are plainly ſuch; the greateſt latitude I take is in the letter Y, when it concludes a word, and the firſt ſyllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule:

that

that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot ſink the pronunciation of it; as He, She, Me, I, &c. Virgil thinks it ſometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verſe of the third Paſtoral:

"Et ſuccus pecori, & lac ſubdücitur agnis."

But, "nobis non licet eſſe tam diſertis:" at leaſt, if we ſtudy to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an Engliſh Proſodia, containing all the mechanical rules of verſification, wherein I have treated with ſome exactneſs of the feet, the quantities, and the pauſes. The French and the Italians know nothing of the two firſt; at leaſt their beſt poets have not practiſed them. As for the pauſes, Malherbe firſt brought them into France, within this laſt century; and we ſee how they adorn their Alexandrians. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle which he leaves unſolved,

"Dic quibus in terris, inſcripti nomina regum
"Naſcantur flores, & Phyllida ſolus habeto,"

ſo will I give your Lordſhip another, and leave the expoſition of it to your acute judgment. I am ſure there are few who make verſes, have obſerved the ſweetneſs of theſe two lines in Cooper's-Hill;

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

And there are yet fewer who can find the reaſon of *that* ſweetneſs. I have given it to ſome of my friends

onverſation, and they have allowed the criticiſm to
uſt. But, ſince the evil of falſe quantities is diffi-
: to be cured in any modern language; ſince the
nch and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant
it feet are to be uſed in heroic poetry; ſince I have
ſtrictly obſerved thoſe rules myſelf, which I can
:h others; ſince I pretend to no dictatorſhip among
fellow-poets; ſince if I ſhould inſtruct ſome of
m to make well-running verſes, they want genius
give them ſtrength as well as ſweetneſs; and above
, ſince your Lordſhip has adviſed me not to publiſh
t little which I know, I look on your counſel as
ır command, which I ſhall obſerve inviolably, till
ı ſhall pleaſe to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to
ke my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I
ıy arrogate nothing to myſelf, I muſt acknowledge
ıt Virgil in Latin, and Spenſer in Engliſh, have been
r maſters. Spenſer has alſo given me the boldneſs
make uſe ſometimes of his Alexandrian line; which
: call, though improperly, the Pindaric, becauſe
r. Cowley has often employed it in his Odes. It
ds a certain majeſty to the verſe, when it is uſed
th judgment, and ſtops the ſenſe from overflowing
to another line. Formerly the French, like us, and
e Italians, had but five feet, or ten ſyllables, in their
roic verſe; but ſince Ronſard's time, as I ſuppoſe,
ey found their tongue too weak to ſupport their epic
etry, without the addition of another foot. That
deed has given it ſomewhat of the run and meaſure
a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than
ſtrength:

ſtrength: their language is not ſtrung with ſinews like our Engliſh: it has the nimbleneſs of a grayhound, but not the bulk and body of a maſtiff. Our men and our verſes overbear them by their weight; and "pondere non numero," is the Britiſh motto. The French have ſet up purity for the ſtandard of their language; and a maſculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in compariſon of the Engliſh; more proper for ſonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too ſtately to receive thoſe little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reſerved for queens and goddeſſes. Virgil is never frequent in thoſe turns, like Ovid; but much more ſparing of them in his Æneis, than in his Paſtorals and Georgics:

"Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes."

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have uſed that licence in his Æneis ſometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to thoſe who underſtand no better. It is like Ovid's

"Semivirumque bovem, ſemibovemque virum."

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling ſin which he would not be perſuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accuſed the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own

great

great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great maſter has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wiſe enough to imitate Auguſtus, if he had a Maro. The Triumvir and Proſcriber had deſcended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confeſs the baniſhment of Ovid was a blot in his eſcutcheon: yet he was only baniſhed; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour. Arioſto, who, with all his faults, muſt be acknowledged a great poet, has put theſe words into the mouth of an evangeliſt; but whether they will paſs for goſpel now, I cannot tell:

"Non fu ſi ſanto ni benigno Auguſtò,
"Come la tuba di Virgilio ſuona;
"L'haver havuto in poeſia buon guſto,
"La proſcrittione iniqua gli pardona."

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenſer wanted only to have read the rules of Boſſu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to ſupport it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their ſkill: and hitherto we have wanted ſkill to perform better. Segrais, whoſe preface is ſo wonderfully good, yet is wholly deſtitute of elevation; though his verſion is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the reſt who have attempted

will admit of both ſenſes; but Jupiter having confeſſed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in conſideration of Hercules, it ſeems to me that he ſhould avert his eyes, rather than take pleaſure in the ſpectacle. But of this I am not ſo confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's ſenſe.

What I have ſaid, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honour of my country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this Engliſh tranſlation has more of Virgil's ſpirit in it, than either the French, or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have tranſlated epiſodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great ſucceſs. As particularly your Lordſhip, whoſe verſion of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongſt the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roſcommon cannot be too much commended. I ſay nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; it is the utmoſt of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and ſome others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and tranſlate it perfectly, and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my ſhoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, ſixth, or eighth Paſtoral; the firſt or fourth Georgic; and amongſt the Æneids, the fourth, the fifth, the ſeventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in theſe I think I have ſucceeded beſt.

Long

but am afraid I have committed the ſame fault more often, and more groſly: for I have forſaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expoſitions of my own in ſome, quite contrary to him: of which I will give but two examples, becauſe they are ſo near each other, in the tenth Æneid.

"——Sorti pater æquus utrique."

Pallas ſays it to Turnus, juſt before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word pater is to be referred to Evander the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the ſame thing to Evander, if his ſon were ſlain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would ſtand an impartial ſpectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus, than to him. The ſecond is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to enſue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addreſſed his prayers to him for his aſſiſtance): becauſe the gods cannot control deſtiny.——The verſe follows:

"Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis."

Which the ſame Ruæus thus conſtrues: Jupiter, after he had ſaid this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another expoſition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat; that he might not behold a fight ſo unpleaſing to him. The word rejicit, I know,

will

[illegible] in the field, and cry the [illegible] they are but a sort of French [illegible] brought over in herds [illegible] not and of two pounds [illegible] and therefore are not priv- [illegible] are of the same level [illegible] mountebank's stage, or to be [illegible] a bear-garden. Yet [illegible] most admirers. But it [illegible] that as their [illegible] as they may by [illegible] conversation with men [illegible] and when the [illegible] mountains falls so more, the swelling [illegible] shallow bed, like the Man- [illegible] to moisten his [illegible] of readers (as [illegible] such as have [illegible] yet have not the ca- [illegible] not of those who [illegible] and know better if they were [illegible] I mean a company of warm [illegible] are not yet arrived so far as to dis- [illegible] fustian, or ostentatious sen- [illegible] sublime. These are above liking [illegible] epigrams; but they would certainly [illegible] below Statius or L[illegible] need not say their poets are of the same ta[illegible] admirers. They affect greatness in all th[illegible] a blad- dered greatness, like that of [illegible] om Se-

neca

neca deſcribes—an ill habit of body, full of humours, and ſwelled with dropſy. Even theſe too deſert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themſelves are commonly miſled by their pædagogue at ſchool, their tutor at the univerſity, or their governor in their travels: and many of thoſe three ſorts are the moſt poſitive blockheads in the world. How many of thoſe flatulent writers have I known, who have ſunk in their reputation, after ſeven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great ſucceſs at their firſt appearance; but not being of God, as a wit ſaid formerly, they could not ſtand.

I have already named two ſorts of judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them; and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleaſing the loweſt or the middle form of readers.

He choſe to pleaſe the moſt judicious; ſouls of the higheſt rank, and trueſt underſtanding: theſe are few in number; but whoever is ſo happy as to gain their approbation, can never loſe it, becauſe they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetiſm in their judgment, which attracts others to their ſenſe. Every day they gain ſome new proſelyte, and in time become the church. For this reaſon, a well-weighed, judicious poem, which at its firſt appearance gains no more upon the world than to be juſt received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, inſinuates itſelf by inſenſible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he ſtudies it, the more it grows upon him;

every time he takes it up, he diſcovers ſome new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloſs upon them at firſt, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are poliſhed, the more luſtre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's Æneis, and Marini's Adone: and, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would ſay, that Virgil is like the fame which he deſcribes:

"Mobilitate viget, virefque acquirit eundo."

Such a ſort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page; "Sequiturque patrem non paſſibus æquis:" and therefore I appeal to the higheſt court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your Lordſhip is ſo great an ornament.

Without this ambition which I own, of deſiring to pleaſe the "Judices Natos," I could never have been able to have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguiſhed in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger champion could not ſtand before him: and we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour; "Nec dona moror." For Dampier has informed us, in his voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholeſome.

I had

I had, long ſince, conſidered, that the way to pleaſe the beſt judges, is not to tranſlate a poet literally; and Virgil leaſt of any other; for his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compaſs of our heroic verſe, unleſs I would make uſe of monoſyllables only, and thoſe clogged with conſonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. It is poſſible, I confeſs, though it rarely happens, that a verſe of monoſyllables may ſound harmoniouſly; and ſome examples of it I have ſeen. My firſt line of the Æneis is not harſh:

Arms, and the man I ſing, who, forc'd by fate, &c.

But a much better inſtance may be given from the laſt line of Manilius, made Engliſh by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne ſo fierce a flame.

Where the many liquid conſonants are placed ſo artfully, that they give a pleaſing ſound to the words, though they are all of one ſyllable.

It is true, I have been ſometimes forced upon it in other places of this work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haſte, or Virgil gave me no occaſion for the ornament of words: for it ſeldom happens but a monoſyllable line turns verſe to proſe, and even that proſe is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monoſyllables in file, without one diſſyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not ſo ſtrait as meta-

phrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own; yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so), not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare: comprehending in one word, what we are constrained to express in two: which is one reason why we cannot write so concise as they have done. The word "pater," for example, signifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed, that Virgil endeavours to be short and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity, for there is he like ambergris, a

rich

rich perfume, but of ſo cloſe and glutinous a body, that it muſt be opened with inferior ſcents of muſk or civet, or the ſweetneſs will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to ſteer betwixt the two extremes of paraphraſe and literal tranſlation, to keep as near my author as I could, without loſing all his graces, the moſt eminent of which are in the beauty of his words, and thoſe words, I muſt add, are always figurative. Such of theſe as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graft on it; but moſt of them are of neceſſity to be loſt, becauſe they will not ſhine in any but their own. Virgil has, ſometimes, two of them in a line; but the ſcantineſs of our heroic verſe is not capable of receiving more than one; and that too muſt expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or ſuch my want of ſkill in chooſing words. Yet I may preſume to ſay, and I hope with as much reaſon as the French tranſlator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil ſpeak ſuch Engliſh, as he would himſelf have ſpoken, if he had been born in England, and in this preſent age. I acknowledge with Segrais, that I have not ſucceeded in this attempt according to my deſire; yet I ſhall not be wholly without praiſe, if in ſome ſort I may be allowed to have copied the clearneſs, the purity, the eaſineſs, and the magnificence of his ſtyle. But I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak farther on this ſubject, before I end the preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I ſhould have added, that I take another licence in my verſes; for I frequently make uſe of triplet rhymes, and for the ſame reaſon, becauſe they bound the ſenſe: and therefore I generally join theſe two licences together, and make the laſt verſe of the triplet a Pindaric: for, beſides the majeſty which it gives, it confines the ſenſe within the barriers of three lines, which would languiſh if it were lengthened into four. Spenſer is my example for both theſe privileges of Engliſh verſes: and Chapman hath followed him in his tranſlation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both, and all ſucceeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry; and am too much an Engliſhman to loſe what my anceſtors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themſelves on their regularity: ſtrength and elevation are our ſtandard. I ſaid before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unſinewed their heroic verſe. The language of an epic poem is almoſt wholly figurative; yet they are ſo fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with ſafety. Sure they might warm themſelves by that ſprightly blaze, without approaching it ſo cloſe as to ſinge their wings: they may come as near it as their maſter: not that I would diſcourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchiſes; and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other ſide, without being

being injurious to the memory of our Engliſh Pindar, I will preſume to ſay, that his metaphors are ſometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure: but, at the ſame time, I muſt excuſe him; for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel, at an age when, inſtead of learning foreign languages, he ſhould have ſtudied the beauties of his mother tongue, which, like all other ſpeeches, is to be cultivated early, or we ſhall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus by gaining abroad, he loſt at home: like the painter in the Arcadia, who, going to ſee a ſkirmiſh, had his arms lopped off: and returned, ſays Sir Philip Sidney, well inſtructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have preſumed to deviate from him and Spenſer. They both make hemiſtichs (or half verſes) breaking off in the middle of a line. I confeſs there are not many ſuch in the Fairy Queen: and even thoſe few might be occaſioned by his unhappy choice of ſo long a ſtanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of ſtaff is proper for an heroic poem, as being all too lyrical: yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from conſtraint, he frequently affects half verſes; of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no queſtion but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But, I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him, or any other, ſuch a

pre-

precedent; and I ground my opinion on theſe two reaſons: firſt, we find no example of a hemiſtich in any of his Paſtorals or Georgics: for he had given the laſt finiſhing ſtrokes to both theſe poems. But his Æneis he left ſo uncorrect, at leaſt ſo ſhort of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a ſentence he paſſed upon it; and, in the ſecond place, I reaſonably preſume, that he intended to have filled up all thoſe hemiſtichs, becauſe, in one of them, we find the ſenſe imperfect.

"Quem tibi jam Trojâ——"

which ſome fooliſh grammarian has ended for him with half a line of nonſenſe;

"peperit fumante Creüſa."

For Aſcanius muſt have been born ſome years before the burning of that city, which I need not prove. On the other ſide, we find alſo, that he himſelf filled up one line in the ſixth Æneid, the enthuſiaſm ſeizing him while he was reading to Auguſtus:

"Miſenum Æolidem, quo non præſtantior alter
"Ære ciere viros."

To which he added in that tranſport, "Martemque "accendere cantu:" and never was a line more nobly finiſhed, for the reaſons which I have given in the book of Painting. On theſe conſiderations I have ſhunned hemiſtichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault; like Alexander's courtiers, who affected

to

to hold their necks awry, becauſe he could not help it. I am confident your Lordſhip is, by this time, of my opinion; and that you will look on thoſe half lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a haſty Muſe: like the frogs and ſerpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am ſenſible that many of my whole verſes are as imperfect as thoſe halves, for want of time to digeſt him better: but give me leave to make the excuſe of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that ſome of his novels had not the ſpirit of the reſt, returned this anſwer: that Charlemain, who made the Palladins, was never able to raiſe an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude muſt conſiſt of common men.

I am alſo bound to tell your Lordſhip, in my own defence, that, from the beginning of the firſt Georgic to the end of the laſt Æneid, I found the difficulty of tranſlation growing on me in every ſucceeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a ſtock, which I may call almoſt inexhauſtible, of figurative, elegant, and ſounding words. I, who inherit but a ſmall portion of his genius, and write in a language ſo much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phraſes, when the ſame ſenſe returns upon me. Even he himſelf, whether out of neceſſity or choice, has often expreſſed the ſame thing in the ſame words; and often repeated two or three whole verſes, which he had uſed before. Words are not ſo eaſily coined as money;

and

and yet we ſee that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for ſome new word; and I paid ſo long, that I was almoſt bankrupt: ſo that the latter end muſt needs be more burdenſome than the beginning or the middle; and conſequently the twelfth Æneid coſt me double the time of the firſt and ſecond. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money for want of milled; that is, in the ſame old words which I had uſed before. And the receivers muſt have been forced to have taken any thing, when there was ſo little to be had.

Beſides this difficulty (with which I have ſtruggled, and made a ſhift to paſs it over) there is one remaining, which is inſuperable to all tranſlators. We are bound to our author's ſenſe, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not ſo ſacred, as that one iota muſt not be added or diminiſhed, on pain of an anathema). But ſlaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation: we dreſs the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the ſoil be ſometimes barren, then we are ſure of being ſcourged: if it be fruitful, and our care ſucceeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only ſay, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for, being obliged to make his ſenſe intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verſes, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is maſter

of

of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleaſes, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched tranſlator has no ſuch privilege: for being tied to thoughts, he muſt make what muſic he can in the expreſſion; and for this reaſon it cannot always be ſo ſweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of ſound, as Segrais has obſerved, in ſome Latin words, which is wholly loſt in any modern language. He inſtances in that "mollis amaracus," on which Venus lays Cupid in the firſt Æneid. If I ſhould tranſlate it ſweet-marjoram, as the word ſignifies, the reader would think I had miſtaken Virgil: for thoſe village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the ſound of the Latin is ſo much more pleaſing, by the juſt mixture of the vowels with the conſonants, that it raiſes our fancies, to conceive ſomewhat more noble than a common herb; and to ſpread roſes under him, and ſtrew lilies over him—a bed not unworthy the grandſon of the goddeſs.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how ſhall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally ſublime?

"Quem quiſquis ſtudet æmulari,
"—— ceratis ope Dedalæâ
"Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
"Nomina ponto."

What modern language, or what poet can expreſs the majeſtic beauty of this one verſe amongſt a thouſand others!

" Aude hoſpes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
" Finge Deo."

For my part, I am loſt in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it, and myſelf when I tranſlate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beſeech your Lordſhip, and all my better ſort of judges, when you take up my verſion, and it will appear a paſſable beauty when the original Muſe is abſent: but, like Spenſer's falſe Florimel, made of ſnow, it melts and vaniſhes when the true one comes in ſight. I will not excuſe, but juſtify myſelf for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by falſe critics, not only in this tranſlation, but in many of my original poems, that I Latinize too much. It is true, that when I find an Engliſh word ſignificant and ſounding, I neither borrow from the Latin, or any other language: but when I want at home, I muſt ſeek abroad.

If ſounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who ſhall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treaſure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I ſpend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for, if the coin be good, it will paſs from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to ſupply our neceſſity; but if we will have things of magnificence and ſplendor, we muſt get them by commerce. Poetry

requires

requires ornament, and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monoſyllables; therefore if I find any elegant word in a claſſic author, I propoſe it to be naturalized, by uſing it myſelf; and, if the public approves of it, the bill paſſes. But every man cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet muſt firſt be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to conſider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the Engliſh idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, ſuch as are learned in both languages; and laſtly, ſince no man is infallible, let him uſe this licence very ſparingly; for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were deſigned, not to aſſiſt the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a concluſion, and ſuſpect your Lordſhip is very glad of it. But permit me firſt to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late earl of Lauderdale ſent me over his new tranſlation of the Æneis, which he had ended before I engaged in the ſame deſign; neither did I then intend it: but ſome propoſals being afterwards made me by my bookſeller, I deſired his Lordſhip's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to ſhew for that permiſſion. He reſolved to have printed his work, which he might have done two years before I could publiſh mine; and had performed it, if death had not prevented him.

But

But having his manuſcript in my hands, I conſulted it as often as I doubted of my author's ſenſe: for no man underſtood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that tranſlation by them; which had they pleaſed to have given the public, the judges muſt have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Beſides this help, which was not inconſiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the Æneis, and compare my verſion with the original. I ſhall never be aſhamed to own that this excellent young man has ſhewed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have eaſily found more, and then my tranſlation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who deſire to have their names concealed, ſeeing me ſtraitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the life of Virgil; the two prefaces to the Paſtorals and the Georgics, and all the arguments in proſe to the whole tranſlation; which, perhaps, has cauſed a report that the two firſt poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verſes for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the ſame ſtyle being continued through the whole, and the ſame laws of verſification obſerved, are proofs ſufficient that this is one man's work: and your Lordſhip is too well acquainted with my manner to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That

That your Lordſhip may ſee I was in earneſt when I promiſed to haſten to an end, I will not give the reaſons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-ſervice, or in the cant of any profeſſion. I will only ſay, that Virgil has avoided thoſe proprieties, becauſe he writ not to mariners, ſoldiers, aſtronomers, gardeners, peaſants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the firſt quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In ſuch caſes, it is enough for a poet to write ſo plainly that he may be underſtood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the firſt Æneid, becauſe I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and conſequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective "vicina" in the ſecond line, and the ſubſtantive "arva" in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obſcurity too long; and is contrary to the clearneſs of his ſtyle.

"Ut quamvis avido,"

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and,

"Gratum opus agricolis,"

are all words unneceſſary, and independent of what he ſaid before.

"Horrentia Martis arma,"

is worſe than any of the reſt. "Horrentia" is ſuch a flat epithet as Tully would have given us in his verſes. It is a mere filler, to ſtop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author ſeems to ſound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:

"Arma, virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab
"oris."

Scarce a word without an R, and the vowels, for the greater part, ſonorous. The prefacer began with "Ille ego," which he was conſtrained to patch up in the fourth line with "At nunc," to make the ſenſe cohere. And if both thoſe words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French tranſlator thinks otherwiſe. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion, that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be anſwered by ſuch as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he aſſerts his title to the Æneis, in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former, in the laſt lines of the fourth Georgic. I will not reply otherwiſe to this, than by deſiring them to compare theſe four lines with the four others, which we know are his, becauſe no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot diſtinguiſh creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto in his ſtead. My maſter needed

needed not the aſſiſtance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majeſtic mien diſcovers him to be the king, amidſt a thouſand courtiers. It was a ſuperfluous office, and therefore I would not ſet thoſe verſes in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface:

" I, who before, with ſhepherds in the groves,
" Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
" And iſſuing thence, compell'd the neighbouring
" field
" A plenteous crop of riſing corn to yield,
" Manur'd the glebe, and ſtock'd the fruitful plain,
" (A poem grateful to the greedy ſwain)," &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all theſe ſix, the prefacer gave me no occaſion to write better. This is a juſt apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole tranſlation: want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuſes I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot juſtify the boldneſs of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line! For even my own confeſſion makes againſt me; and it will always be returned upon me, Why then did you attempt it? to which no other anſwer can be made, than that I have done him leſs injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length ſo many times by the daubers of almoſt all na-

May you live happily and long, for the ſervice o your country, the encouragement of good letters, an the ornament of poetry! which cannot be wiſhed mor earneſtly by any man, than by

Your Lordſhip's

moſt humble, moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a ſeven years voyage, ſet ſail for Italy; but are overtaken by the dreadful ſtorm, which Æolus raiſes at Juno's requeſt. The tempeſt ſinks one, and ſcatters the reſt. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the ſea. Æneas, with his own ſhip, and ſix more, arrives ſafe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her ſon's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and ſends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to diſcover the country, meets his mother in the ſhape of an huntreſs, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he ſees his friends whom he thought loſt, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a paſſion for him, and, after ſome diſcourſe with him, deſires the hiſtory of his adventures ſince the ſiege of Troy, which is the ſubject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I ſing, who forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan ſhore;
Long labours, both by ſea and land, he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the deſtin'd town:
His baniſh'd gods reſtor'd to rites divine,
And ſettled ſure ſucceſſion in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majeſtic Rome.

O, Muſe! the cauſes and the crimes relate,
What goddeſs was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To perſecute ſo brave, ſo juſt a man!
Involv'd his anxious life in endleſs cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heavenly minds ſuch high reſentment ſhow;
Or exerciſe their ſpite in human woe?

Againſt the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was ſeated on the ſea:
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and ſtudious of their trade.
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian ſhore.
Here ſtood her chariot, here, if heaven were kind,
The ſeat of awful empire ſhe deſign'd.
Yet ſhe had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the ſky);

That

That times to come ſhould ſee the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor, thus confin'd, the yoke of ſovereign ſway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war ſhe wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece againſt the Trojan ſtate.
Beſides, long cauſes working in her mind,
And ſecret ſeeds of envy, lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form diſdain'd:
The grace beſtow'd on raviſh'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cauſe alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far diſtant from the Latian coaſt,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan hoſt:
And ſeven long years th' unhappy wandering train
Were toſs'd by ſtorms, and ſcatter'd through the main.
Such time, ſuch toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for ſo vaſt a frame.
Now ſcarce the Trojan fleet with ſails and oars
Had left behind the fair Sicilian ſhores;
Entering with chearful ſhouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring ſtill with endleſs diſcontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent.
Then am I vanquiſh'd, muſt I yield, ſaid ſhe,
And muſt the Trojans reign in Italy?

So

So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy courſe.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful ſpleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himſelf preſum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath ſhe toſs'd the ſhip,
And bare expos'd the boſom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hiſſing with her father's flame
She ſtrongly ſeiz'd, and, with a burning wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock ſhe bound.
But I, who walk in awful ſtate above,
The majeſty of heaven, the ſiſter-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitleſs force employ
Againſt the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my ſlighted altars lay?
Thus rag'd the goddeſs, and, with fury fraught,
The reſtleſs regions of the ſtorms ſhe ſought;
Where, in a ſpacious cave of living ſtone,
The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the ſtruggling winds,
And ſounding tempeſts in dark priſons binds,
This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, preſſing for releaſe, the mountains rend:
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch ſtands,
And ſhakes his ſceptre, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unreſiſted ſway
Would ſweep the world before them in their way:

Earth

Earth, air, and ſeas, through empty ſpace would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving ſoul!
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to thoſe dark abodes,
And lock'd them ſafe within, oppreſs'd with mountain loads:
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary ſway,
To looſe their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the ſuppliant queen her prayers addreſt,
And thus the tenour of her ſuit expreſs'd.
O Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempeſts and of winds has given:
Thy force alone their fury can reſtrain,
And ſmooth the waves, or ſwell the troubled main:
A race of wandering ſlaves abhorr'd by me,
With proſperous paſſage cut the Thuſcan ſea:
To fruitful Italy their courſe they ſteer,
And for their vanquiſh'd gods deſign new temples there.
Raiſe all thy winds, with night involve the ſkies;
Sink or diſperſe my fatal enemies.
Twice ſeven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my perſon wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wiſh, and ſecond my deſign,
The faireſt, Deiopeia, ſhall be thine;
And make thee father of a happy line.
To this the god—'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
Theſe airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the preſents of your bounteous hand;

Yours is my ſovereign's grace, and as your gueſt,
I ſit with gods at their celeſtial feaſt;
Raiſe tempeſts at your pleaſure, or ſubdue;
Diſpoſe of empire, which I hold from you!
He ſaid, and hurl'd againſt the mountain ſide
His quivering ſpear, and all the god apply'd!
The raging winds ruſh through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and ſkim along the ground:
Then, ſettling on the ſea, the ſurges ſweep;
Raiſe liquid mountains, and diſcloſe the deep!
South, caſt, and weſt, with mix'd confuſion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the ſhore.
The cables crack, the ſailors' fearful cries
Aſcend; and ſable night involves the ſkies;
And heaven itſelf is raviſh'd from their eyes!
Loud peals of thunder from the poles enſue,
Then flaſhing fires the tranſient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And preſent death in various forms appears!
Struck with unuſual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief!
And thrice, and four times happy thoſe, he cry'd,
That under Ilian walls before their parents dy'd!
Tydides, braveſt of the Grecian train,
Why could not I by that ſtrong arm be ſlain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain:
O great Sarpedon, in thoſe bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the ſhields
Of heroes, whoſe diſmember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed ſpear!

Thus

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove againſt his flying ſails,
And rent the ſheets: the raging billows riſe,
And mount the toſſing veſſel to the ſkies:
Nor can the ſhivering oars ſuſtain the blow;
The galley gives her ſide, and turns her prow:
While thoſe aſtern deſcending down the ſteep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep!
Three ſhips were hurry'd by the ſouthern blaſt,
And on the ſecret ſhelves with fury caſt!
Thoſe hidden rocks, th' Auſonian ſailors knew,
They call'd them altars, when they roſe in view,
And ſhow'd their ſpacious backs above the flood!
Three more fierce Eurus in his angry mood
Daſh'd on the ſhallows of the moving ſand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land!
Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid ſight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From ſtem to ſtern, by waves was overborn:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round, the ſhip was toſt,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was loſt!
And here and there above the waves were ſeen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men!
The ſtouteſt veſſel to the ſtorm gave way,
And ſuck'd through looſen'd planks the ruſhing ſea!
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not leſs: their ſhips, with gaping ſeams,
Admit the deluge of the briny ſtreams!

Mean

Mean time imperial Neptune heard the ſound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
Diſpleas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main:
Serene in majeſty, then roll'd his eyes
Around this ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and ſkies.
He ſaw the Trojan fleet diſpers'd, diſtreſs'd,
By ſtormy winds and wintery heaven oppreſs'd.
Full well the god his ſiſter's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts purſue:
He ſummon'd Eurus and the weſtern blaſt,
And firſt an angry glance on both he caſt:
Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel inſolence?
Is it for you to ravage ſeas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my ſupreme command?
To raiſe ſuch mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—But firſt 'tis fit the billows to reſtrain,
And then you ſhall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence, to your Lord my royal mandate bear,
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the ſea.
His power to hollow caverns is confin'd,
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind:
With hoarſe commands his breathing ſubjects call,
And boaſt and bluſter in his empty hall!
He ſpoke; and while he ſpoke, he ſmooth'd the ſea,
Diſpell'd the darkneſs, and reſtor'd the day:

Cymothoë,

ioë, Triton, and the ſea-green train
uteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
om the rocks the veſſels with their hands;
d himſelf with ready trident ſtands,
es the deep, and ſpreads the moving ſands;
eaves them off the ſhoals; where'er he guides
ıy courſers, and in triumph rides,
ıves unruffle, and the ſea ſubſides.
n in tumults riſe the ignoble crowd,
e their motions, and their tongues are loud;
nes and brands in rattling vollies fly,
l the ruſtic arms that fury can ſupply;
ſome grave and pious man appear,
ıuſh their noiſe, and lend a liſtening ear;
hes with ſober words their angry mood,
ıenches their innate deſire of blood:
n the father of the flood appears,
er the ſeas his ſovereign trident rears,
ury fails: he ſkims the liquid plains,
n his chariot, and with looſen'd reins
c moves along, and awful peace maintains.
ary Trojans ply their ſhatter'd oars
reſt land, and make the Libyan ſhores.
ıin a long receſs there lies a bay,
nd ſhades it from the rolling ſea,
rms a port ſecure for ſhips to ride,
by the jutting land on either ſide:
ble ſtreams the briny waters glide.
t two rows of rocks, a ſylvan ſcene
s above, and groves for ever green:

A grot

A grot is form'd beneath, with moſſy ſeats,
To reſt the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The cryſtal ſtreams deſcend in murmuring falls.
No hawſers need to bind the veſſels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no ſtorms they fear.
Seven ſhips within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the ſcatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and ſpent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and ſeek their wiſh'd repoſe.
Firſt, good Achates, with repeated ſtrokes
Of claſhing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
Short flame ſucceeds a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying ſparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they riſe,
And, fed with ſtronger food, invade the ſkies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or ſtand around
The chearful blaze, or lie along the ground;
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a proſpect of the ſeas below:
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could ſpy;
Or ſee the ſtreamers of Caïcus fly.
No veſſels there in view: but, on the plain,
Three beamy ſtags commands a lordly train
Of branching heads; the more ignoble throng
Attend their ſtately ſteps, and ſlowly graze along.
He ſtood; and while ſecure they fed below,
He took the quiver, and the truſty bow

Achates

Achates uſed to bear; the leaders firſt
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the ſhady plain
Seven mighty bodies with their blood diſtain.
For the ſeven ſhips he made an equal ſhare,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
The jars of generous wine (Aceſtes' gift,
When his Trinacrian ſhores the navy left)
He ſet abroach, and for the feaſt prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'ſon ſhar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief,
With chearful words, allay'd the common grief:
Endure, and conquer; Jove will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good, our paſt and preſent woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd.
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Reſume your courage, and diſmiſs your care.
An hour will come, with pleaſure to relate
Your ſorrows paſt, as benefits of fate.
Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the ſeat (the promiſe of the ſkies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may riſe.
Endure the hardſhips of your preſent ſtate,
Live, and reſerve yourſelves for better fate.
  Theſe words he ſpoke; but ſpoke not from his heart:
His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the paſt,
The quarry ſhare, their plenteous dinner haſte:

Some ſtrip the ſkin, ſome portion out the ſpoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil:
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the graſſy turf, at eaſe they dine;
Reſtore their ſtrength with meat, and chear their ſouls
with wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their abſent friends;
Alternate hopes and fears their minds poſſeſs,
Whether to deem them dead, or in diſtreſs.
Above the reſt, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain ſtate
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
The day, but not their ſorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, almighty Jove ſurveys
Earth, air, and ſhores, and navigable ſeas,
At length on Libyan realms he fixt his eyes:
Whom, pondering thus on human miſeries,
When Venus ſaw, ſhe with a lovely look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly ſire beſpoke:
O king of gods and men, whoſe awful hand
Diſperſes thunder on the ſeas and land;
Diſpoſes all with abſolute command:
How could my pious ſon thy power incenſe?
Or what, alas! is vaniſh'd Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only loſt
On various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſt,
But ſhut from every ſhore, and barr'd from every coaſt.
You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
Of Romans, riſing from the Trojan line,

In

In after-times ſhould hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
Then fates to fates I could oppoſe; but now,
When fortune ſtill purſues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worſe can ſtill ſucceed?
What end of labours has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midſt of Grecian hoſts,
Could paſs ſecure, and pierce th' Illyrian coaſts:
Where, rolling down the ſteep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels diſembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy ſeat,
And gave his Trojans a ſecure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:
But we, deſcended from your ſacred line,
Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
Are baniſh'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
Are theſe our ſceptres? theſe our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?
To whom, the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that ſerene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the ſkies,
Firſt gave a holy kiſs; then thus replies:
Daughter, diſmiſs thy fears: to thy deſire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and ſtand entire.
Thou ſhalt behold thy wiſh'd Lavinian walls,
And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,

Then ſhalt thou bear him up, ſublime, to me;
No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
And, leſt new fears diſturb thy happy ſtate,
Know, I have ſearch'd the myſtic rolls of fate:
Thy ſon (nor is th' appointed ſeaſon far)
In Italy ſhall wage ſucceſsful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And ſovereign laws impoſe, and cities build.
Till, after every foe ſubdued, the ſun
Thrice through the ſigns his annual race ſhall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Aſcanius then,
Now call'd Iülus, ſhall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown ſhall wear:
Then from Lavinium ſhall the ſeat transfer:
And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build;
The throne with his ſucceſſion ſhall be fill'd,
Three hundred circuits more: then ſhall be ſeen,
Ilia the fair, a prieſteſs and a queen.
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws
Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys diſcloſe.
The royal babes a tawny wolf ſhall drain,
Then Romulus his grandſire's throne ſhall gain,
Of martial towers the founder ſhall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them, no bounds of empire I aſſign;
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endleſs broils,
Earth, ſeas, and heaven, and Jove himſelf turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly power ſhall join,
To cheriſh and advance the Trojan line.

The ſubject world ſhall Rome's dominion own,
And, proſtrate, ſhall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy ſhall overturn the Grecian ſtate:
And ſweet revenge her conquering ſons ſhall call,
To cruſh the people that conſpir'd her fall.
Then Cæſar from the Julian ſtock ſhall riſe,
Whoſe empire ocean, and whoſe fame the ſkies,
Alone ſhall bound; whom, fraught with Eaſtern ſpoils,
Our heaven, the juſt reward of human toils,
Securely ſhall repay with rites divine;
And incenſe ſhall aſcend before his ſacred ſhrine.
Then dire debate, and impious war ſhall ceaſe,
And the ſtern age be ſoften'd into peace:
Then baniſh'd faith ſhall once again return,
And veſtal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus ſhall ſuſtain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force reſtrain.
Janus himſelf before his fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Impriſon'd fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd, of uſeleſs arms,
He ſits, and threats the world with vain alarms.
He ſaid, and ſent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan gueſts; leſt, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and ſtate:
Down from the ſteep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding ſkies.

Soon on the Libyan ſhore deſcends the god,
Performs his meſſage, and diſplays his rod;
The ſurly murmurs of the people ceaſe,
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herſelf ſuſpends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cauſe.
Mean time, in ſhades of night Æneas lies;
Care ſeiz'd his ſoul, and ſleep forſook his eyes:
But when the ſun reſtor'd the chearful day,
He roſe, the coaſt and country to ſurvey,
Anxious and eager to diſcover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated ſhore:
But whether human kind, or beaſts alone
Poſſeſs'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
Tall trees ſurround the mountains ſhady ſides:
The bending brow above a ſafe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his ſteps attends.
Lo, in the deep receſſes of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddeſs mother ſtood:
A huntreſs in her habit and her mien;
Her dreſs a maid, her air confeſs'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Looſe was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand ſuſtain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind.
She ſeem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With ſuch array Harpalice beſtrode
Her Thracian courſer, and out-ſtripp'd the rapid flood.

Ho!

Ho! ſtrangers! have you lately ſeen, ſhe ſaid,
One of my ſiſters, like myſelf array'd;
Who croſs'd the lawn, or in the foreſt ſtray'd?
A painted quiver at her back ſhe bore,
Vary'd with ſpots, a lynx's hide ſhe wore:
And at full cry purſued the tuſky boar?
Thus Venus: Thus her ſon reply'd again,
None of your ſiſters have we heard or ſeen,
O Virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that ſtyle; O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celeſtial birth betray!
If, as you ſeem, the ſiſter of the day;
Or one, at leaſt, of chaſte Diana's train,
Let not an humble ſuppliant ſue in vain:
But tell a ſtranger, long in tempeſts toſs'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coaſt?
Then on your name ſhall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall.
I dare not, ſhe reply'd, aſſume the name
Of goddeſs, or celeſtial honours claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buſkins o'er their ancles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are:
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The riſing city, which from far you ſee,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing ſtate,
Who fled from Tyre, to ſhun her brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her ſtory full of fate,

Which I will ſum in ſhort. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Poſſeſs'd fair Dido's bed: and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a ſpotleſs maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian ſceptre ſway'd:
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then ſtrife enſued, and curſed gold the cauſe.
The monarch, blinded with deſire of wealth,
With ſteel invades his brother's life by ſtealth;
Before the ſacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed:
Some tale, ſome new pretence, he daily coin'd,
To ſoothe his ſiſter, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghoſt appears
Of her unhappy lord: the ſpectre ſtares,
And with erected eyes his bloody boſom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire ſecret of his houſe reveals:
Then warns the widow and her houſhold gods
To ſeek a refuge in remote abodes.
Laſt, to ſupport her in ſo long a way,
He ſhews her where his hidden treaſure lay.
Admoniſh'd thus, and ſeiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the ſtate,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They ſeize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treaſure left behind.

The veſſels, heavy laden, put to ſea
With proſperous winds, a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by ſtreſs of weather driven,
Or was their fatal courſe diſpos'd by heaven!
At laſt they landed, where from far you ſeyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage riſe:
There bought a ſpace of ground, which, Byrſa call'd
From the bull's hide, they firſt inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What ſeek you, ſtrangers, on our Libyan earth?
To whom, with ſorrow ſtreaming from his eyes,
And deeply ſighing, thus her ſon replies:
Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate!
Through ſuch a train of woes if I ſhould run,
The day would ſooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came,
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name:
On various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſs'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coaſt:
The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
My houſhold gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I reſcued from our foes;
To fruitful Italy my courſe was bent,
And from the king of heaven is my deſcent.
With twice ten ſail I croſs'd the Phrygian ſea;
Fate and my mother goddeſs led my way.
Scarce ſeven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
From ſtorms preſerv'd, within your harbour meet:

Myſelf

Myſelf diſtreſs'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Aſia thrown,
In Libyan deſerts wander thus alone.
His tender parent could no longer bear;
But, interpoſing, ſought to ſoothe his care.
Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heaven,
Since on our friendly ſhore your ſhips are driven,
Have courage: to the gods permit the reſt,
And to the queen expoſe your juſt requeſt.
Now take this earneſt of ſucceſs, for more:
Your ſcattered fleet is join'd upon the ſhore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my ſkill in augury.
Twelve ſwans behold, in beauteous order move,
And ſtoop, with cloſing pinions, from above:
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And, through the clouds, purſued the ſcattering throng:
Now all united in a goodly team,
They ſkim the ground, and ſeek the quiet ſtream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuits of the ſkies in rings:
Not otherwiſe your ſhips, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with ſwift ſails deſcend.
No more advice is needful, but purſue
The path before you, and the town in view.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd hair;
Which, flowing from her ſhoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely ſpread ambroſial ſcents around:

In

In length of train deſcends her ſweeping gown,
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
The prince purſued the parting deity,
With words like theſe: Ah! whither doſt thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your ſon
In borrow'd ſhapes, and his embrace to ſhun;
Never to bleſs my ſight, but thus unknown;
And ſtill to ſpeak in accents not your own!
Againſt the goddeſs theſe complaints he made;
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obſcure, for Venus kindly ſhrouds,
With miſts, their perſons, and involves in clouds:
That, thus unſeen, their paſſage none might ſtay,
Or force to tell the cauſes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddeſs flies ſublime,
To viſit Paphos, and her native clime:
Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with ſolemn prayer,
A hundred altars in her temple ſmoke,
A thouſand bleeding hearts her power invoke.
They climb the next aſcent, and, looking down,
Now, at a nearer diſtance, view the town:
The prince, with wonder, ſees the ſtately towers,
Which late were huts, and ſhepherds' homely bowers;
The gates and ſtreets; and hears from every part
The noiſe and buſy concourſe of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: ſome extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or puſh unwieldy ſtones along.

Some

Some for their dwellings chooſe a ſpot of ground,
Which firſt deſign'd, with ditches they ſurround.
Some laws ordain, and ſome attend the choice
Of holy ſenates, and elect by voice.
Here ſome deſign a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre:
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of ſcenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and ſuch their buſy pains,
As exerciſe the bees in flowery plains;
When winter paſt, and ſummer ſcarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the ſun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while ſome condenſe
Their liquid ſtore, and ſome in cells diſpenſe.
Some at the gate ſtand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
With envy ſtung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
Thrice happy you, whoſe walls already riſe;
Æneas ſaid; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the buſy throng,
Borne by the tide, and paſs'd unſeen along.
Full in the centre of the town there ſtood,
Thick ſet with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
And, digging here, a proſperous omen found:

From under earth a courſer's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreſhew:
This fated ſign their foundreſs Juno gave,
Of a ſoil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with ſolemn ſtate
Did Juno's temple build and conſecrate:
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden ſhrine;
But more the goddeſs made the place divine.
On brazen ſteps the marble threſhold roſe,
And brazen plates the cedar beams incloſe:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges ſound.
What firſt Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wandering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd;
Admir'd the fortune of the riſing town,
The ſtriving artiſts and their arts renown:
He ſaw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he ſpies,
And fierce Achilles who both kings defies.
He ſtopp'd, and weeping ſaid, O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known diſaſters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam ſtands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.

He

He ſaid: his tears a ready paſſage find,
Devouring what he ſaw ſo well deſign'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind.
For there he ſaw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Purſued by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the ſlain.
The tents of Rheſus next his grief renew,
By their white ſails betray'd to nightly view.
And wakeful Diomede, whoſe cruel ſword
The centries ſlew, nor ſpar'd their ſlumbering lord.
Then took the fiery ſteeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taſte, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elſewhere he ſaw where Troïlus defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
Then, where the boy diſarm'd, with looſen'd reins,
Was by his horſes hurry'd o'er the plains:
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
The hoſtile ſpear yet ſticking in his wound;
With tracks of blood inſcrib'd the duſty ground.
Mean time the Trojan dames, oppreſs'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long proceſſion go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
They weep, they beat their breaſts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd veſts for preſents bear:
But the ſtern goddeſs ſtands unmov'd with prayer.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpſe of Hector, whom in fight he ſlew.

Here

Here Priam ſues; and there, for ſums of gold,
The lifeleſs body of his ſon is ſold.
So ſad an object, and ſo well expreſs'd,
Drew ſighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breaſt:
To ſee the figure of his lifeleſs friend,
And his old ſire, his helpleſs hand extend.
Himſelf he ſaw amidſt the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain:
And ſwarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous enſigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea, there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race;
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, ſuſtains the lunar ſhield.
Athwart her breaſt a golden belt ſhe throws,
Amidſt the preſs alone provokes a thouſand foes:
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppoſe.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and ſurprize,
The beauteous Dido with a numerous train,
And pomp of guards, aſcends the ſacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana ſeems; and ſo ſhe charms the ſight,
When in the dance the graceful goddeſs leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majeſtic, and ſhe looks their queen:
Latona ſees her ſhine above the reſt,
And feeds with ſecret joy her ſilent breaſt.

Such Dido was; with ſuch becoming ſtate,
Amidſt the crowd, ſhe walks ſerenely great.
Their labour to her future ſway ſhe ſpeeds,
And, paſſing with a gracious glance, proceeds:
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the ſhrine;
In crowds around the ſwarming people join.
She takes petitions, and diſpenſes laws,
Hears and determines every private cauſe.
Their taſks, in equal portions, ſhe divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected ſees his friends:
Antheus, Sergeſtus grave, Cleanthus ſtrong,
And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng;
Whom late the tempeſt on the billows toſs'd,
And widely ſcatter'd on another coaſt.
The prince, unſeen, ſurpriz'd with wonder ſtands,
And longs, with joyful haſte, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wiſh'd event, he ſtays,
And, from the hollow cloud, his friends ſurveys:
Impatient till they told their preſent ſtate,
And where they left their ſhips, and what their fate;
And why they came, and what was their requeſt;
For theſe were ſent, commiſſion'd by the reſt,
To ſue for leave to land their ſickly men,
And gain admiſſion to the gracious queen.
Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
O queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods,
To found an empire in theſe new abodes;

To build a town, with ſtatutes to reſtrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign:
We wretched Trojans, toſs'd on every ſhore,
From ſea to ſea, thy clemency implore:
Forbid the fires our ſhipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And ſpare the remnant of a pious race.
We come not with deſign of waſteful prey,
To drive the country, force the ſwains away:
Nor ſuch our ſtrength, nor ſuch is our deſire,
The vanquiſh'd dare not to ſuch thoughts aſpire.
A land there is, Heſperia nam'd of old,
The ſoil is fruitful, and the men are bold:
Th' Oenotrians held it once, by common-fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that ſweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and every warring element
Diſturb'd our courſe, and, far from ſight of land,
Caſt our torn veſſels on the moving ſand:
The ſea came on; the ſouth with mighty roar,
Diſpers'd and daſh'd the reſt upon the rocky ſhore.
Thoſe few you ſee eſcap'd the ſtorm, and fear,
Unleſs you interpoſe, a ſhipwreck here;
What men, what monſters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barbarous cuſtoms of the place,
Shut up a deſert ſhore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel ſeas again!
If our hard fortune no compaſſion draws,
Nor hoſpitable rites, nor human laws,
The gods are juſt, and will revenge our cauſe.

Æneas was our prince; a juſter lord,
Or noble warrior, never drew a ſword:
Obſervant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we his friends of ſafety ſhall deſpair;
Nor you, great queen, theſe offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coaſts,
Where king Aceſtes Trojan lineage boaſts.
Permit our ſhips a ſhelter on your ſhores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars;
That, if our prince be ſafe, we may renew
Our deſtin'd courſe, and Italy purſue.
But if, O beſt of men! the fates ordain
That thou art ſwallow'd in the Libyan main;
And if our young Iülus be no more,
Diſmiſs our navy from your friendly ſhore;
That we to good Aceſtes may return,
And with our friends our common loſſes mourn.
Thus ſpoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his requeſt renew.
The modeſt queen a while, with down-caſt eyes,
Ponder'd the ſpeech; then briefly thus replies:
Trojans, diſmiſs your fears: my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unſettled ſtate,
Force me to guard my coaſt from foreign foes:
Who has not heard the ſtory of your woes?
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race?

: Tyrians are not ſo devoid of ſenſe,
- ſo remote from Phœbus' influence.
ıether to Latian ſhores your courſe is bent,
- driven by tempeſts from your firſt intent,
u ſeek the good Aceſtes' government;
ur men ſhall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
d ſail, with ſhips of convoy, for your guard:
would you ſtay, and join your friendly powers,
raiſe and to defend the Tyrian towers,
wealth, my city, and myſelf are yours.
d would to heaven the ſtorm, you felt, would bring
Carthaginian coaſts your wandering king.
people ſhall, by my command, explore
e ports and creeks of every winding ſhore,
d towns, and wilds, and ſhady woods, in queſt
ſo renown'd and ſo deſir'd a gueſt.
s'd in his mind the Trojan hero ſtood,
d long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
hates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
ım whence, O goddeſs-born, this long delay?
ıat more can your deſire, your welcome ſure,
ur fleet in ſafety, and your friends ſecure?
e only wants: and him we ſaw in vain
poſe the ſtorm, and ſwallow'd in the main!
ınes in his fate our forfeit paid,
e reſt agrees with what your mother ſaid.
rce had he ſpoken, when the cloud gave way,
e miſts flew upward, and diſſolv'd in day.
e Trojan chief appear'd in open ſight,
guſt in viſage, and ſerenely bright.

His mother goddeſs, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples ſhin
And given his rolling eyes a ſparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
Like poliſh'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold,
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modeſty he ſpoke:
He whom you ſeek am I: by tempeſts toſt,
And ſav'd from ſhipwreck on your Libyan coaſt:
Preſenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majeſty, the refuge and redreſs
Of thoſe whom fate purſues, and wants oppreſs.
You, who your pious offices employ
To ſave the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receive the ſhipwreck'd on your friendly ſhore;
With hoſpitable rites relieve the poor;
Aſſociate in your town a wandering train,
And ſtrangers in your palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who ſcatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
The gods (if gods to goodneſs are inclin'd),
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;
And more than all the gods, your generous heart,
Conſcious of worth, requite its own deſert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth:
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into ſeas ſhall run,
And round the ſpace of heaven the radiant ſun;

While trees the mountain-tops with ſhades ſupply,
Your honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has aſſign'd,
Your image ſhall be preſent in my mind.
Thus having ſaid; he turn'd with pious haſte,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sereſtus with his left; then to his breaſt
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas preſs'd;
And ſo by turns deſcended to the reſt.
The Tyrian queen ſtood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, raviſh'd with his grace:
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected ſtood; and thus began:
What fate, O goddeſs-born, what angry powers
Have caſt you ſhipwreck'd on our barren ſhores?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celeſtial ſeed your lineage claim?
The ſame Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
To ſam'd Anchiſes on th' Idean ſhore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;
And ſought my father's aid, to be reſtor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and ſword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And, conquering, finiſh'd the ſucceſsful war.
From him the Trojan ſiege I underſtood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illuſtrious blood.
Your foe himſelf the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own anceſtry from Trojans rais'd.

Enter, my noble gueſt; and you ſhall find,
If not a coſtly welcome, yet a kind.
For I myſelf, like you, have been diſtreſs'd;
Till heaven afforded me this place of reſt.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes, ſo like my own.
She ſaid, and to the palace led her gueſt,
Then offer'd incenſe, and proclaim'd a feaſt.
Nor yet leſs careful for her abſent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ſhips ſhe ſends.
Beſides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
And jars of generous wine, and ſpacious bowls,
She gives to chear the ſailors drooping ſouls.
Now purple hangings cloath the palace walls,
And ſumptuous feaſts are made in ſplendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of maſſy plate the ſide-boards ſhine.
And antic vaſes all of gold emboſs'd
(The gold itſelf inferior to the coſt):
Of curious work, where on the ſides were ſeen
The fights and figures of illuſtrious men;
From their firſt founder to the preſent queen.

The good Æneas, whoſe paternal care
Iülus' abſence could no longer bear,
Diſpatch'd Achates to the ſhips in haſte,
To give a glad relation of the paſt;
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:

A robe of tiſſue, ſtiff with golden wire;
An upper veſt, once Helen's rich attire;
From Argos by the fam'd adultreſs brought:
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought;
Her mother Leda's preſent, when ſhe came
To ruin Troy, and ſet the world on flame.
The ſceptre Priam's eldeſt daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown ſhe wore;
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order ſet with gems, and one with gold.
Inſtructed thus, the wiſe Achates goes:
And in his diligence his duty ſhows.
But Venus, anxious for her ſon's affairs,
New counſels tries; and new deſigns prepares:
That Cupid ſhould aſſume the ſhape and face
Of ſweet Aſcanius, and the ſprightly grace:
Should bring her preſents, in her nephew's ſtead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poiſon ſhed.
For much ſhe fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
Theſe thoughts by night her golden ſlumbers broke;
And thus alarm'd to winged love ſhe ſpoke:
My ſon, my ſtrength, whoſe mighty power alone
Controls the thunderer, on his awful throne;
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy ſuccour, and thy faith relies.
Thou know'ſt, my ſon, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life.

And often haſt thou mourn'd with me his pains;
Him Dido now with blandiſhment detains;
But I ſuſpect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
A love ſo violent, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Aſcanius, by his father, is deſign'd
To come, with preſents, laden from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleaſing ſleep,
And, raviſh'd, in Idalian bowers to keep?
Or high Cythera: that the ſweet deceit
May paſs unſeen, and none prevent the cheat,
Take thou his form and ſhape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving ſpace;
Thyſelf a boy, aſſume a boy's diſſembled face.
That when, amidſt the fervour of the feaſt,
The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her breaſt,
And with ſweet kiſſes in her arms conſtrains,
Thou may'ſt infuſe thy venom in her veins.
The god of love obeys, and ſets aſide
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
He walks Iülus in his mother's ſight;
And in the ſweet reſemblance takes delight.
The goddeſs then to young Aſcanius flies,
And, in a pleaſing ſlumber, ſeals his eyes;
Lull'd in her lap, amidſt a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her bliſsful groves:

Then

Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And ſoftly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid, mean time, aſſum'd his form and face,
Following Achates with a ſhorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already ſate,
Amidſt the Trojan lords, in ſhining ſtate,
High on a golden bed: her princely gueſt
Was next her ſide, in order ſate the reſt.
Then caniſters with bread are heap'd on high;
Th' attendants water for their hands ſupply;
And, having waſh'd, with ſilken towels dry.
Next, fifty handmaids in long order bore
The cenſers, and with fumes the gods adore.
Then youths, and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the diſhes, and to ſerve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feaſt,
Approach, and on the painted couches reſt.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze;
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze!
His roſy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and ſhape, and all the gods diſguiſe.
Nor paſs unprais'd the veſt and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the reſt, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's diſaſtrous flame)
With eyes inſatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the preſents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long,
With childrens' play, and falſe embraces, hung;

Then

Then ſought the queen: ſhe took him to her arms
With greedy pleaſure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what gueſt,
How dire a god ſhe drew ſo near her breaſt.
But he, not mindleſs of his mother's prayer,
Works in the pliant boſom of the fair;
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love reſign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and every gueſt was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with ſparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace chearful cries reſound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps diſplay
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that ſhone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, ſilence through the hall proclaim'd, ſhe ſpoke
O hoſpitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With ſolemn rites, thy ſacred name and power!
Bleſs to both nations this auſpicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In laſting concord, from this day combine.
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be preſent here:
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows addreſs
To heaven with mine, to ratify the peace.
The goblet then ſhe took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the firſt libations on the ground),

And rais'd it to her mouth with ſober grace,
Then, ſipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias, whom ſhe call'd, a thirſty ſoul,
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl:
With pleaſure ſwill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer ſaw.
The goblet goes around: Iöpas brought
His golden lyre, and ſung what ancient Atlas taught.
The various labours of the wandering moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Th' original of men and beaſts; and whence
The rains ariſe, and fires their warmth diſpenſe;
And fix'd and erring ſtars diſpoſe their influence.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
With peals of ſhouts the Tyrians praiſe the ſong;
Thoſe peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vaſt delight.
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
Then aſk'd what arms the ſwarthy Memnon wore;
What troops he landed on the Trojan ſhore.
The ſteeds of Diomede vary'd the diſcourſe,
And fierce Achilles with his matchleſs force.
At length, as fate and her ill ſtars requir'd,
To hear the ſeries of the war deſir'd:
Relate at large, my god-like gueſt, ſhe ſaid,
The Grecian ſtratagems, the town betray'd;
The fatal iſſue of ſo long a war,
Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes, declare.

For,

For, ſince on every ſea, on every coaſt,
Your men have been diſtreſs'd, your navy toſs'd,
Seven times the ſun has either tropic view'd,
The winter baniſh'd, and the ſpring renew'd.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years ſiege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the ſtratagem of a wooden horſe. He declares the fixed reſolution he had taken, not to ſurvive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at laſt, having been before adviſed by Hector's ghoſt, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and ſettle his houſhold gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his ſhoulders, and leads his little ſon by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but miſſes his wife, whoſe ghoſt afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was deſigned for him.

ALL

ALL were attentive to the god-like man,
When, from his lofty couch, he thus began:
Great queen! what you command me to relate,
Renews the ſad remembrance of our fate,
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent:
A peopled city made a deſert place;
All that I ſaw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardeſt of our foes could hear,
Nor ſtern Ulyſſes, tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of waſting night,
And ſetting ſtars, to kindly reſt invite.
But, ſince you take ſuch intereſt in our woe,
And Troy's diſaſtrous end deſire to know,
I will reſtrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our laſt and fatal night befel.
By deſtiny compell'd, and in deſpair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which, like a ſteed of monſtrous height, appear'd;
The ſides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow ſide
Selected numbers of their ſoldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels ſtuff the dark abode.
In ſight of Troy lies Tenedos, an iſle
(While fortune did on Priam's empire ſmile)

Renown'd for wealth; but ſince a faithleſs bay,
Where ſhips expos'd to winds and weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for Greece
The ſails were hoiſted, and our fears releaſe.
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls ſo long,
Unbar their gates, and iſſue in a throng,
Like ſwarming bees, and, with delight, ſurvey
The camp deſerted where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the ſeveral chiefs they ſhow'd,
Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ
(The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy).
Thymætes firſt ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or ſo the Trojan deſtiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monſter fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the reſt of ſounder mind,
The fatal preſent to the flames deſign'd;
Or to the watery deep: at leaſt to bore
The hollow ſides, and hidden frauds explore:
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noiſe ſay nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madneſs has poſſeſs'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coaſts are gone,
And are Ulyſſes' arts no better known?

This

This hollow fabric either muſt incloſe,
Within its blind receſs, our ſecret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is ſure deſign'd; by fraud or force;
Truſt not their preſents, nor admit the horſe.
Thus having ſaid, againſt the ſteed he threw
His forceful ſpear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly ſtood.
The ſides tranſpierc'd return a rattling ſound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come iſſuing through the wound.
And had not heaven the fall of Troy deſign'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was ſaid and done, t'inſpire a better mind:
Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Illian towers and Priam's empire ſtood.
Mean time, with ſhouts, the Trojan ſhepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands, before the king:
Taken, to take; who made himſelf their prey,
T' impoſe on their belief, and Troy betray.
Fix'd on his aim, and obſtinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All preſs to ſee, and ſome inſult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles diſguis'd,
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miſcreant ſtood, unarm'd and bound;
He ſtar'd, and roll'd his hagard eyes around;

Then

Then ſaid, Alas! what earth remains, what ſea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!
He ſaid, and ſigh'd, and caſt a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our paſſions die.
We chear the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length diſmiſs'd, he ſaid, whate'er
My fate ordains, my words ſhall be ſincere:
I neither can, nor dare, my birth diſclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name:
Though plung'd by fortune's power in miſery,
'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who ſuffer'd from the malice of the times;
Accus'd and ſentenc'd for pretended crimes:
Becauſe the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whoſe death the wretched Greeks too late lament;
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care:
His kinſman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms ſupport
The cauſe, and rul'd the counſels of the court,
I made ſome figure there; nor was my name
Obſcure, nor I without my ſhare of fame.

But when Ulyſſes, with fallacious arts,
Had made impreſſion in the peoples' hearts;
And forg'd a treaſon in my patron's name
(I ſpeak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinſman fell; then I, without ſupport,
In private mourn'd his loſs, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With ſilent grief, but loudly blam'd the ſtate:
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin roſe.
I threaten'd, if indulgent heaven once more
Would land me ſafely on my native ſhore,
His death with double vengeance to reſtore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate, and ſoon enſued
Th' effects of malice from a man ſo proud.
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he ſpread,
And fought, by treaſon, my devoted head:
New crimes invented, left unturn'd no ſtone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own.
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought:
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation juſt revenge you ſeek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know,
Aſſuage your thirſt of blood, and ſtrike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers pleaſe,
And ſet inſatiate Ithacus at eaſe.
This fair unfiniſh'd tale, theſe broken ſtarts,
Raiſ'd expectations in our longing hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.

His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus purſued:
Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitleſs care,
And weary'd with an unſucceſsful war)
Reſolv'd to raiſe the ſiege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintery ſeas and ſouthern winds
Withſtood their paſſage home, and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their ſouls amaz'd;
But moſt, when this ſtupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were ſeen,
And thunders rattled through a ſky ſerene:
Diſmay'd, and fearful of ſome dire event,
Eurypylus, t' enquire their fate, was ſent;
He from the gods this dreadful anſwer brought;
O Grecians! when the Trojan ſhores you ſought,
Your paſſage with a virgin's blood was bought!
So muſt your ſafe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main!
The ſpreading rumour round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himſelf the man.
Ulyſſes took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open ſight:
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the ſtate.
Already ſome preſag'd the dire event,
And ſaw what ſacrifice Ulyſſes meant.
For twice five days the good old ſeer withſtood
The intended treaſon, and was dumb to blood.

Till, tir'd with endleſs clamours, and purſuit
Of Ithacus, he ſtood no longer mute:
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was deſtin'd by the wrathful gods to die!
All prais'd the ſentence, pleas'd the ſtorm ſhould fall
On one alone, whoſe fury threaten'd all.
The diſmal day was come, the prieſts prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and muſt avow
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of ſafety when they ſail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To ſee my friends or native ſoil again?
My tender infants, or my careful ſire,
Whom they returning will to death require?
Will perpetrate on them their firſt deſign,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine!
Which, O, if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim deſert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.
Falſe tears true pity move: the king commands
To looſe his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds theſe friendly words; Diſmiſs thy fears
Forget the Grecks, be mine as thou wert theirs:
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or ſome religious end, you rais'd this pile?
Thus ſaid the king. He, full of fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:

Ye lamps of heaven! he ſaid, and lifted high
His hands now free, thou venerable ſky,
Inviolable powers, ador'd with dread,
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
Ye ſacred altars, from whoſe flames I fled,
Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
Reveal the ſecrets of the guilty ſtate,
And juſtly puniſh whom I juſtly hate!
But you, O king! preſerve the faith you gave,
If I, to ſave myſelf, your empire ſave.
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And falſe Ulyſſes, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The ſleeping guardians of the caſtle ſlew,
Her virgin ſtatue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands:
From thence the tide of fortune left their ſhore,
And ebb'd much faſter than it flow'd before:
Their courage languiſh'd, as their hopes decay'd,
And Pallas, now averſe, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddeſs doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:
When firſt her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She ſternly caſt her glaring eyes around;
That ſparkled as they roll'd, and ſeem'd to threat:
Her heavenly limbs diſtill'd a briny ſweat.

Thrice from the ground ſhe leap'd, was ſeen to wield
Her brandiſh'd lance, and ſhake her horrid ſhield!
Then Calchas bade our hoſt for flight prepare,
And hope no conqueſt from the tedious war:
Till firſt they ſail'd for Greece; with prayers beſought
Her injur'd power, and better omens brought.
And now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, ſoon expect it on your ſhores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But firſt, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
For her ſtolen ſtatue, and her tower betray'd;
Warn'd by the ſeer, to her offended name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:
So lofty, leſt through your forbidden gates
It paſs, and intercept our better fates.
For, once admitted there, our hopes are loſt;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boaſt.
For ſo religion and the gods ordain;
That if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames ſhall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!
But if it climb, with your aſſiſting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city ſtands,
Then Troy ſhall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverſe of fate on us return.
With ſuch deceits he gain'd their eaſy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts,
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater ſon,
A thouſand ſhips, nor ten years ſiege had done:
Falſe tears and fawning words the city won.

A prodi

A greater omen, and of worſe portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt by lot that year,
With ſolemn pomp then ſacrific'd a ſteer.
When, dreadful to behold, from ſea we ſpy'd
Two ſerpents rank'd abreaſt, the ſeas divide,
And ſmoothly ſweep along the ſwelling tide.
Their flaming creſts above the waves they ſhow,
Their bellies ſeem to burn the ſeas below:
Their ſpeckled tails advance to ſteer their courſe,
And, on the ſounding ſhore, the flying billows force.
And now the ſtrand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody ſtreaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandiſh'd as they came,
And lick'd their hiſſing jaws, that ſputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their deſtin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And firſt around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their ſharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haſte, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waiſt their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gaſping throat they fold.
The prieſt, thus doubly chok'd, their creſts divide,
And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots,
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:

His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding ſkies.
Their taſks perform'd, the ſerpents quit their prey,
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended ſpear.
Amazement ſeizes all; the general cry
Proclaims Laocoon juſtly doom'd to die,
Whoſe hand the will of Pallas had withſtood,
And dar'd to violate the ſacred wood.
All vote t'admit the ſteed, that vows be paid,
And incenſe offer'd, to th' offended maid.
A ſpacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
Some hoiſting levers, ſome the wheels prepare,
And faſten to the horſes feet: the reſt
With cables hawl along th' unwieldy beaſt.
Each on his fellow for aſſiſtance calls:
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with deſtruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, ſing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then deſcending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town.
O ſacred city! built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he ſtuck; as oft the claſhing ſound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We hawl along the horſe in ſolemn ſtate;

O goddeſs-born! eſcape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes, already, have poſſeſs'd the wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now Troy to thee commends her future ſtate,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their aſſiſtance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at laſt thou ſhalt erect.
He ſaid, and brought me, from their bleſt abodes,
The venerable ſtatues of the gods:
With ancient Veſta from the ſacred choir
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
Now peals of ſhouts come thundering from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war!
The noiſe approaches, though our palace ſtood
Aloof from ſtreets, encompaſs'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries diſtinct, and claſhing arms!
Fear broke my ſlumbers: I no longer ſtay,
But mount the terraſs, thence the town ſurvey:
And hearken what the fruitful ſounds convey!
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is born,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the ſtanding corn:
Or deluges, deſcending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, deſtroy the pains
Of labouring oxen, and the peaſant's gains;

Unroot

Unroot the foreſt oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey!
The ſhepherd climbs the cliff, and ſees, from far,
The waſteful ravage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifeſtly clear'd;
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd!
The palace of Deïphobus aſcends
In ſmoaky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the ſeas are bright
With ſplendor not their own; and ſhine with Trojan light.
New clamours and new clangors now ariſe,
The ſound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries!
With frenzy ſeiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Reſolv'd on death, reſolv'd to die in arms!
But firſt to gather friends, with them to oppoſe,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
With ſenſe of honour, and revenge inſpir'd!
Pantheus, Apollo's prieſt, a ſacred name,
Had 'ſcap'd the Grecian ſwords, and paſs'd the flame;
With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
And, by the hand, his tender grandſon led.
What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
Where make a ſtand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I ſaid, when Pantheus, with a groan,
Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom

Transfers

Transfers the Trojan ſtate to Grecian hands.
The fire conſumes the town, the foe commands!
And armed hoſts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horſe!
Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
The flames, and foes for entrance preſs without.
With thouſand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To ſeveral poſts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow ſtreets, ſome ſcour the wide.
The bold they kill, th' unwary they ſurprize;
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
The warders of the gate but ſcarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and reſiſt in vain.
I heard; and heaven, that well-born ſouls inſpires,
Prompts me, through lifted ſwords and riſing fires,
To run, where claſhing arms and clamour calls,
And ruſh undaunted to defend the walls!
Ripheus and Iphitus by my ſide engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
With young Chorœbus, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair Caſſandra's bed;
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid:
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom, when I ſaw, reſolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one ſpirit animated all;
Brave ſouls, ſaid I, but brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finiſh what our cruel fates ordain.

You

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All parts reſound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And griſly death in ſundry ſhapes appears!
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land:
From whence, ſaid he, my friends, this long delay?
You loiter, while the ſpoils are borne away.
Our ſhips are laden with the Trojan ſtore,
And you, like truants, come too late aſhore.
He ſaid, but ſoon corrected his miſtake,
Found by the doubtful anſwers which we make:
Amaz'd he would have ſhunn'd th' unequal fight,
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
As when ſome peaſant, in a buſhy brake,
Has, with unwary footing, preſs'd a ſnake,
He ſtarts aſide, aſtoniſh'd, when he ſpies
His riſing creſt, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms ſurpriz'd Androgeos flies!
In vain; for him and his we compaſs round,
Poſſeſs'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an eaſy conqueſt found.
Thus fortune on our firſt endeavour ſmil'd;
Chorœbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with ſucceſs, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally deſign'd.
My friends, ſaid he, ſince fortune ſhows the way,
'Tis fit we ſhould th' auſpicious guide obey.
For what has ſhe theſe Grecian arms beſtow'd,
But their deſtruction, and the Trojans good?
Then change we ſhields, and their devices bear,
Let fraud ſupply the want of force in war.

They

They find us arms. This ſaid, himſelf he dreſs'd
In dead Androgeos' ſpoils, his upper veſt,
His painted buckler, and his plumy creſt.
Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and ſtrip the ſlain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill preſage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
Unknown, aſſaulting whom we blindly meet,
And ſtrew, with Grecian carcaſes, the ſtreet.
Thus while their ſtraggling parties we defeat,
Some to the ſhore and ſafer ſhips retreat:
And ſome, oppreſs'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horſe, and pant in ſecret there.

But ah! what uſe of valour can be made,
When heaven's propitious powers refuſe their aid!
Behold the royal propheteſs, the fair
Caſſandra, dragg'd by her diſhevel'd hair;
Whom not Minerva's ſhrine, nor ſacred bands,
In ſafety could protect from ſacrilegious hands:
On heaven ſhe caſt her eyes, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe cry'd,
('Twas all ſhe could), her tender arms were ty'd.
So ſad a ſight Chorœbus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, diſtracted with deſpair,
Amid the barbarous raviſhers he flew;
Our leader's raſh example we purſue;
But ſtorms of ſtones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we ſeem'd in ſhow.

They

They aim at the miſtaken creſts, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with anger and diſdain, to ſee
Their troops diſpers'd, the royal virgin free:
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole ſquadron of Theſſalian horſe.
Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the ſky,
South, eaſt, and weſt, on airy courſers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus ſtrikes the deep, the billows riſe,
And, mix'd with ooze and ſand, pollute the ſkies.
The troops we ſquander'd firſt, again appear
From ſeveral quarters, and incloſe the rear.
They firſt obſerve, and to the reſt betray,
Our different ſpeech; our borrow'd arms ſurvey.
Oppreſs'd with odds, we fall; Chorœbus firſt,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Juſt of his word, obſervant of the right:
Heaven thought not ſo: Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, miſtaken by their friends.
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, ſav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your teſtimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I ſuffer'd there:
No ſword avoiding in the fatal ſtrife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.

Witneſs, ye heavens! I live not by my fault;
I ſtrove to have deſerv'd the death I ſought.
But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
Borne off to diſtance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' inveſted palace ring;
We run to die, or diſengage the king.
So hot th' aſſault, ſo high the tumult roſe,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppoſe,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow ſpace:
Or as all Ilium elſe were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and ſlaughter only there.
Their targets in a tortoiſe caſt, the foes
Secure advancing, to the turrets roſe:
Some mount the ſcaling-ladders; ſome, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by poſts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' aſcent,
While with the right they ſeize the battlement.
From the demoliſh'd towers the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of ſtones, that, falling, cruſh the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the ſides
(Such arms their laſt neceſſity provides):
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of ſtate and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the paſs, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
A ſecond time we ran to tempt our death:

To

To clear the palace from the foe, ſucceed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A poſtern-door, yet unobſerv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's cloſet led, a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne:
Through which ſhe brought Aſtyanax, unſeen,
To chear his grandſire and his grandſire's queen.
Through this we paſs, and mount the tower from whence,
With unavailing arms, the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft deſcry'd
The Grecian camp, and ſaw their navy ride.
Beams from his lofty height with ſwords we hew;
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' aſſault renew.
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We puſh them headlong with our arms and feet:
The lightning flies not ſwifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more ſucceed, and more to death are ſent;
We ceaſe not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate ſtood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
With glittering arms conſpicuous in the crowd.
So ſhines, renew'd in youth, the creſted ſnake,
Who ſlept the winter in a thorny brake:
And, caſting off his ſlough, when ſpring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Reſtor'd with poiſonous herbs, his ardent ſides
Reflect the ſun, and, rais'd on ſpires, he rides;

High o'er the graſs, hiſſing he rolls along,
And brandiſhes, by fits, his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Ruſh on in crouds, and the barr'd paſſage free.
Entering the court, with ſhouts the ſkies they rend,
And flaming firebrands to the roofs aſcend.
Himſelf, among the foremoſt, deals his blows,
And, with his ax, repeated ſtrokes beſtows
On the ſtrong doors: then all their ſhoulders ply,
Till from the poſts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his ax, and unreſiſted ſtrength.
A mighty breach is made; the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
The halls of audience, and of public ſtate,
And where the lonely queen in ſecret ſate.
Arm'd ſoldiers now by trembling maids are ſeen,
With not a door, and ſcarce a ſpace between.
The houſe is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And ſhrieks of women rend the vaulted ſkies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiſs the threſholds, and the poſts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father ſparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force ſuſtain;
The bars are broken, and the guards are ſlain.
In ruſh the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill;
Thoſe few defendants whom they find they kill.

Not with ſo fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid courſe withſtood:
Bears down the dams with unreſiſted ſway,
And ſweeps the cattle and the cots away.
Theſe eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother-kings: I ſaw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam ſtood,
To ſtain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (ſuch hopes had he,
So large a promiſe of a progeny).
The poſts of plated gold, and hung with ſpoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a ſpace,
The Grecians enter, and poſſeſs the place.
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire:
He, when he ſaw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every ſide inevitable woes;
In arms diſus'd, inveſts his limbs decay'd
Like them, with age; a late and uſeleſs aid.
His feeble ſhoulders ſcarce the weight ſuſtain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
Deſpairing of ſucceſs: ambitious to be ſlain!
Uncover'd but by heaven, there ſtood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whoſe boughs encompaſs round
The houſhold gods, and ſhade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpleſs train
Of dames, for ſhelter ſought, but ſought in vain.

Driven like a flock of doves along the ſky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when ſhe beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his ſide a heavy ſword,
What rage, ſhe cry'd, has ſeiz'd my huſband's mind;
What arms are theſe, and to what uſe deſign'd?
Theſe times want other aids: were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common ſhelter thou ſhalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.
She ſaid, and with a laſt ſalute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Purſued by Pyrrhus, there for ſafety runs.
Through ſwords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he flies
Through empty courts, and open galleries:
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, purſues,
And often reaches, and his thruſts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes.
Whom, gaſping at his feet, when Priam ſaw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
And, ſhaking more with anger than with age,
The gods, ſaid he, requite thy brutal rage:
As ſure they will, Barbarian! ſure they muſt,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be juſt:
Who tak'ſt in wrongs an inſolent delight,
With a ſon's death t' infect a father's ſight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conſpire
To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted ſire,

Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He chear'd my ſorrows, and, for ſums of gold,
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector ſold.
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
And ſent me back in ſafety from his tent.
This ſaid, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, ſeem'd to loiter as it flew:
Juſt, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinckled on the brazen ſhield.
Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from me to fate;
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die: with that he dragg'd the trembling ſire,
Sliddering through clotter'd blood and holy mire
(The mingled paſte his murder'd ſon had made),
Haul'd from beneath the violated ſhade,
And on the ſacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody fauchion bare;
His left he twiſted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a ſpeeding thruſt, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came ruſhing through the wound,
And ſanguine ſtreams diſtain'd the ſacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and ſhar'd one common fate
With Troy in aſhes, and his ruin'd ſtate:
He, who the ſceptre of all Aſia ſway'd,
Whom monarchs, like domeſtic ſlaves, obey'd,
On the bleak ſhore now lies th' abandon'd king,
* A headleſs carcaſe, and a nameleſs thing.

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror ſtood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Leſt equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forſaken wife,
And trembled for my ſon's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myſelf alone,
Deſerted at my need, my friends were gone.
Some ſpent with toil, ſome with deſpair oppreſs'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames conſum'd
the reſt.
Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,
The graceleſs Helen in the porch I ſpy'd
Of Veſta's temple; there ſhe lurk'd alone;
Muffled ſhe ſate, and, what ſhe could, unknown:
But, by the flames, that caſt their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, ſhe dreads the Trojan's ſword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by thoſe gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the ſtrumpet I regard;
Reſolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
Shall ſhe triumphant ſail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall ſhe her kingdom and her friends review,
In ſtate attended with a captive crew;
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires conſume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were ſwell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?

'Tis

'Tis true, a ſoldier can ſmall honour gain,
And boaſt no conqueſt from a woman ſlain;
Yet ſhall the fact not paſs without applauſe,
Of vengeance taken in ſo juſt a cauſe.
The puniſh'd crime ſhall ſet my ſoul at eaſe:
And murmuring manes of my friends appeaſe.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleaſant light
Spread o'er the place, and, ſhining heavenly bright,
My mother ſtood reveal'd before my ſight.
Never ſo radiant did her eyes appear;
Nor her own ſtar confeſs'd a light ſo clear.
Great in her charms, as when the gods above
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their love.
She held my hand, the deſtin'd blow to break:
Then, from her roſy lips, began to ſpeak:
My ſon, from whence this madneſs, this neglect
Of my commands, and thoſe whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind
Whom you forſake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your hapleſs father yet ſurvive;
Or if Aſcanius, or Creüſa, live.
Around your houſe the greedy Grecians err;
And theſe had periſh'd in the nightly war,
But for my preſence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this deſtruction brought.
Now caſt your eyes around; while I diſſolve
The miſts and films that mortal eyes involve:
Purge from your ſight the droſs, and make you ſee
The ſhape of each avenging deity.

Enlighten'd

Enlighten'd thus, my juſt commands fulfil:
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon diſorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from ſtones, where clouds of duſt ariſe,
Amid that ſmother, Neptune holds his place:
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace:
And heaves the building from the ſolid baſe.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno ſtands,
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,
Urging on ſhore the tardy Grecian bands.
See Pallas, of her ſnaky buckler proud,
Beſtrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
See Jove new courage to the foe ſupplies,
And arms againſt the town the partial deities.
Haſte hence, my ſon; this fruitleſs labour end:
Haſte where your trembling ſpouſe and ſire attend:
Haſte, and a mother's care your paſſage ſhall befriend.
She ſaid: and ſwiftly vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Obſcure in clouds, and gloomy ſhades of night.
I look'd, I liſten'd; dreadful ſounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hoſtile gods appear.
Troy ſunk in flames I ſaw, nor could prevent;
And Ilium from its old foundations rent.
Rent like a mountain aſh, which dar'd the winds;
And ſtood the ſturdy ſtrokes of labouring hinds:
About the roots the cruel ax reſounds,
The ſtumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds.
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down

To their united force it yields, though late;
And mourns, with mortal groans, th' approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through the plain.
Descending thence, I 'scape through foes, and fire:
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey; resolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy:
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
Go you, whose blood runs warm in every vein:
Had heaven decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew;
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils: and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulchre let heaven take care.
'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life:
Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry.

What

What, will he ſtill perſiſt, on death reſolve,
And in his ruin all his houſe involve?
He ſtill perſiſts his reaſons to maintain;
Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
Urg'd by deſpair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, reſolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death muſt give?
Can I without ſo dear a father live?
You term it prudence, what I baſeneſs call:
Could ſuch a word from ſuch a parent fall?
If fortune pleaſe, and ſo the gods ordain,
That nothing ſhould of ruin'd Troy remain;
And you conſpire with fortune, to be ſlain;
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For ſoon relentleſs Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who ſlew
The ſon (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the ſire himſelf to the dire altar drew.
O goddeſs-mother, give me back to fate;
Your gift was undeſir'd, and came too late.
Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires to ſee my houſe a prey?
Shall I, my father, wife, and ſon, behold
Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haſte! gird my ſword, though ſpent and overcome:
'Tis the laſt ſummons to receive your doom.
I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
Not unreveng'd the foe ſhall ſee my fall.
Reſtore me yet to the unfiniſh'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.

Arm'd

Arm'd once again, my glittering ſword I wield!
While th' other hand ſuſtains my weighty ſhield:
And forth I ruſh to ſeek th' abandon'd field.
I went; but ſad Creüſa ſtopp'd my way,
And, croſs the threſhold, in my paſſage lay;
Embrac'd my knees; and when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble ſire, and tender ſon.
If death be your deſign, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Take us along to ſhare your deſtiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, theſe pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expoſe your father's life,
Your ſon's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife!
While thus ſhe fills the houſe with clamorous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;
For while I held my ſon, in the ſhort ſpace,
Betwixt our kiſſes and our laſt embrace,
Strange to relate, from young Iülus' head
A lambent flame aroſe, which gently ſpread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the ſacred fire, and ſlake his hair;
But old Anchiſes, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hand to heaven, and this requeſt preferr'd:
If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,
Confirm the glad preſage which thou art pleas'd to ſend.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:

There

There ſhot a ſtreaming lamp along the ſky,
Which on the winged lightning ſeem'd to fly;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move;
And trailing vaniſh'd in th' Idean grove.
It ſwept a path in heaven, and ſhone a guide;
Then in a ſteaming ſtench of ſulphur dy'd.
The good old man with ſuppliant hands implor'd
The gods protection, and their ſtar ador'd.
Now, now, ſaid he, my ſon, no more delay,
I yield, I follow where heaven ſhews the way.
Keep (O my country gods) our dwelling-place,
And guard this relick of the Trojan race:
This tender child; theſe omens are your own;
And you can yet reſtore the ruin'd town.
At leaſt accompliſh what your ſigns foreſhow:
I ſtand reſign'd, and am prepar'd to go.
He ſaid; the crackling flames appear on high,
And driving ſparkles dance along the ſky.
With Vulcan's rage the riſing winds conſpire;
And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
Haſte, my dear father ('tis no time to wait),
And load my ſhoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befals, your life ſhall be my care,
One death, or one deliverance, we will ſhare.
My hand ſhall lead our little ſon; and you,
My faithful conſort, ſhall our ſteps purſue.
Next, you, my ſervants, heed my ſtrict commands
Without the walls a ruin'd temple ſtands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypreſs nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high,

By long religion kept: there bend your feet;
And, in divided parties, let us meet.
Our country gods, the relicks, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltleſs hands:
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with ſlaughter, new from war:
Till, in ſome living ſtream, I cleanſe the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle ſpilt.
Thus, ordering all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my ſhoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow ſpoils: then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take.
While, on my better hand, Aſcanius hung,
And, with unequal paces, tript along.
Creüſa kept behind: by choice we ſtray
Through every dark and every devious way.
I, who ſo bold and dauntleſs, juſt before,
The Grecian darts and ſhocks of lances bore,
At every ſhadow now am ſeiz'd with fear;
Not for myſelf, but for the charge I bear.
Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at laſt,
Secure, and deeming all the danger paſt,
A frightful noiſe of trampling feet we hear;
My father, looking through the ſhades with fear,
Cry'd out, Haſte, haſte, my ſon, the foes are nigh;
Their ſwords and ſhining armour I deſcry.
Some hoſtile god, for ſome unknown offence,
Had ſure bereft my mind of better ſenſe:
For while, through winding ways, I took my flight,
And ſought the ſhelter of the gloomy night,

Alas!

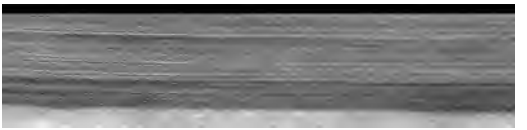
Alas! I loſt Creüſa: hard to tell
If by her fatal deſtiny ſhe fell,
Or weary ſate, or wander'd with affright;
But ſhe was loſt for ever to my ſight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now-deſerted ſeat:
We met: not one was wanting, only ſhe
Deceiv'd her friends, her ſon, and wretched me.
What mad expreſſions did my tongue refuſe!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuſe!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loſs, and raving with deſpair,
Abandoning my now-forgotten care,
Of counſel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My ſire, my ſon, my country gods, I left.
In ſhining armour once again I ſheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And ſeek the danger I was forc'd to ſhun.
I tread my former tracks: through night explore
Each paſſage, every ſtreet I croſs'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night.
Then to my father's houſe I make repair,
With ſome ſmall glimpſe of hope to find her there:
Inſtead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
The houſe was fill'd with foes, with flames beſet.
Driven on the wings of winds, whole ſheets of fire,
Through air tranſported, to the roofs aſpire.

E.

From thence to Priam's palace I reſort,
And ſearch the citadel, and deſert court.
Then, unobſerv'd, I paſs'd by Juno's church;
A guard of Grecians had poſſeſs'd the porch:
There Phœnix and Ulyſſes watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.
The ſpoils which they from ranſack'd houſes brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
The tables of the gods, the purple veſts,
The peoples treaſure, and the pomp of prieſts.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons in long order ſtands.
Then, with ungovern'd madneſs, I proclaim,
Through all the ſilent ſtreets, Creüſa's name.
Creüſa ſtill I call: at length ſhe hears;
And, ſudden, through the ſhades of night appears.
Appears no more Creüſa, nor my wife,
But a pale ſpectre, larger than the life.
Aghaſt, aſtoniſh'd, and ſtruck dumb with fear,
I ſtood; like briſtles roſe my ſtiffen'd hair,
Then thus the ghoſt began to ſoothe my grief:
Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;
Deſiſt, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great comptroller of the ſky.
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree:
On land hard labours, and a length of ſea.
Then, after many painful years are paſt,
On Latium's happy ſhore you ſhall be caſt:

Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils: and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune ſhall the Trojan line reſtore;
And you for loſt Creüſa weep no more.
Fear not that I ſhall watch, with ſervile ſhame,
Th' imperious looks of ſome proud Grecian dame:
Or, ſtooping to the victor's luſt, diſgrace
My goddeſs-mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewel: the parent of the gods
Reſtrains my fleeting ſoul in her abodes:
I truſt our common iſſue to your care.
She ſaid: and gliding paſs'd unſeen in air.
I ſtrove to ſpeak, but horror ty'd my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung:
And thrice, deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blaſt of wind, ſhe ruſh'd away.
Thus, having paſs'd the night in fruitleſs pain,
I to my longing friends return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treaſure fraught.
Reſolv'd, and willing under my command,
To run all hazards both of ſea and land.
The morn began, from Ida, to diſplay
Her roſy cheeks, and Phoſphor led the day:

Before the gates the Grecians took their poſt:
And all pretence of late relief were loſt.
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my ſire.



CONTENTS

OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

VERSES to Mr. DRYDEN, on his Tranſlation of Virgil, Page 3
Dedication of the PASTORALS, to Lord CLIFFORD, 13
PASTORAL I. Tityrus and Melibœus 21
II. Alexis 26
III. Palæmon 31
IV. Pollio 39
V. Daphnis 43
VI. Silenus 49
VII. Melibœus 55
VIII. Pharmaceutria 60
IX. Lycidas and Mœris 67
X. Gallus 72
Dedication of the GEORGICS, to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, 79
The GEORGICS, Book I. 91
II. 116
III. 144
IV. 17
De

Dedication of the ÆNEIS, to the Earl of MULGRAVE, Page 207
The ÆNEIS, Book I. 311
II. 349

END OF VOL. V.

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